July 29, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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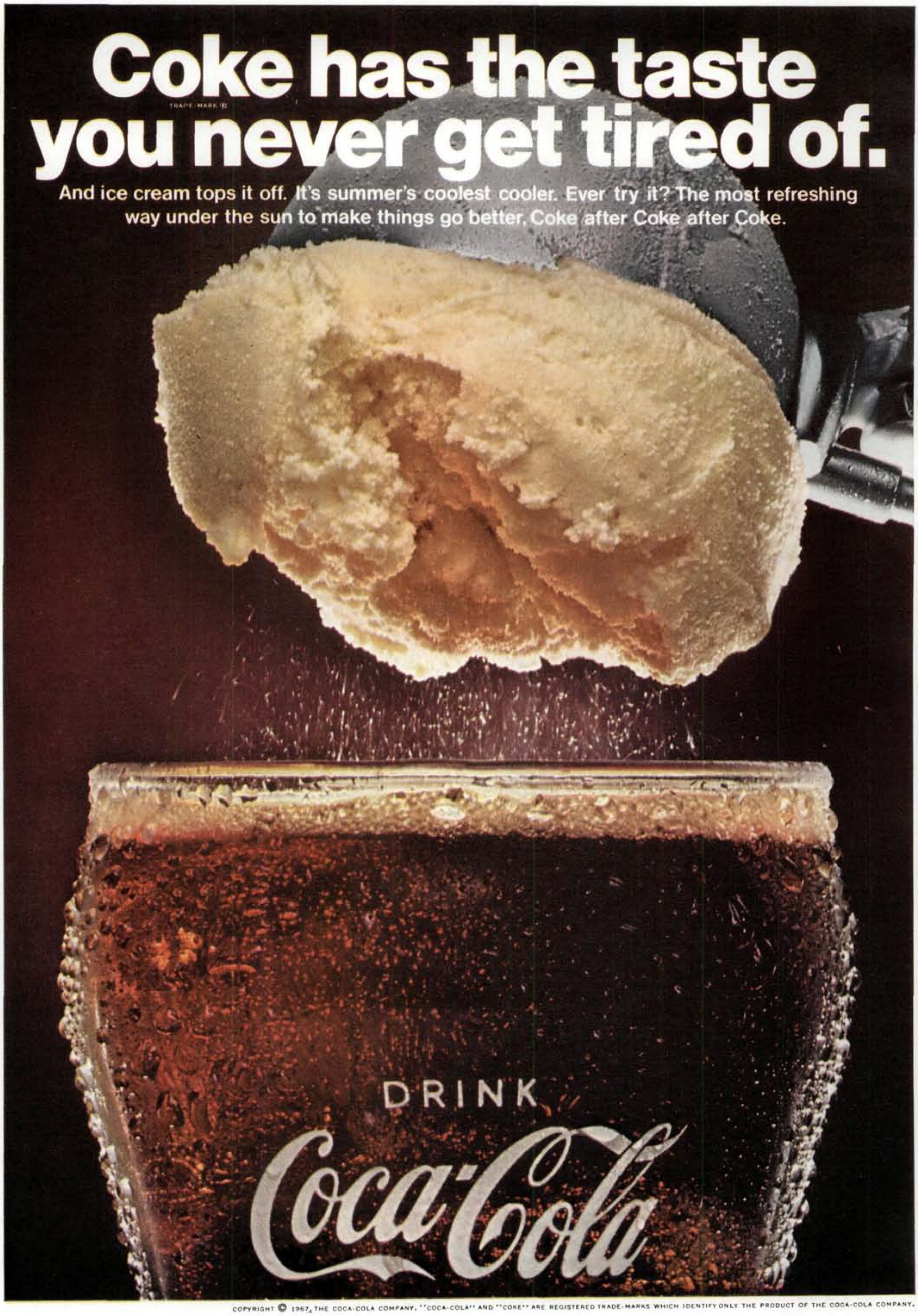
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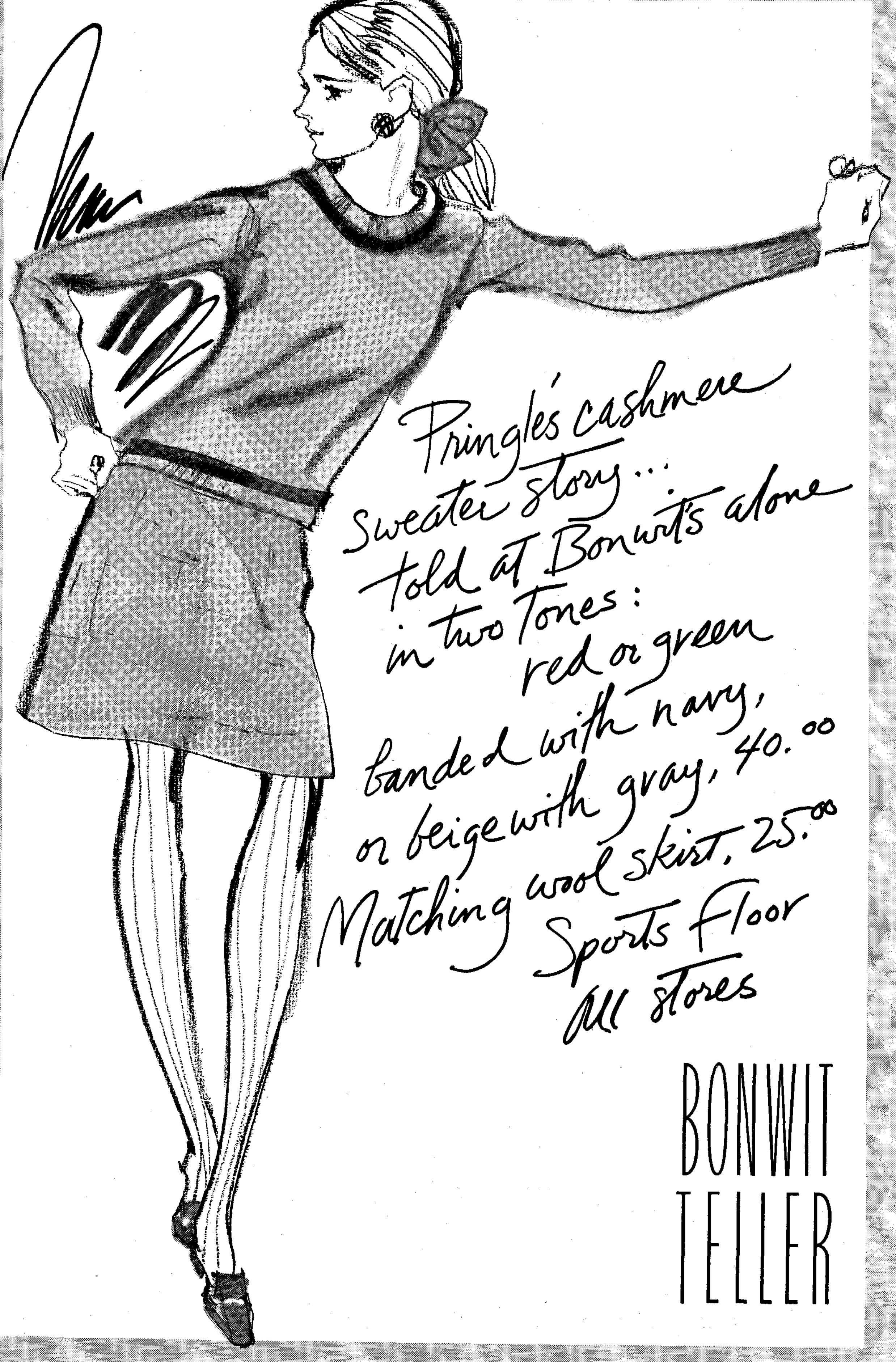

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BONWIT
TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Black Comedy—Odd doings during an electrical blackout in South Kensington. A funny invention of Peter Shaffer, which is preceded, alack, by a curtain-raiser called "White Lies" that isn't up to Mr. Shaffer's par. As directed by John Dexter, the cast in "Black Comedy" cannot be faulted. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Fun and games in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain that is unexpectedly invaded by a Jewish family from Newark. A fairly droll business, put together by Woody Allen and featuring Lou Jacobi, Peggy Cass, and Dick Libertini. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter casting a cold eye at some curious events in a North London slum. Although the play hasn't much coherence, the actors are worth watching. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon is not at the top of his game in this account of a triangle made up of a young publisher, a writer, and a girl from Arkansas, who live in an apartment house in San Francisco. The writer loves the girl, the girl has a yen for the publisher, and the publisher just wants to get out his magazine. This is a hard plot to thicken. Anthony Perkins, Paul Sand, and Sheilah Wells make up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Four plays by Robert Anderson that concentrate determinedly on sex. Mr. Anderson's creations are sometimes funny but not overly original. However, there is not a thing wrong with the cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is entirely satisfactory. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Cabaret—A large, lush musical version of John van Druten's "I Am a Camera," showing us how things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Not the most amusing theme for a musical, but one in which Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can to make things entertaining. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hallelujah, Baby!—Leslie Uggams makes a commendable first appearance on Broadway in this show. The libretto (weak) is offset to some extent by the amiable lyrics of Betty Comden and Adolph Green and the easygoing music of Jule Styne. Miss Uggams has the help of a sprightly cast that includes Allen Case, Billy Dee Williams, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Mary Martin and Robert Preston are the entire cast of this adaptation by Tom Jones of Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter," and they do well by the enterprise, which is a highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones wrote the music and lyrics for this one, Oliver Smith provided the bright settings, and Gower Champion gave it ingenious direction. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as one of those lovable prostitutes, in an adaptation of the movie "Never on Sunday." Pleasant music and plenty of manly jigging, but not much real substance. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE APPLE TREE:** A musical taken from short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Barbara Harris, Alan Alda, and Larry Blyden. Carmen Alvarez substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Betty Grable now has the role of Harriet Westbrook. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Angela Lansbury in an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **SOUTH PACIFIC**, with Florence Henderson and Giorgio Tozzi. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Absolutely Freeee—A rock-'n'-roll concert by the Mothers of Invention, an all-male group. The music is exciting, but the question of decibel tolerance does arise, for some of the electronic monkeyshines are deafening. (Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. 777-4530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 12:30.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—And dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. David Atkinson plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. Those of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, and of Bob Dishy, as a redundant German, are especially good. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. Joseph Hardy was the director, Clark Gesner wrote the songs, and John Gordon wrote

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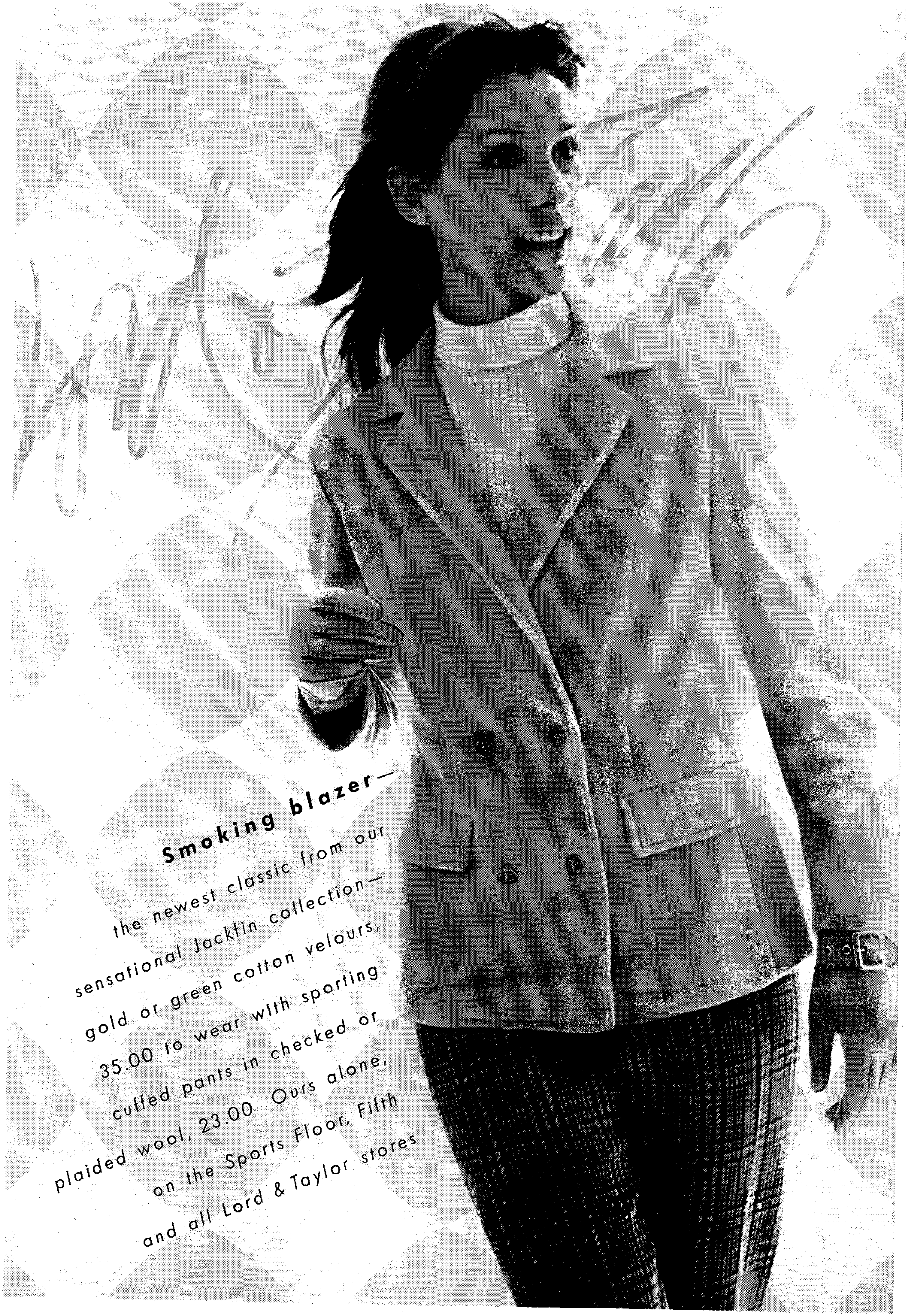

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

the libretto. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Judy Garland—With a few others in a variety program. A four-week engagement that starts Monday, July 31, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 26. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter week-nights at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30.)

Pearl Primus—With her dance company. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday and Friday, July 27-28, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **KING JOHN**, with Robert Burr, Staats Cotsworth, Cavada Humphrey, and Marian Winters, will be given through Saturday, July 29.... **TITUS ANDRONICUS**, with Olympia Dukakis and Jack Hollander, will be the last in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Wednesday, Aug. 2, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 26. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of Guy Lombardo's **ARABIAN NIGHTS**, a musical with a book by George Marion, Jr., and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes Linda Bennett, James Hurst, Norman Atkins, and a huge mechanical whale. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—At dinner and supper, the Royal Box is occupied by, for one, Dick Capri, whose lightsome jests do not relentlessly proceed to foregone conclusions, as well as by Al Martino, whose songs are never without rhyme but often without reason. The rest of the evening, the orchestra of Lee Evans issues compelling invitations to the dance. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A life of ease is the sole objective of the couples who inhabit the floor of the restaurant. The music comes from a Cliff Hall band, which carries on from eight until one or two every evening but Sunday.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The celebrated sightseeing bus, upholstered, it is true, like a veritable limousine. Lester Lanin (not a stand-in) and his orchestra take turns with George Anaya's Latinos until the early hours. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre is not yet an institution accredited by the Ivy League, but it's hard to tell the differences in the curriculums. Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Lest Homer and the other old-school metropolitans nod between sets, a guitarist of Brazilian fervor turns himself on.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Michele Lee, who had something to do with succeeding in business on the Broadway stage as well as in the movie, is now the caroller in the Persian Room—at dinner during the week, and at supper, too, on Fridays and Saturdays. The jaunty bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte occupy the remainder of the night. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the weaponry of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine Mondays through Thursdays in the Edwardian Room.... ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In the hostel atop this alp, the quartet of Jonah Jones, horn of plenty, is engaged in a literally resounding success. Music by other hands begins as early as seven, and Mr. Jones does not desist until the small hours. His final night is Saturday, July 29. On Monday, July 31, a grand slam: the advent of Duke Ellington and his lifetime colleagues. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—A big band descended directly from the Jimmy Dorsey book of arrangements does its outpourings under the direction of Lee Castle; the accompanying lyrics are still intoned by the well-remembered Helen Forrest and Bob Eberly. On Monday, July 31, Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra replaces the current lot. Eight until two is the schedule every night but Sunday.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The look of it is stately Vienna, the taste of it is *heuriger* Grinzing, the sound of it is George Cort's four-wheel-drive orchestra and Marco Rizo's dreamy crew. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Allotments from the Fresh Air Fund are disbursed among the trees and fireflies of the outdoor terrace, along with nourishment and music, on whatever nights the weather behaves like a gentleman. Phil Wayne's mob and a Latin contingent do music from, say, seven until one or more.

Note—**ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Nice (in every way) is the going here, for the floor is huge and unnecessary violence in choreography is forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

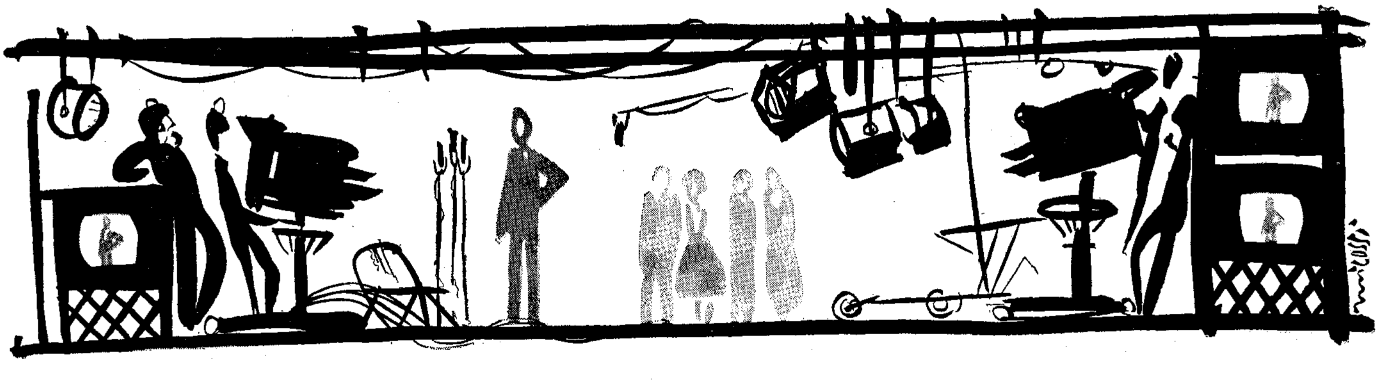
GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): An off-campus campus that looks after a whole bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano the whole night through—by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aides, Wayne Sanders and Sam Hamilton. Closed Fridays through Sundays.... **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinner time until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaica dialect. Closed Sundays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night.... **TAMBURLAINE**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The setting is Outer, or Upper, Mongolia, with touches of Upper Montclair; the dance music is (most of the time) insistent. Mondays, though, it is both subtle and succulent, for then Billy Rubenstein's piano embellishes it. Another improvement, operating from six to eight, Monday through Friday, is Allan Haig, whose piano is a thing of beauty as well as of bounty. Closed Sundays.... **KIPPYS**, 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): A higher standard for the Broadway way of life, with (in the abovestairs annex) George Taylor contributing his lush-life piano and song from nine until two every evening but Sunday.

Note—Those who are brave enough to lend their ears to the sound of the juke and kallikak boxes may find the appended list of discothèques the most rewarding: **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. The blare is both mechanical and human (Brotherhood of Souls) and rarely humane. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays.... **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): 'Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty.... **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter, who returns to his ancestral home on Monday, July 31, addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of night-time violinists. Mr. Faconi's sabbatical be-



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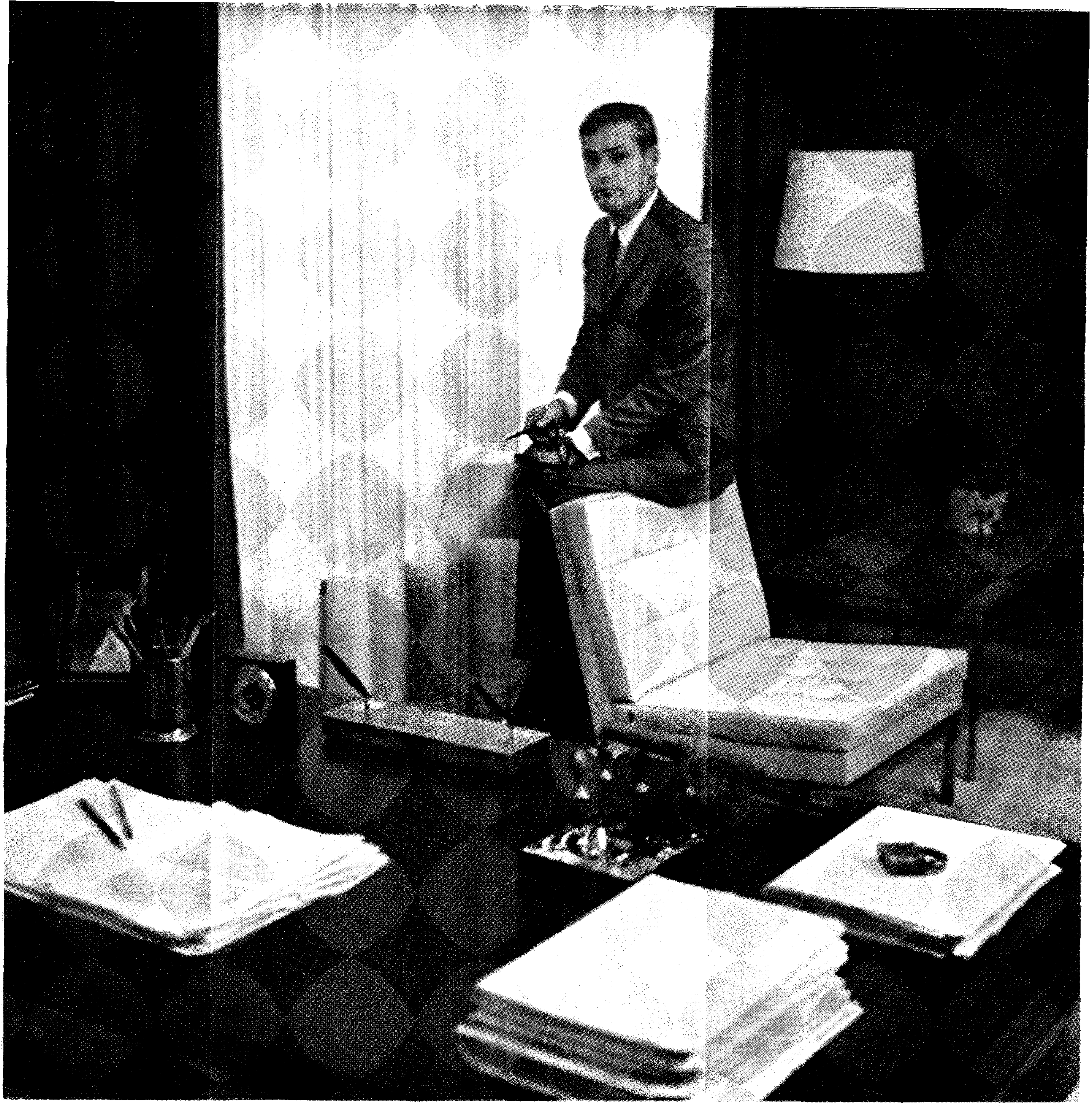

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gins at curfew on Saturday, July 29, but a willing acolyte will spell him. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The same king's second retreat, likewise in a put-on mood, and circumnavigated by the fiddle of George Cardini, an incurable romanticist. He stays away Sundays and Mondays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose term of duty is seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The guitar of Rogelio Reguera covers in noble fashion the whole range of Iberian music, from the plains to the palaces, the mountains to the Moors. The dining room is one of our most splendid antique shops, and the music runs from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties have more than a bowing acquaintance in a town house that makes no concessions to the ravages of modern time. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-restaurant, the hot buttered rum is the guitar of Enzio Lembo, who is on the move from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday and Wednesday.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): My Lord, My Lady. The undercurrent in this fashionable spa is the piano, done in pastels, of George Feyer, which carries on from eight-thirty until two. Friday, July 28, ends the current season of this enterprise.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Rome that was built in a latter day, but a Rome that is by no means sans-serif. The noblest Roman is Herman Honigsberg, leader of a troupe of prowler violinists. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): From the Great Outdoors (that is, the Newport Jazz Festival) comes Marilyn Maye, who sings; from an urban background comes Murray Roman, who jokes; from the beginners' class come the Copa's casual ballerinas, who are not hired for their footwork. Twice a night, for time immemorial. Dancing.... ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop.... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A view of Paris not from the Sacré Cœur or Air France but from the figments of a choreographer's imagination. *Les girls* (of varying countries) are voluminously in evidence and unvoluminously garbed; the unlikely shepherd of the flock is Dick Shawn, a standup comedian more accustomed to Broadway than to the Champs-Élysées. Twice a night, unceasingly. Dancing for the paying guests, too.... **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): When the rock and roll is called up yonder, the twirling boy and girl dervishes who prance in this cave of the winds will be the prize-winners there, too. The music to which they twirl is live enough to be just about livid. Eight until three is the usual schedule, but Sundays begin at three in the afternoon. No dining.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk's red-and-gold replica of Copenhagen's Tivoli is devoted, as usual, to making the very best use of the sung and spoken word. The current practitioners are Michael Brown, chanting lyrics that lean toward unassisted triple ploys; Terry O'Mara, whose golden mean (bits of mockingbird and pieces of meadowlark) makes her the most likely soprano to enter night life in a year or more; and the One Plus Two, a glee club that exercises both jump and joy. Miss O'Mara retires on Saturday, July 29; the others stand pat. The orchestra is the baby grands plied with dash and decision by Otis Clements and Robert Colston. Nine-thirty onward. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A fine body of men known as Los Chavales de España applies a great deal of jubilant body Spanish to its stamping, cavorting, and flirting songs; a set of ballerinas aids their cause, and a brace of bands urges the guests into quite a spate of exhibition dancing. Dining, too. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilo Prados, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "The Play-offs of Mixed Doubles," a bandbox revue that draws, to an extent, on the most promising words and music of its antecedent revues, is in progress. Judy Graubart is its major beguilement. Twice a night is the scheme. Closed Sundays.... **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is impromptu entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Brazil, which seems to understand the new North American idiom even better than we do, is personified by João Gilberto, voice and guitar in hand. Joe Beck's quartet is the North American delegate. On Tuesday, Aug. 1, John Handy's quintet takes charge. Mondays are devoted to uprisings by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band.... **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these bookings for the lower deck of this operation have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; the rest of the time, the bumper crops harvested by Dizzy Gillespie's quintet (wit and wile) and the Modern Jazz Quartet. Both groups finish up on Sunday, July 30; on Tuesday, Aug. 1, Ornette Coleman's trio moves in.... ¶ On the upper deck, the two-octave hands of Willie the Lion Smith, nearly the last of a great generation, are laid on the house piano along with those of Don Ewell. Mondays are allotted to one-night-standers.... **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The Sphinxes that decorate the walls of this *echt* emporium maintain a discreet silence, but nothing else does, particularly the tapes that wind crisply through the local victrola, and, even more particularly, Rubin Mitchell's trio, which would probably chew the scenery if it weren't so beautiful. A menu of reasonable richness is the continual accompaniment. Friday, Aug. 4, is the last night before summer vacation.... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Friday through Sunday, July 28-30, seventeen good men and true are promised—Clark Terry's crew, which includes Zoot Sims and Phil Woods. Mondays are potluck nights.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A new batch—Roy Meriweather's threesome—is brewing inside the oval bar. Interlude piano begins about nine, the trio about ten. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The venerable powerhouse is getting along, and with power to burn, under the guidance of such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays.... **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current eternal-youth formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang.... **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program, but Sundays commence as early as half past four in the afternoon....

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is in full flow among the customers. Tradition is likewise forsworn by the musicians. Right now (every night but Monday), they are Hank Mobley and his four aides, among them Charles Tolliver, and (on Monday) Sun Ra's outerspacemen. On Tuesday, Aug. 1, Big John Patton, his electronic organ, and his foursome take over. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The sole alive-alive-oh touch is the every-Sunday session, five o'clock to ten, of the Jazz Interactions. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): A novelty-and-notions shop has been set up here by the quintet of Elvin Jones, who has ideas of his own about what can be done with a set of drums. Nine to four is the curriculum offered, every night but Monday. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The best of our Village coffee-and-ice-cream parlors is currently assigned to Jake Holmes, who deals in folk matters with the sort of voice that this topic so sadly lacks. On hand with him, at least through Monday, July 31, will be the Pickles Brothers (humor in the formative state) and Raun MacKinnon, whose folk voice is an acceptable soprano. Tuesday is Mr. Holmes' holiday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JO DAVIDSON (1883-1952)—Portraits in bronze, terra cotta, and plaster by this sculptor of famous men; through Aug. 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

MARTA MINUJIN—A magical telephone booth that responds to the speaker's voice by changing his "environment" through color modifications, lights, images, smoke, and other effects; through Friday, July 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

THE ITALIAN HERITAGE (1300-1650)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein, and Donatello, lent by American museums and private collectors; through Aug. 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

SCULPTURES—Pieces by Arp, Nakian, Chamberlain, Westermann, Morris, and others; through Sept. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Items by such painters as Childe Hassam, Stephen Etnier, and John Twachtman; through Friday, July 28. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Philip Pearlstein, Peter Saul, and Jean Ipousteguy (to mention a few), also Pascin drawings; through Friday, July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: A recap of the gallery's exhibitions of the past season, mainly light and kinetic displays, including works by Le-Parc, Maddox, and Takis; through Friday, July 28.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ADRIA ART GALLERY**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by present-day artists make up the opening show of the first Yugoslav art gallery here; through Aug. 31. . . . **LOEB & KRUGIER**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Giacometti, Balthus, Morandi, and others; through Friday, July 28.

ISRAELIS; GROUP SHOW—Works by leading artists, among them Mordecai Ardon and Yaacov Agam, on loan from private collections; through Aug. 31. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred and thirteen paintings, ranging in date from the eighteen-sixties to the present (Manet, Degas, Renoir, and Monet are included) and borrowed from New York collectors; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hatshepsut to Queen Victoria; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ A selection of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century prints representing views of Moscow, St. Petersburg, and environs, and the social life of the times; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Abstract art of the sixties, including color-field, hard-edge, and optical paintings, primary constructions, and motion and light compositions; through Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Fifty-two prints depicting artists and their artist friends, from 1890 to today; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibition commemorating the thirtieth anniversary of Picasso's "Guernica," on loan at the Museum, comprising thirty-eight preliminary drawings and sixteen postscripts; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Drawings and photomontages by three Viennese architects in which mechanical objects (an aircraft carrier, a turbine, a spark plug) are transformed into buildings and monuments; through Sept. 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings of this century from the Museum's collection—Cézanne, Kandinsky, Kline, de Kooning, and others; through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"American Art of the Twentieth Century," over three hundred works ranging from the realists of the early nineteen-hundreds to the advanced styles of today; through Sept. 17. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of selections from the bequest of the private collection of Mrs. Albert C. Barnes, consisting of twenty-two oils, pastels, watercolors, and prints by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans and Europeans, including Soutine, Rousseau, Delacroix, and Glackens; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings revealing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A show illustrating the art of traditional Chinese medicine, including instruments, anatomical figures and charts, a model of a Chinese pharmacy, sculptures, and paintings; through Aug. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs, documents, and memorabilia from the life of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with eighty of his landscapes and portraits; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A selection of Russian paintings from the fifteenth century to the present; through Sept. 17. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Over twenty mural-size canvases and two monumental painted-steel sculptures by, among others, Norman Bluhm, Giorgio Cavallon, Al Held, Alex Katz, and Fairfield Porter; through Sept. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—"Illustrations of the Dance Before Our Time" in prints, librettos, and books, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, documents, first editions, and original illustrations commemorating the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Harpers; through Friday, July 28.... ¶ Eighteenth-century French watercolors of flowers, many enlivened by the presence of insects, along with an assortment of books and manuscripts, all highlighted with pictures of flowers; through Friday, July 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions, comprising about a hundred works from Africa, the Pacific Islands, and the pre-Columbian Americas; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Allegorical prints reflecting European concepts of the Western Hemisphere from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth; through Sunday, July 30. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through Sept. 24.... ¶ While you're there, you might glance at the "Dime Novels, Shilling Shockers, and Penny Dreadfuls" that enthralled readers a few generations ago; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

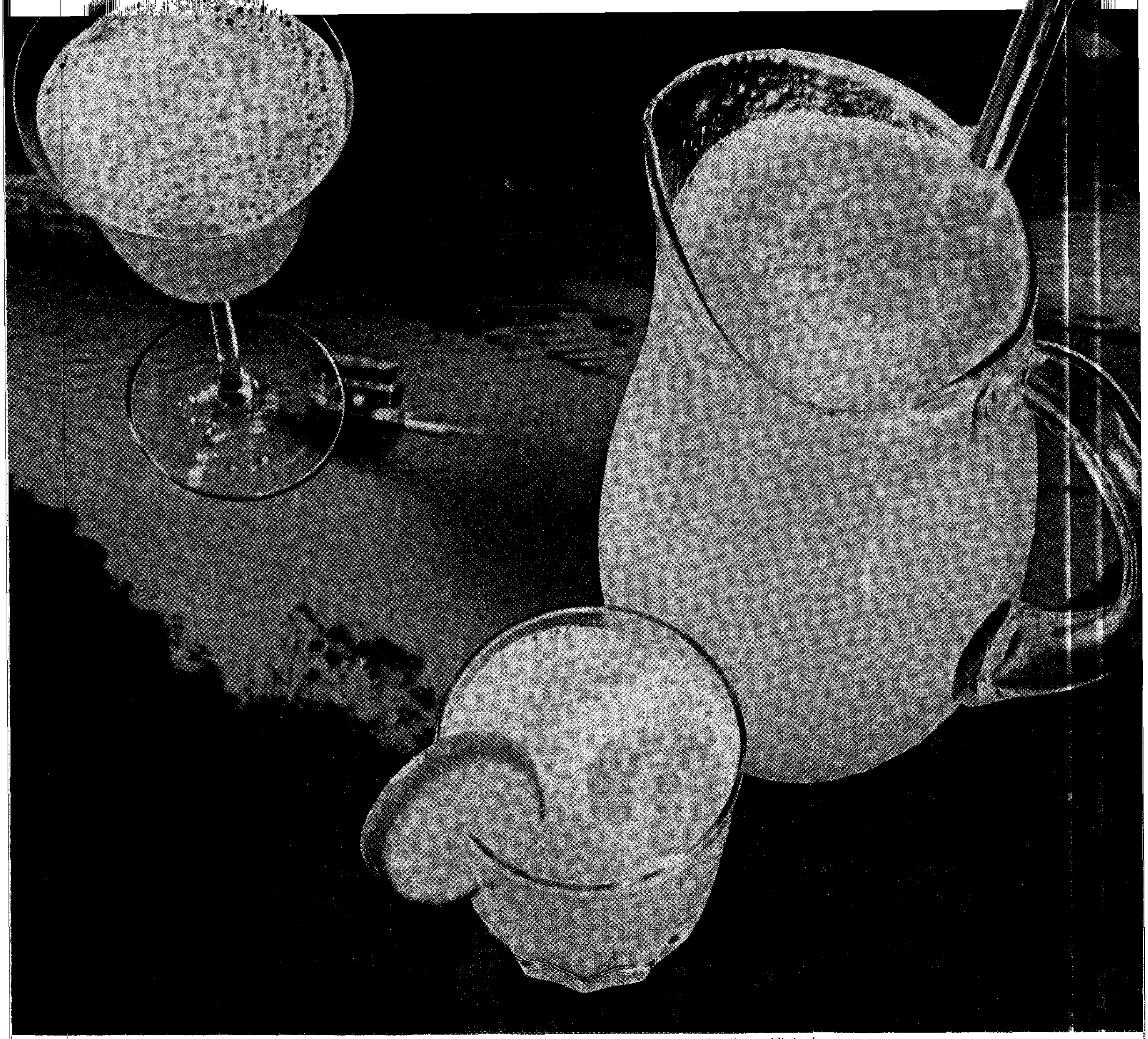
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—A series of three benefit concerts. Saturday, July 29, at 9: William Steinberg conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano, and Richard Tucker, tenor. ... ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 8:30: Zubin Mehta conducting, with Jacqueline du Pré, cello, and Daniel Barenboim, piano.... ¶ Monday, July 31, at 8:30: Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Philharmonic Hall.)

Mozart Festival—Opening performances of a five-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and solo programs, which will run through Thursday, Aug. 31—Wednesday, Aug. 2: Jorge Mester directing the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Peter Serkin, piano; Frederick Swann, organ; the Mozart Festival Chorus; and vocal soloists. ... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3: The Hungarian Quartet, with David Glazer, clarinet.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 4: Jorge Mester conducting the orchestra, with Abbey Simon, piano, and Loren Glickman, bassoon.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5: Friedrich Gulda, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**CLOVE LAKES PARK,** Staten Island: Sixten Ehrling conducting the New York Philharmonic in the first of two concerts, this one with André Watts, piano. (Thursday, July 27, at 8:30.)... **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL,** Bronx: Sixten Ehrling conducting a repeat performance of the Philharmonic's Clove Lakes Park concert. The first of two concerts. (Saturday, July 29, at 8:30.)... **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW:** Seiji Ozawa conducting the Philharmonic, with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano. The last in a series of concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 1, at 8:30.)... **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn: Seiji Ozawa conducting a repeat performance of the Philharmonic's Sheep Meadow concert. The second in a series of three concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:30.)... **CENTRAL PARK MALL:** Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Thursdays and Sundays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 7, for picnickers; through Sunday, Aug. 13. Morton Gould will conduct four of his own works on Thursday, July 27.)... ¶ Samuel Krachmalnick conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Leslie Parnas, cello. (Monday, July 31, at 8:30.)... **WOLLMAN RINK:** Pop, rock, jazz, folk singers and musicians, and Lord knows what else, brewed and bottled by the Rheingold people and presented Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. The concerts start at 8, and some are repeated at 10:30. (For information about times and tickets, call 249-8870.) During the next week, keep an eye out for Pete Seeger, the



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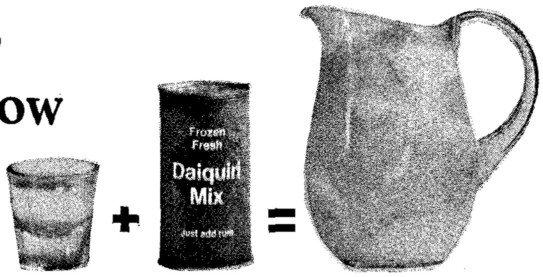

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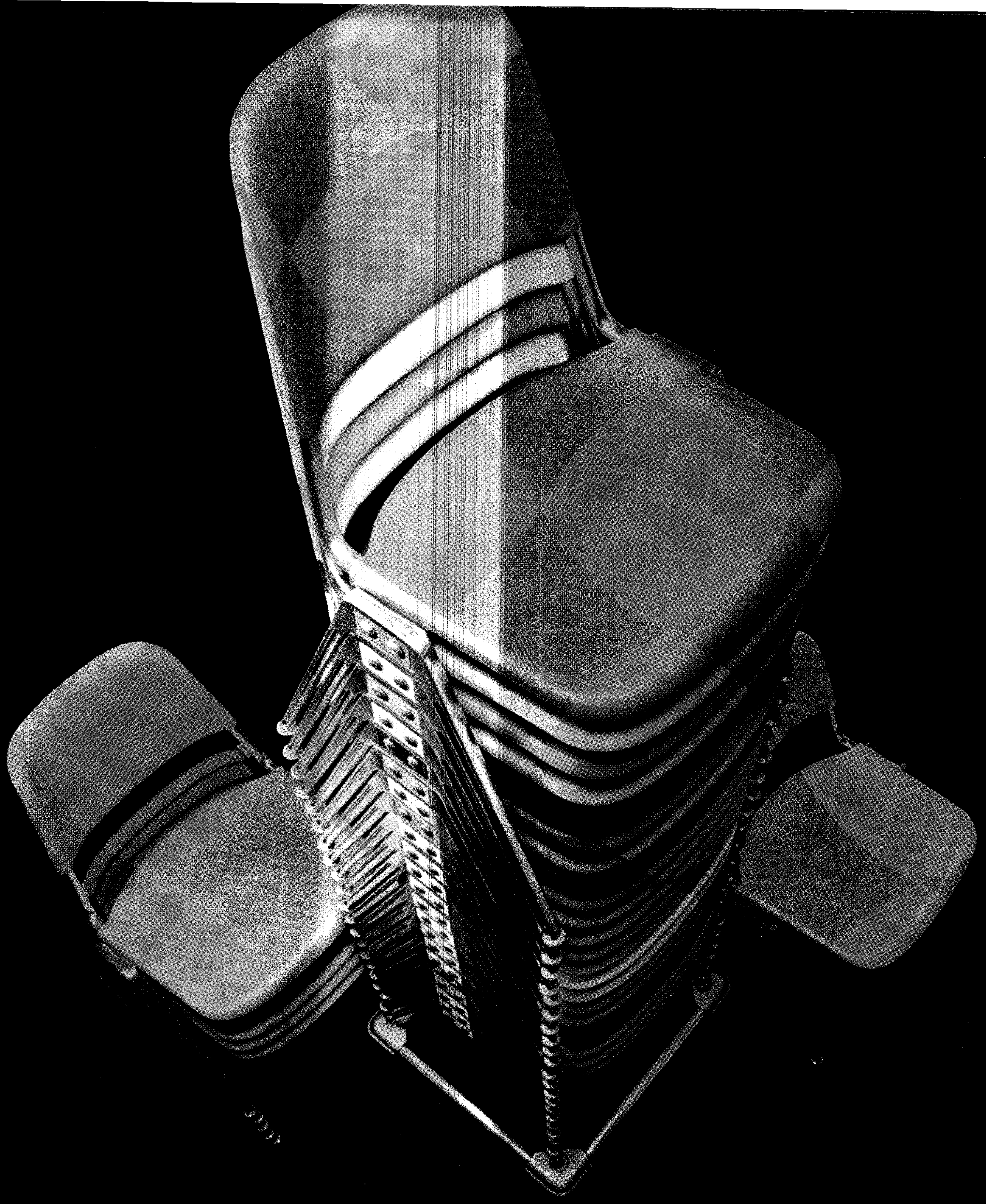

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Youngbloods, and the Mitchell Trio. . . . **WASHINGTON SQUARE:** Boris Goldovsky directing his Opera Theatre in a staged production of "The Barber of Seville," in English. (Tuesday, Aug. 1, at 9. In the event of rain, the performance will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

JAZZ—Thursday, July 27, at 8:30: Jeremy Steig and the Satyrs. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Barry Harris and the Webb City All-Stars. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 245-3200. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 28, at 7: Brahms' "Liebeslieder Waltzes," performed by Claude Frank and Lilian Kallir, piano, and singers. . . . ¶ Friday, July 28, at 9: Rafael Kubelik conducting the Boston Symphony, with Charles Wilson, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 29, at 8: Rafael Kubelik conducting, with Shmuel Ashkenasi, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 1, at 8: A recital by Roman Totenberg, violin, and Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 4, at 7: A lieder recital by Hanne-Lore Kuhse, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 4, at 9: William Steinberg conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Beethoven program, with Theodore Lettvin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing Beethoven's "Fidelio" in concert form, with Miss Kuhse and Mary Ellen Pracht, sopranos; George Shirley and Nico Castel, tenors; Tom Krause, baritone; Ara Berberian, bass; the Tanglewood Choir; and the Berkshire Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Brahms program, with Joseph Silverstein, violin. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 20.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Tentative schedule of final performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET:** Thursday, July 27: "La Sonnambula," "Episodes," "Tarantella," and "Raymonda Variations.". . . ¶ Friday, July 28: "Prologue," "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 29: "Serenade," "Bugaku," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 30: "La Sonnambula," "Episodes," "Tarantella," and "Raymonda Variations.". . . **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA:** Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, Aug. 27. Thursday, Aug. 3: Eugene Ormandy conducting a varied program, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 4: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting an all-Brahms program, with Mr. Cliburn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5: Charles Munch conducting a Berlioz-Ravel program, with Nicole Henriot-Schweitzer, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6: Eugene Ormandy conducting a varied program, with Norman Carol, violin. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 7-8268, in New York, Mondays through Fridays.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 29, at 3:30: Jim Kweskin and his Jug Band (with Tom Paxton). . . . ¶ Sunday, July 30, at 8:30: Buddy Rich and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 5, at 3:30: Carlos Montoya. (Lenox, Mass.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 29: Les Grands Ballets Canadiens. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 1-5: Solveig Oestergaard and Niels Kehlet, and Olatunji and his company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Saturday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Merce Cunningham and his company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 6, at 3: Merce Cunningham and Lucas Hoving and their companies. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Minnesota, Thursday, July 27, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, July 28, at 8;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, July 29, at 2; Sunday, July 30, at 1 (doubleheader); and Monday, July 31, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 1-2, at 8, and Thursday, Aug. 3, at 2. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 4-5, at 8.

GOLF—New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove. Through Saturday, July 29.). . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Junior Championship. (Rockville Links, Rockville Centre. Through Friday, July 28.). . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Plainfield Country Club, Plainfield, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 3-6.)

HORSE SHOW—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 5.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 29. . . . SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2, from Monday, July 31, through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Flash, Monday, July 31; the Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 2; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 3; and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 5. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 5. The Sorority, Saturday, July 29, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

TENNIS—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Through Sunday, July 30.). . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday, July 31, through Sunday, Aug. 6.)

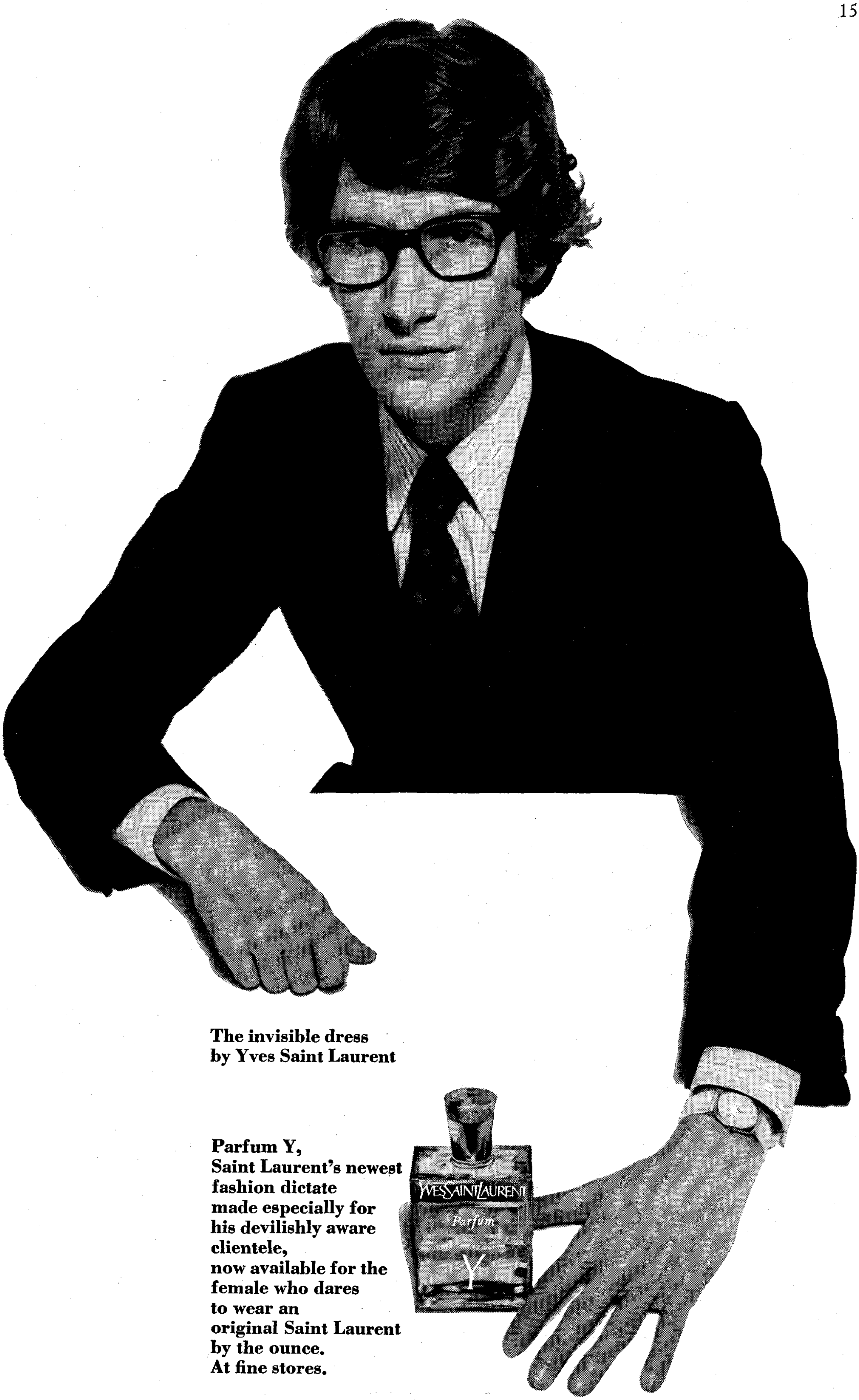
TROTTING—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury; Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:32, and Saturdays at 6:45.). . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

WALKING TOURS—"Woodlawn Cemetery," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, July 30, at 2:30. Meets at the Jerome Avenue entrance. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Through Aug. 1: Six programs of short French films. . . . ¶ Aug. 2: Three Chaplin comedies—"Carmen" (1916), "The Count" (1916), and "The Cure" (1917). (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.). . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Six programs in a series called "A Tribute to Arthur Freed." July 27: "Barkleys of Broadway" (1949), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ July 28: "Any Number Can Play" (1949), with Clark Gable and Alexis Smith. . . . ¶ July 29: "On the Town" (1949), with Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra. . . . ¶ July 30: "Annie Get Your Gun" (1950), with Betty Hutton. . . . ¶ Aug. 1: "Crisis" (1950), with Cary Grant and José Ferrer. . . . ¶ Aug. 2: "Pagan Love Song" (1951), with Esther Williams and Howard Keel. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.). . . NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a domestic melodrama made all the more exciting by being laid in the peaceful English countryside. Directed by Joseph Losey, from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

Barefoot in the Park—Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Mildred Natwick, and Charles Boyer in Neil Simon's funny adaptation of his funny Broadway play. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

The Bible—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. He appears to have had more fun with his animals than with his actors. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Big City—Satyajit Ray's beautiful observation of a Calcutta girl's experience of moving between a traditional Indian home and a show-off Westernized office where she trains as a saleslady to push home knitting machines. The observation is quiet, deep-running, and also meticulously humorous. In Bengali and English. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Blow-Up—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

The Family Way—The film is about North-of-England working-class attitudes toward sex, and it is as knowing as the title. Bill Naughton's original stage play was called "All in Good Time," and was much more simply achieved. Hayley Mills' girlishness is hard to bear; John Mills as her overbearing father-in-law is pretty good. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand is extremely effective as the dogged hero of this strong, sad story about the aftermath of the Spanish Civil War. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; and Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

A Guide for the Married Man—An odd little comedy, brought to life by Walter Matthau, who can do no wrong. There are lots of other familiar funny faces on hand. Directed by Gene Kelly. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Aug. 1.)

King of Hearts—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. In French and English. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Luv—Clive Donner's version of Murray Schisgal's comic yelp of outrage at a society so sated with pieties about love that it can't say the word straight any longer. Jack Lemmon, Peter Falk, and Elaine May, who makes the heroine transfixingly downright in her oddities. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

Made in Italy—Director Nanni Loy offers an album of Italian sketches, mostly comic. Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina are among those present. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 1.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

My Sister, My Love—Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle in a sad, vivid story of forbidden love. Directed by Vilgot Sjöman. In Swedish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.... ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 1.)

The Night of the Generals—A handsomely produced melodrama about a Nazi general with a penchant for murdering prostitutes. With Peter O'Toole, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Donald Pleasence, and Joanna Pettet. Anatole Litvak directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 1.)

Privilege—A fiercely good piece of film-making by Peter Watkins (of "The War Game"), about an England in the near future dominated by a nervy pop idol manipulated by a near-Fascist lineup of Church and State to keep the young in step. The best of the film is not the power forecast but the detail of jangling Mod life as it very nearly is already. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, and directed by George Roy Hill. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées weekdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

To Sir, with Love—A glib parable about getting on with one another, with Sidney Poitier quelling a classful of East End kids in London. Directed by James Clavell, who adapted it from a novel by E. R. Braithwaite. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through July 30, last showing that day at 4:30.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Aug. 2.)

Ulysses—Joseph Strick has led an admirable cast with tact and intelligence down several of the main pathways in the Joycean labyrinth. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Woman Times Seven—Peter Sellers appears once in mourning, Alan Arkin offers an interlude of brilliantly withdrawn comedy as a struggling intender of suicide, and Shirley MacLaine plays seven parts with an implication of a wit that no one uses. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, in a tone that is formula Hollywood at its purest. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

You Only Live Twice—James Bond again, with Sean Connery and a series of numb girls in a situation with a megalomaniac aspiring dictator, a stylishly furnished volcano, and *sake* served at the correct 98.4°F. The mood of the screenplay coarsens the original cheeky style of the series. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

Any Wednesday (1966)—Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Rosemary Murphy, and Dean Jones in a movie version of the Broadway comedy. Written by Julius J. Epstein. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 1.)

Ashes and Diamonds (1961)—Directed by Andrezej Wajda. In Polish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

Beauties of the Night (1954)—Directed by René Clair, with Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

Beauty and the Devil (1952)—Directed by René Clair, with Michel Simon. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 1.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—A Vittorio De Sica film about a search for a stolen bicycle. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 30.)

The Devil's Eye (1961)—Ingmar Bergman pokes fun at the Devil, Don Juan, the clergy, and us. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 29.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 2.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum (1966)—Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and Jack Gilford rush pell-mell through this richly colored version of the Broadway original. Directed by Richard Lester. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 2.)

Georgy Girl (1966)—An English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 29-30.)

A Lesson in Love (1960)—Directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 29.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Aug. 1.)

Male Companion (1966)—The subject is love-in-idleness. Starring Jean-Pierre Cassel and directed by Philippe de Broca. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 1.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 31.)

The Pumpkin Eater (1964)—An examination of married life, its cause and cure. With Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 31.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon deWilde. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; July 31.)

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs (1938)—The Disney classic. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Aug. 2.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold (1965)—Richard Burton as the grubby and despairing hero of the le Carré novel. Also with Oskar Werner and Claire Bloom. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 28.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 28.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 30.... ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 1.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Directed by Philippe de Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 28.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—An Orson Welles film, with Charlton Heston and Janet Leigh. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 31-Aug. 1.)

Tunes of Glory (1960)—A peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. Alec Guinness and John Mills are the adversaries. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 28.)

The Wrong Box (1966)—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many others. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Aug. 2.)

Film Libraries—See listing under "Et Alia," page 14.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2			

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Aug. 1: "The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.
From Aug. 2: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
LUV.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE FAMILY WAY.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
Through Aug. 2: "For a Few Dollars More," Clint Eastwood.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through July 30: "Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.
From July 31: "Enter Laughing," José Ferrer, Shelley Winters.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The St. Valentine's Day Massacre," Jason Robards, George Segal.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 1: **MADE IN ITALY** (in Italian).
From Aug. 2: **TO SIR, WITH LOVE.**

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Aug. 1: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival.
From Aug. 2: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 1: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.**
From Aug. 2: **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival; and "Eight on the Lam," Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Surfari," a documentary film on surfing.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through July 31: "The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.
From Aug. 1: "Ski on the Wild Side," a documentary film on skiing.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
PRIVILEGE.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 2: "The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
LUV.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through July 30 (last showing that day at 4:30): **TO SIR, WITH LOVE.**
From July 30, at 8:30: "Enter Laughing," José Ferrer, Shelley Winters. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through July 28: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**, revival; and **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD**, revival.
July 29-30: **GEORGY GIRL**, revival; and "The Professionals," revival, Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
July 31: **ONE-EYED JACKS**, revival; and **SHANE**, revival.
Aug. 1: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival; and "A Star Is Born," revival, Judy Garland, James Mason.
From Aug. 2: **SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE FAMILY WAY.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The St. Valentine's Day Massacre," Jason Robards, George Segal.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Hawks and the Sparrows" (in Italian), Totò.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 1: "Gunn," Craig Stevens, Laura Devon; and "The Upper Hand," Jean Gabin, George Raft.
From Aug. 2: "The War Wagon," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas; and "The Perils of Pauline," Pamela Austin, Pat Boone.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 1: "Divorce American Style," Dick Van Dyke, Debbie Reynolds.
From Aug. 2: "The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
Through Aug. 1: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.**
From Aug. 2: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through July 29: "Come Back, Africa," "On the Bowery," and "Good Times, Wonderful Times" (all revivals and all semi-documentary films).
From July 30: **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival; and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 1: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN**; and **MALE COMPANION** (in French), revival.
From Aug. 2: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
BLOW-UP.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 1: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN**; and "The Quiller Memorandum," George Segal, Alec Guinness.
From Aug. 2: "The Dirty Dozen," Lee Marvin.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
MY SISTER, MY LOVE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 1: "Gunn," Craig Stevens, Laura Devon; and "The Upper Hand," Jean Gabin, George Raft.
From Aug. 2: "The War Wagon," John Wayne, Kirk Douglas; and "The Perils of Pauline," Pamela Austin, Pat Boone.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through the afternoon of July 31: "Palaces of a Queen," a tour of six palaces belonging to Queen Elizabeth II.
From July 31, at 8:30: "Ski on the Wild Side," a documentary film on skiing. (Opening night will be a benefit performance.)

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
THE BIG CITY (in Bengali and English).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
KING OF HEARTS (in French and English).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 1: **A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN.**
From Aug. 2: **TO SIR, WITH LOVE.**

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through July 30: "Round Trip," Venantino Venantini.
From July 31: "The Whisperers," Edith Evans, Eric Portman.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
WOMAN TIMES SEVEN.

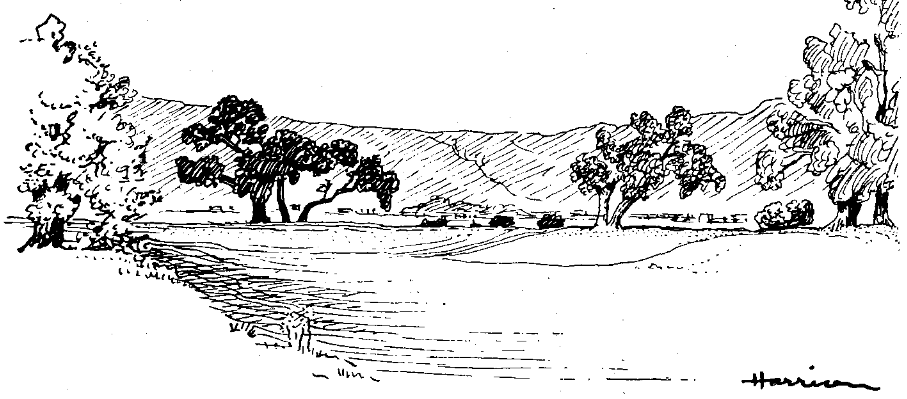
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

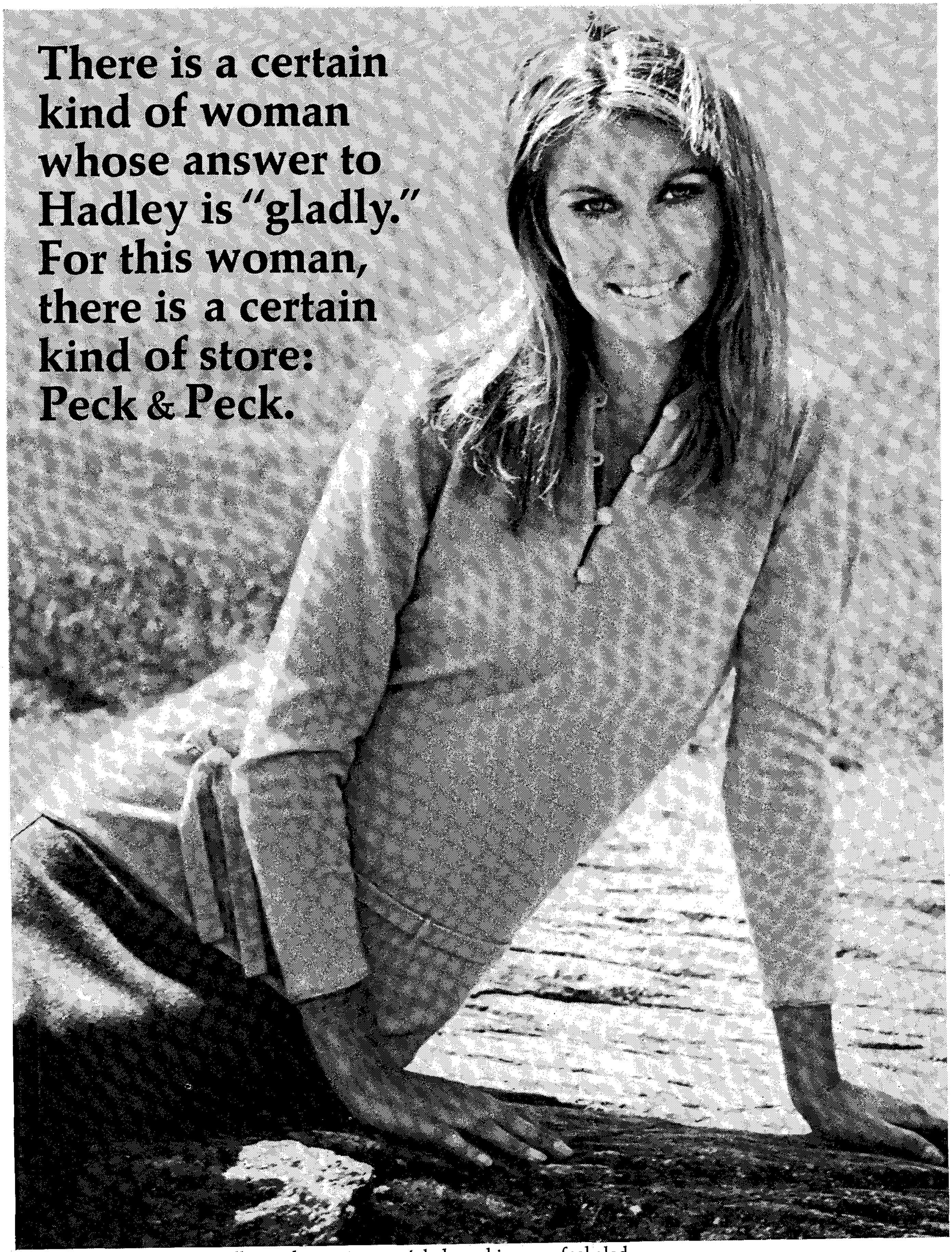
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 28: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival.
July 29-30: "Life Upside Down" (in French), revival, Charles Denner; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
July 31-Aug. 1: **TOUCH OF EVIL**, revival; and "Mickey One," revival, Warren Beatty.
From Aug. 2: "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty; and "Hallelujah the Hills," revival, Peter H. Beard.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 1: **THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS**; and **ANY WEDNESDAY**, revival.
From Aug. 2: **THE WRONG BOX**, revival; and **A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM**, revival.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 27: **ASHES AND DIAMONDS** (in Polish), revival; and "The Condemned of Altona," revival, Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell.
July 28: "The Guest," revival, Donald Pleasence; and "The Troublemaker," revival, Thomas Aldredge.
July 29: **THE DEVIL'S EYE** and **A LESSON IN LOVE** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
July 30: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "Three Fables of Love" (in Italian and French), revival.
July 31: **THE PUMPKIN EATER**, revival; and "Toys in the Attic," revival, Dean Martin, Geraldine Page.
Aug. 1: **BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT** and **BEAUTY AND THE DEVIL** (both in French and both revivals).
Aug. 2: **THAT MAN FROM RIO** (in French), revival; and **TUNES OF GLORY**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 1: **MY SISTER, MY LOVE** (in Swedish).
From Aug. 2: **TO SIR, WITH LOVE.**

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The luxury of soft, soft Hadley cashmere just can't help making you feel glad all over. In fact, you're entitled to sit there and purr. This one's extra-elegant touches are a self-belt and looped button closings. Wheat only. 34 to 40, 32.00

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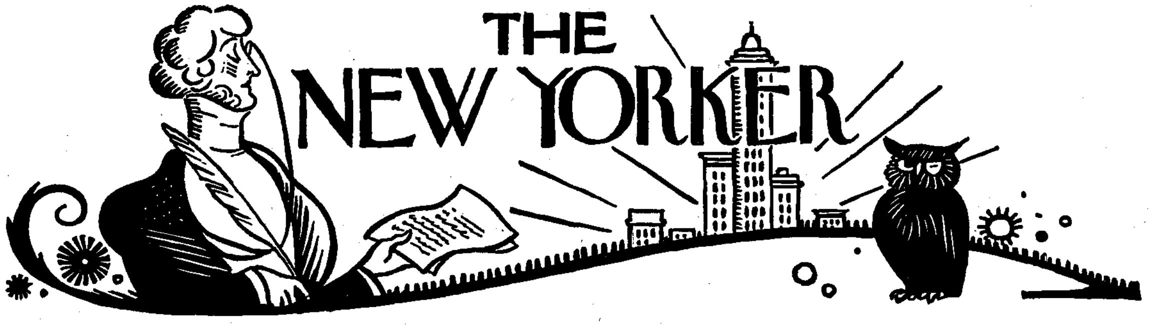
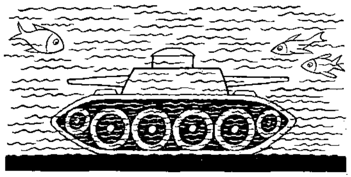
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D.C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/BUFFALO/PROVIDENCE



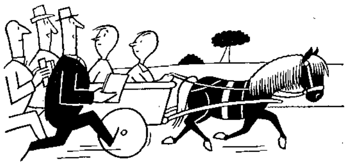
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE recently read in a French newspaper an account of this year's traditional Fourteenth of July parade in Paris which convinced us that the French military may be on to something important. Apart from complaining about the lack of color in the parade ("*Les seules notes colorées sont les élèves des grandes écoles*," it grumbled), the account was devoted to a description of some of the new French military hardware. Singled out for special praise was a monstrous new French tank, the AMX 30. (We have no idea what AMX stands for, or why this tank is 30, and not 27.) Among its other important virtues, it has an engine that can burn almost any hydrocarbon, from kerosene to crude oil. Or perhaps it has several engines, each one of which burns something different—we could not quite make out from the account. The special virtue of the AMX 30, however—and this is where we were so favorably impressed by the French military mind—is that it is *hermetically sealed*. Its four-man crew, snug as four bugs in a rug (if that is the appropriate image), can seal themselves in and thus escape poison gas, enemy bacteria, and radioactive fallout. Moreover, the thing actually travels under water. While the account was too modest to make the point explicitly, we had no trouble at all in perceiving the brilliant strategy that the inventors of the tank had in mind for fighting the next war. At the first sign of nuclear combat, the whole Army is to get into these tanks, in groups of four, head for the nearest large body of water, dive under, and stay there.



TWO Massachusetts brothers, aged eleven and nine, took off by pony cart a couple of weeks ago for Expo 67, without food, money, or advance accommodations. They were planning to do chores en route for eating money and to scrounge whatever lodgings they could for themselves and their pony. But they hadn't been under way forty-eight hours before the New England press pounced on their venture and began giving a practically clop-by-clop chronicle of their progress. Moreover, Expo officials were saying, long before the boys reached the Canadian border, that when they arrived at the fairgrounds they'd be treated like V.I.P.s. The trouble with this era of comprehensive news coverage is that it's getting increasingly difficult to be adventurous, unless, like Sir Francis Chichester, one is prepared to go to extraordinary, and even perilous, lengths. Try to emulate Huckleberry Finn and you probably won't get around the first bend in the river before a television crew turns up in a helicopter.



Crisis

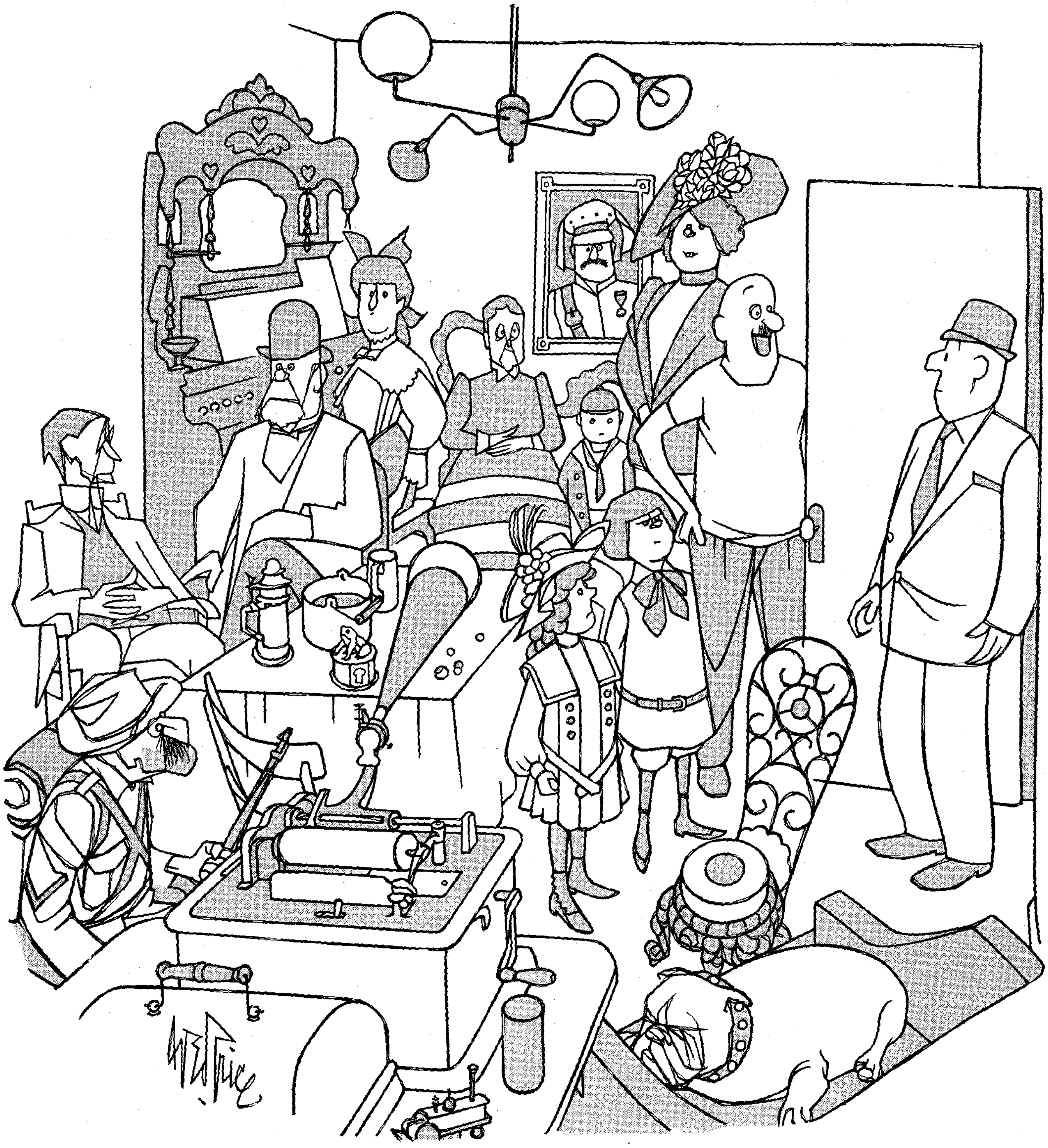
WE'VE been admiring those people over at the United Nations who, no matter how many beer cans or cushions are thrown at them for their "failures," keep right on working for peace. There are thirty-nine hundred of them, concentrated on the thirty-eight floors of the Secretariat Building, and we've watched some of them on television. They've been keeping long and late hours—particularly during that five-week stretch beginning June 5th, when hostilities broke out between Israel and the United Arab Republic, and ending July 10th, when the Security Council agreed to send teams of observers to be stationed on both sides of the front lines. Who got the emergency meetings going? Did all those people sleep? Did they eat? How did they—especially the ones who had to sit for hours and hours in the Security Council and General Assembly sessions—manage to get through their ordeal? By last week, when we went up to the thirty-eighth floor early one morning to visit the Secretary-General's offices, a number of the people—guards, secretaries, assistants to U Thant—were looking rumpled and tired. But U Thant himself looked great—as fresh as green grass—in a crisp pin-striped blue suit and starched white shirt, and smoking a long cigar with quiet relish. He was very calm. The Middle East crisis had been the most difficult and most frantic period since he took on the job of Secretary-General, in 1961, he told us. The Congo crisis, in 1962 and 1963, had lasted a long time and had been exhausting, but it hadn't been an all-day-and-all-night affair, like this one, with Security Council meetings starting at three in the morning, or urgent telephone calls waking him up at half past four.

We asked the Secretary-General how he managed to look so well rested.

"It's my training," he told us. "During my whole life, in obedience to Buddhist precepts, I have been trying to concentrate, to contemplate, to meditate, and to eliminate all hatred, all anger, all bitterness from my being, to detach myself from mundane things and to achieve emotional equilibrium. Of course, it is very difficult to achieve. But this is my way of life."

"Well, *how* do you do it?" we asked.

"Normally, I used to meditate in the morning, as soon as I got up," he



"Welcome to Expo 07."

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said. "Now, if there is no time for that, I will take ten or fifteen minutes to meditate in my office, after telling my secretary not to disturb me. Or I can do it on airplanes, if I ask those sitting with me not to talk to me."

"Can you do it while you're sitting on the platform at meetings?" we inquired.

"No," he said. "Although often I will draft cables while sitting on the platform. During the past few weeks, I have been sending out fifty or sixty cables a day."

Before the Middle East crisis, Mr. Thant said, he had time to take a before-dinner swim in the pool at his house in Riverdale, but lately he hadn't been able to get home in time for that, or for dinner. In the last five and a half years, he had gone to two or three movies. The movie he had seen most recently—two months ago—was "To Sir, with Love," based on a book written by Eustace R. Braithwaite, who is now the Ambassador to the U.N. from Guyana. The book he had most recently read was Bertrand Russell's autobiography, which he got around to last Sunday.

We thanked Mr. Thant, and then, making our way down the corridor from his office, we stopped for a while at the desks of two of his key assistants—Brian Urquhart (United Kingdom) and Ralph Bunche (United States), both of whom looked weary. It is their task to keep the Secretary-General informed, to help him write his cables, letters, and reports, and to deal with administrative problems. "Bunche works harder than I do, because everybody calls him up all the time," Mr. Urquhart, a slender, youthful, intense, fast-talking man, told us. "Bunche is also the recipient of all the night cables. Even when he gets home, if he's not on the telephone, he's either reading or writing cables."

"What have you two actually been doing in here?" we asked.

"An endless sequence of contacts with government representatives, an interminable series of conferences with diplomats," Mr. Urquhart replied cheerfully. "We have a continuous flow of straight factual information coming in and going out. Each side, of course, blames the other. And the press is sometimes pretty wild. It's up to us to try to determine the facts and write the reports, and keep information going the other way—keep our people in the field informed and give them instructions."

"How about letting us see a sampling of your reports?" we asked.

Mr. Urquhart handed us a ten-ton folder of mimeographed reports. We noted the following items, each of them containing, in its complete form, between eight hundred and twelve thousand words:

Text of Statement by Secretary-General U Thant in Security Council
5 June 1967

As far as information from UNEF is concerned, it must be remembered that UNEF is no longer on the Line, but is concentrated in its camps and is in the process of withdrawal. The information given by the Commander of UNEF is therefore, of necessity, somewhat general, and much of it has been given to the Commander by the United Arab Republic Liaison service in Gaza. General Rikhye, Commander of UNEF, reported that at 0800 hours (local time) today two Israel aircraft violated United Arab Republic airspace over Gaza town. One of these aircraft was shot down. . . .

Supplemental Information Received by the Secretary-General
5 June 1967

In view of the apparent uncertainty about the time when the Council meeting which adjourned on the morning of 5 June will reconvene, I have decided to circulate to the Members the information I have received since I gave my oral statement to the Council this morning. . . .

Exchange of Messages Between Pope Paul and Secretary-General
7 June 1967

We express in the name of Christianity the fervent hope that, in the unfortunate eventuality which we firmly trust will never occur that the situation may worsen, Jerusalem may, because of its sacred and holy character, be declared an open and inviolable city.

Pope Paul VI

. . . in a report I circulated to the Security Council yesterday, I stated: "I strongly support the idea that has been advanced that Jerusalem should be declared an open city in order to protect for all mankind its irreplaceable historical and religious places which are of inestimable spiritual significance."

U Thant
Secretary-General United Nations

Fourth Report of Secretary-General to Security Council
9 June 1967

At 6:05 P.M., I received an oral message from the Permanent Representative of Israel, Ambassador Rafael, which reads: "I am instructed by my Government to confirm that the Government of Israel has accepted the cease-fire resolution adopted by the Security Council today. Orders for the cessation of hostilities have been issued to the armed forces. I wish to assure the Secretary-General that on our part all fighting has stopped. . . ."

Exchange of Messages Between United Nations Secretary-General and Secretary-General of League of Red Cross Societies
15 June 1967

. . . responsibilities in connexion with the provision of assistance to all civilian victims of the conflict . . .

Statement by the Secretary-General
19 June 1967

I have noted press reports on the morning of 19 June relating to a paper or memorandum which I am told was written by Dag Hammarskjöld in August 1957, setting forth certain of his views about the presence of the United Nations Emergency Force (UNEF) in the United Arab Republic. The plain fact is that there is little that is new in the memorandum and it makes no revelations which would warrant the special significance being attributed to it in some quarters. In any case, such a paper could not alter the basis for the presence of UNEF on the soil of the United Arab Republic. . . .

Note by the Secretary-General Submitting a Report of the Commissioner-General of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees in the Near East
19 June 1967

The Agency's overriding difficulty will be shortage of money. Its additional expenses cannot yet be assessed but they will be considerable. It is assuming heavy additional burdens when it is already operating on a budgetary deficit. The Agency is working in close liaison with Governments, the United Nations Children's Fund, the International Committee of the Red Cross, the League of Red Cross Societies and other non-governmental bodies and voluntary organizations. . . .

Supplementary Information Received by the Secretary-General
19 June 1967

On the morning of 19 June General Bull reported as follows:

1. The following message was received by telephone from General Staff Officer for liaison with United Nations at Headquarters UNTSO at 19 0900 GMT June:

"Please be informed that on 19 June 1967 at approximately 0730 LT a detachment of Syrian armed soldiers approached the Israeli positions and when they came within a distance of about 200 metres from our line at approximately MR 2258-2918, they opened machine gun fire in the direction of our positions. Fire was returned and the Syrian soldiers withdrew. . . ."

Text of Statement by the Secretary-General, U Thant, to the General Assembly
20 June 1967

My position on the decision to withdraw UNEF and the reasons for it have been set forth clearly in reports which I have submitted to the General Assembly and the Security Council (A/6669, S/7896 and S/7906).

Beyond this, I need make only the following specific comments.

The Foreign Minister of Israel, I note, made no mention in his critical analysis of my decision of certain decisive facts and factors with which he is certainly very well acquainted. . . .

Supplementary Information Received by the Secretary-General
23 June 1967

. . . General Bull reports that on three occasions on 21 June and again on the morning of 22 June United Nations military observers observed a light Israel reconnaissance aircraft flying east of the Israel cease-fire line. . . .

Report of the Secretary-General on the Withdrawal of the United Nations Emergency Force
Addendum
26 June 1967

A partial explanation of the misunderstanding about the withdrawal of UNEF is an evident failure to appreciate the essentially fragile nature of the basis for UNEF's operation throughout its existence. UNEF in functioning depended completely on the voluntary coöperation of the host Government. . . .

Supplementary Information Received by the Secretary-General
1 July 1967

Though it was planned that deployment of Observers on both sides should commence immediately after the cease-fire became effective, this could not be done prior to darkness on 10 June. . . .

Note by the Secretary-General Submitting a Second Report of the Commissioner-General of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine Refugees in the Near East
4 July 1967

. . . The situation generally appears to have improved and electricity and water supplies and sanitation services have been restored to the Old City of Jerusalem. . . .

Statements by the Secretary-General at the 1365th and 1366th Meetings of the Security Council
9 July 1967

. . . United Nations Observers have been serving in the Near East since 1948, when there were well over 700 as against the 133 now serving in the area. . . .

Report by the Secretary-General on the Stationing of United Nations Military Observers in the Suez Canal Sector
11 July 1967

The Secretary-General is also, after consultation with the parties, undertaking the recruitment of the needed twenty-five additional Military Observers, as reported to the Council in his statement of 9 July 1967.

We returned the reports to Mr. Urquhart, and while we were waiting to have a word with Dr. Bunche, who was conferring with the Secretary-General's Assistant Military Adviser, Lieutenant-Colonel Lauri Koho (Finland), about the new military observers, we made a quick trip down to the thirty-fifth floor and had a word there with Dr. F. Y. Chai (Nationalist China), whose official title is Director of the Security Council and Political Committees Division. It is Dr. Chai's task to alert members of the Security Council and various departments and services to Council meetings. (He also prepares the provisional agenda, advises the president on procedures, and sits directly behind the president at the meetings, ready to supply information and be consulted on questions that may come up.) At three-thirty on the morning of June 5th, Dr. Chai, who lives in Manhasset, with his wife and their fourteen-year-old son, was awakened by Security Council President Hans Tabor, of Denmark, who told him that representatives of both Israel and the United Arab Republic had just telephoned to inform him that hostilities had broken out. Dr. Chai, an alumnus of the Chinese Embassy in London, has been with the U.N. since 1946, when he attended the very first meeting of the Security Council (at Church House, in London, on January 17th. Agendum: Organization), so he is an old hand at getting meetings going. He carries around with him a list of the home telephone numbers of about sixty U.N. people, including the fifteen members of the Council, and he immediately telephoned *as many of them* as possible. Then he got dressed and drove his car, a 1962 Ford Fairlane sedan, to the Secretariat Building. Among the people he telephoned were Dr. Bunche (who called Mr. Thant), the Conference Officer (who alerted all the interpreters and translators), the head of the Press Division (who called up fifty correspondents), and the officer on duty in the U.N. Guard Room, in the third-level basement of the Secretariat Building (who alerted the Chief of Security and Safety, the General Services, the Buildings Management, the Telecommunications Department, the Health Service, cables and telephone personnel, public-inquiry girls and delegates' aides, the head of the cafeteria, the Protocol Officer, the U.N. Press, the U.N. Still Photographers, Radio and Visual Services, the Visitors' Service, mail and messenger people, the Archives Officer, and somebody to bring the water pitchers and scratch pads and pencils).

"That first day was nothing," Dr. Chai—a neat man with a somewhat wrinkled face and a precise manner—told us. "The most difficult day was June 10th. The day before that, the Security Council had adjourned at ten-fifty in the evening. By the time I had cleared my desk and driven back to Manhasset, it was twelve-thirty. I took a sleeping pill and went to bed. At two-thirty-five, the telephone rang. It was Skjold Mellbin, the deputy representative from Denmark, who told me that Syria had requested a meeting of the Security Council to be convened at three-thirty. In less than *one hour!* I told him that it was impossible—that it would take more than an hour even if I could *fly back to the U.N. And I told him* that Mr. Tabor couldn't make it either, because he lives in Westchester. So we agreed on four o'clock. I didn't have breakfast. I didn't shave. Fortunately, the road was clear at that hour of the morning, and I made it in half an hour. *That* meeting finished at twelve noon. I cleared my desk and drove home. It was really a miracle that I didn't have an accident. I had to keep hitting myself on the side of the head to stay awake. I got home by one-thirty and went to bed at two o'clock. Then, at four-thirty in the afternoon, I was awakened by another telephone call. This time, it was Dr. Leonid Kutakov, one of Ambassador Federenko's assistants. He told me that his government wanted an immediate meeting of the Council. So I telephoned Tabor and the others—by the way, for the month of June, my telephone bill, which is normally about eleven dollars, was fifty-four dollars, to my wife's shock and horror—and I drove right back to the U.N. At five o'clock on a hot Saturday afternoon, the traffic was very heavy, but I made it in under an hour, and we started the Council meeting at six o'clock. We finished at two-thirty-nine in the morning." Dr. Chai gave a pleasant little moan.

We asked him when he had finally got some sleep, and he said when the Security Council stopped meeting and the General Assembly started in.

Returning to the thirty-eighth floor, we found that Dr. Bunche was finished with his conference. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and wearing a pair of trousers that looked pretty worn. We asked him how he was doing on things like eating and sleeping.

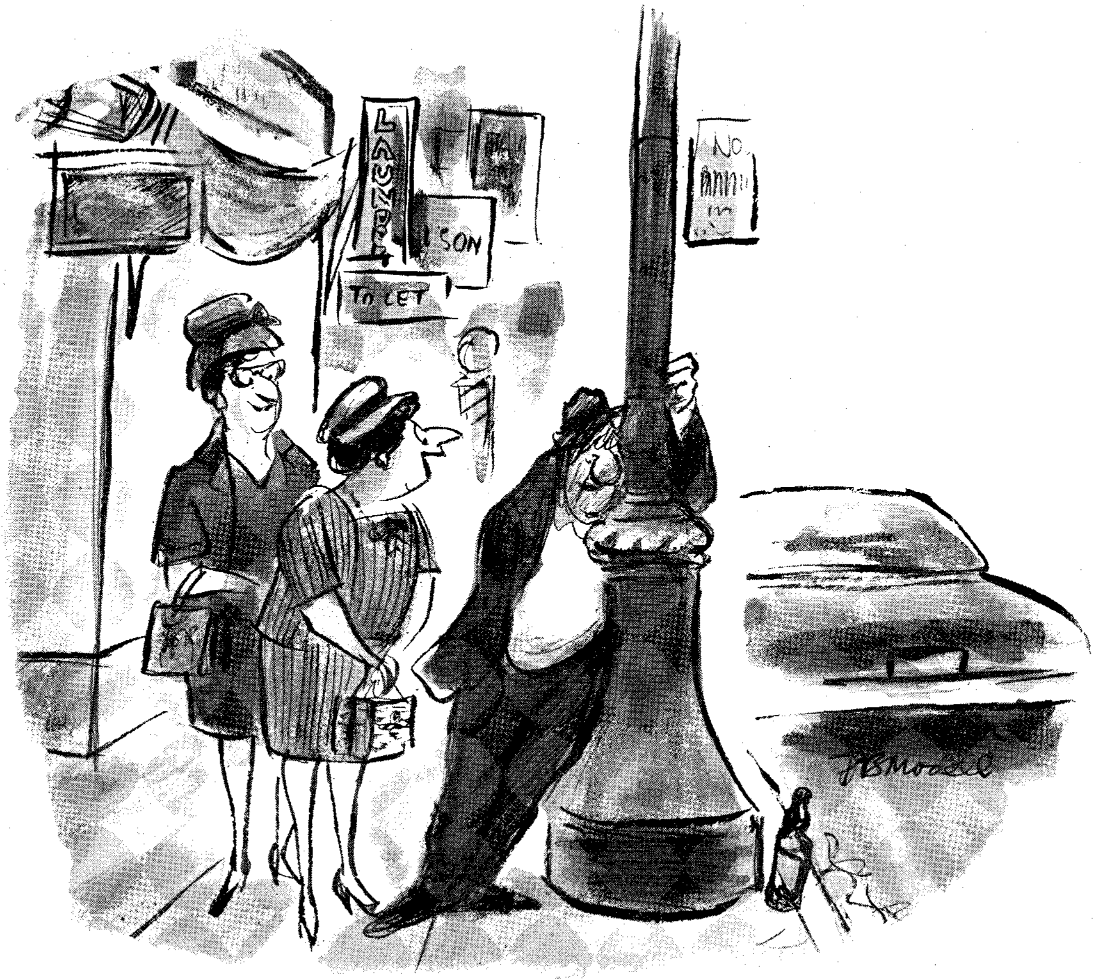
"I keep a drawer full of fruit and nuts—that's how I stay alive," he told us, with an amiable grin. "This is my prison. The Secretary-General, unfortunately, has a dining room up here, and because he doesn't want to eat alone he has what he calls 'working lunches.' What they had today was breast of abominably old chicken with some kind of thick yellow sauce congealed on top of the shrivelled chicken. But I was smart. Before the lunch, I asked for a plain chicken leg, so I could eat. Yesterday, though, I got out—for the first time in ten days. I went to a Chinese restaurant across the street and gorged myself."

"How about sleep?" we asked. "Do you stay here?"

"Nobody around here ever sleeps over, even though there's a bedroom in the Secretary-General's suite, with a serving pantry, containing a stove and a refrigerator, so you could fry an egg if you had to," Dr. Bunche said. "Even during the Suez crisis, when we were here until five in the morning, everybody went home. The only time anybody slept here was during the blackout, in November two years ago. We were all sitting around, and it started to get very cold. We had a pregnant secretary then, and she telephoned her doctor about whether she ought to walk down thirty-eight flights, and he said absolutely no. So we wrapped her up in blankets, and the rest of us, led by U Thant, walked down."

"Was your wife disappointed when you had to be here on July 4th?" we asked.

"*Somebody* is usually fighting on July 4th," Dr. Bunche said. "I've been with the United Nations for twenty-two years, and I haven't had a July 4th free since 1946. One year it was Indonesia. Another year it was Guatemala. Or the Congo. In 1964, it was Cyprus, and we had India and Pakistan in 1965. Thanksgiving is usually all gummed up, too, for some reason. Easter isn't too bad. And we usually get Memorial Day. That one they leave alone."



"Excuse me. We're looking for a cute little Mod shop that's on this street."

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Dr. Bunche had a large folder of cables at the ready on his desk, and he told us he was waiting for the General Assembly meeting to adjourn, so that he could see Mr. Thant. "Then I'll come back to my desk, and by that time some more cables will have come in," he said. "In the last six weeks, we've sent out and received more cables than in any comparable period in the history of the U.N. Our operations sector in Suez and our Chief of Staff out there need guidance. We're getting the observers under way there."

"What do you have to do about all that?" we asked.

"I have to let them know what communications to use," Dr. Bunche said. "And where they're to be stationed for their patrolling. They've got to have vehicles, quarters, bases. Funny thing. A fellow from one of the leading newspapers called me up this morning. He wanted to write an editorial praising the U.N. for its observers, and he was under the impression that we were observing in the Middle East for the first time. The fact is that we've been doing it for more than twenty years."

Dr. Bunche reached into his desk drawer and brought out a small dish of mixed nuts, offered us some, and took a few himself. "Everybody wants to supply us with observers," he told us. "We always get more volunteers than we ask for. We've never had any trouble getting military personnel. We mainly use military officers—captains and majors. The representatives of the countries that want to give us observers come to see me, and if we can't take as many as they offer, their feelings are often hurt. They just want to be participating actively in peace efforts. We send the observers out, and there, right on the spot, these guys make the two sides stop fighting. Every separate incident is one that these fellows step into. And some of them have lost their lives, when they got caught in crossfire. These fellows watch for military buildups. They're firemen on the line, firemen walking a beat. They're right there on the spot, to stop the fighting. If you don't stop it, it escalates quickly. But if you show people a peaceful way out, they will stop fighting. Most people want to be given a graceful way of saving face."

Dr. Bunche suddenly didn't seem a bit tired, but when we asked him if he was, he said he felt somewhat tired and had been feeling that way for the past fifteen years.

"Are you discouraged?" we asked.

"No," he said. "Life around here is stimulating. Even the *frustrations* are stimulating. The duller the debate in our meetings, and the more boring, the better. Take any one of the crises in the past ten or fifteen years. What would they have led to if there hadn't been some international intervention? The United Nations has had the courage that the League of Nations lacked—to step in and tackle the buzz saw. It hasn't been able to do that in Vietnam, and this is the one great failure. But we're still not giving up even on that. Think of all the crises we've seen! We wouldn't be here today, and neither would you, if the U.N. hadn't done something about the fighting all these years. I just can't believe otherwise."

CONTEMPORARY WRITERS VI: AN INTERVIEW WITH GRIP SANDS

THE interview with Grip Sands, three-time winner of the coveted Alma M. Halloran Fictive Award (for his novels "Lud," "Fust," and "Drime") was held at five-thirty one morning in his loft workroom-bedroom-living room on Manhattan's lower East Side, within sight of the ever-poetic span of the Brooklyn Bridge. Sands works at night and sleeps by day, and the interview was conducted between the hours of his most intense concentration and his hours of rest. He appeared exhausted yet exhilarated. He is short, squat, and somewhat dishevelled, with thick eyebrows and piercing green eyes. He was dressed in black leather pants, a black leather jacket, and highly polished black boots. Sands and his boots are inseparable, as inseparable as Sands and the strange, private lexicon of obscenities he employs in ordinary conversation. Sands wears his boots everywhere—to literary conferences, to prize conclaves, and to bed. Bed consists of a mattress on the floor of the loft, with no pillow. The loft is sparely furnished: an unpainted worktable piled high with supplies of green copy paper, on which Sands writes in red ink, and, in one corner, a refrigerator. The floor of the loft was covered with crumpled mounds of discarded pieces of copy paper. They lent the otherwise barren room the appearance of being a mossy glen in a thick forest. Sands was seated on the mattress, reading galleys of his forthcoming fictive effort, "Zwer." Several volumes of Proust were visible on top of the refrigerator, lying beside a half-eaten pomegranate.

INTERVIEWER: You have been accused of a certain deliberate obscurity, not only in connection with the time continuum but with relation to the personnel of your novels. Your non-beings appear to have more life-force than your beings, and even at times to be interchangeable with them. What are you saying to us?

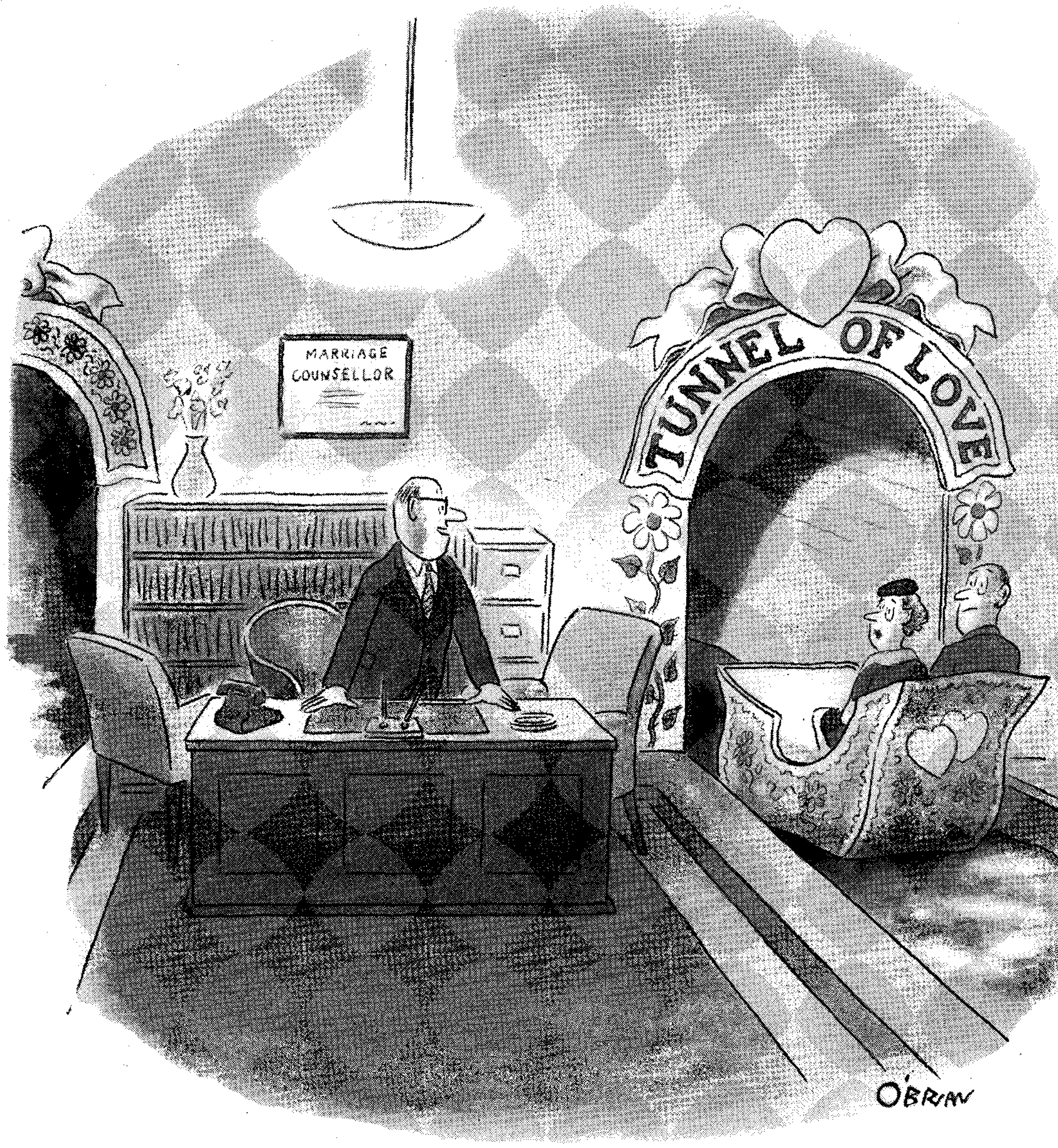
SANDS: I should like very much to get my hands on the blarfs who accuse me of obscurity, much less deliberate obscurity. Their watchword would appear to be crand. I am saying what I am saying, and each driggle must figure the matter out for himself, depending on the time, the place, the barometric pressure, and the nearest horoscope. To read "Fust," for instance, without a horoscope would be sheer groozle. And yet many try, and sink. I lay great store by horoscopes, mostly for their paramorphic value. They cut through the paninvisibility of non-being. We are left with the dark shadow of cartilage. The nub of the matter.

INTERVIEWER: We know that each writer secretly whispers to himself in his innermost places, awake or asleep, that this time he has touched the truth—zeroed in, you might say.

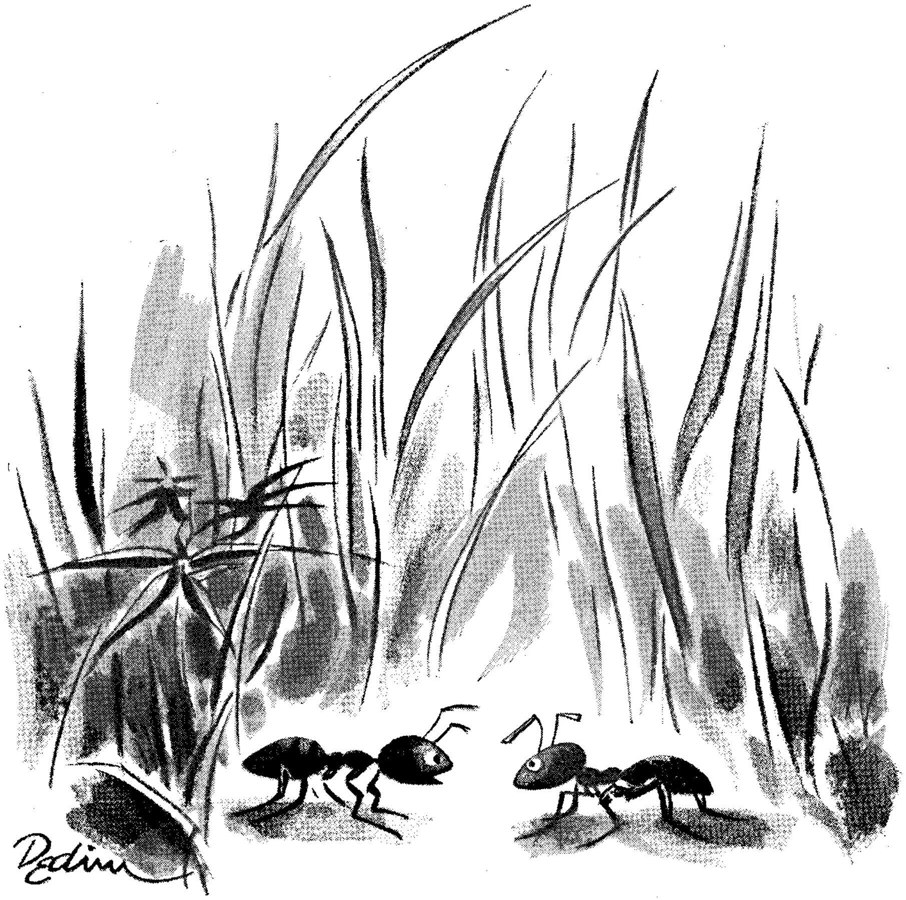
SANDS: To me, eternity is eggshells. The whites are pure mag, and the yolks—well, I won't even consider the yolks. They are beneath contempt. But the shells present an entirely different problem. We have the problem of poise—absolutely essential—and, with it, the delicate elaboration of personality, or, in the case of "Lud," non-personality. One exudes. Otherwise, there is nothing—not even the void.

INTERVIEWER: Do the city streets inspire you? I mean, do you prowl?

SANDS: Inscrutably. Inscrutably, rather than haphazardly or continuously. The inspiration, once again, is eggshells. They rise beneath the feet and touch off myriad images. The prowling must be done under cover of darkness, and the feet themselves provide the motivation. One either senses this sort of thing or one doesn't. The eggshells are everywhere, but one must feel them. Lower



"Go along now. We'll resume our talk when you get back."



"The way mankind is multiplying, I figure that by the year 2000 there will be a hundred-per-cent increase in the chances of our being stepped on."

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Broadway bleeds with eggshells. There the poise requires deftness, murim, and a calm spirit. If one is unhurried, collected, one is safe, one's inspiration is safe. Jar the balance and there is a crack in eternity.

INTERVIEWER: That would be irreparable?

SANDS: Irreparable. There are no second chances. The wheel turns and stops—red or black, good or ill. And, of course, there is the question of money. The foundations and the grants help. I loathe them, and I loathe the gurds who sit in boardroom splendor and award them, but I never turn one down. The first grant is always the hardest. Then they pour in; some blick recommends me one year, I recommend the blick the next. It is a question of poise, almost vegetable. They say travel to England, France, Spain. I say no. I stay here. My terms. Fleep!

INTERVIEWER: Do you revise much?

SANDS: As an exercise in the art of interregnum. The floor of the studio attests to the continuously heightened and renewed perceptions and non-perceptibles.

INTERVIEWER: Do you mingle much with other writers?

SANDS: Sparsely.

INTERVIEWER: But you do mingle occasionally—conferences, creative-writing gatherings, and so on. Do you derive much inspiration, if any, from these encounters?

SANDS: The average writer is a brape. I observe them to renew my contempt. And to replenish the wellspring. The fallow times, you know, are not kinsel. Bears do it. Inspiration often derives from one's low opinion of those around one, so I occasionally drive to the gas station and ask the man to fill up the tank. Then back here to aloneness and the eternal, internal me. You are the first person I have talked to since beginning "Zwer," and you may be the last.

INTERVIEWER: "Zwer" has already evinced almost universal interest. Can you tell me something about it—its themes and goals?

SANDS: In "Zwer," the root is the branch. It will win all the prizes, but for all the wrong reasons. In "Zwer," the personae ascend in descension. The interstices become the corpus. Form follows reason to the city limits, and then explodes with malevolent magnanimity. The bulldozers appear to triumph, but the squeak of the mouse is heard over the land.

INTERVIEWER: Where would you say the novel in general is heading? I mean, this would come down, I suppose, to shape and form and content. You must have given this a good deal of thought.

SANDS: The problem centers acutely on the extricular. Gravy boats, bronzed booties, canoes—that sort of thing. Try to avoid these tactiles and the novel will foist. Slowly at first, but with increasing blushes. That is one thing I am certain of, up to a point. Characters must become egressors. The costume is without meaning, the setting a mere ball of fire, and the dialogue quirp. People often halrow and urge you to try that one on your cigar box. I tell them to emerge, shed, blacken with soot. Cold cream is dodo. Definitely. "Zwer's" most powerful scenes are illuminated with the passion of an underwater gazebo. The inundated summerhouse! It is a summing up, and nothing will ever be the same. Follow the green arrow and take the wrong turn. Most of them are rotten.

INTERVIEWER: In other words, you are optimistic.

SANDS: Insofar as the circle bisects the square and leaves it dangling. And with respect to the pastoral mutations. The rest is queel. But there are some bright spots—Lipton in Kansas City, struggling with his penetrobes, and poor Kenneeley being bitten alive in Algiers.

INTERVIEWER: Kenya, I believe.

SANDS: You are right. Kenya.

INTERVIEWER: Can you tell me something of your origins?

SANDS: Bridgeport was pure treem. The noxious workmen and their hard-boiled eggs. Puget Sound was drave, and New Orleans grob. Heady stuff. My parents were one-burner electric stove, here today and gone. St. Louis, Denver, the transcontinental bit, and then the breakaway. Collapse and recovery and the dusty road to the center. The self-initiated self. It came one night and knocked, and I said, "Enter." And here I am.

INTERVIEWER: A complete man?

SANDS: Ragout.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

Shaftsbury Voters—Vote for Kevin O'Brien for Cemetery Commissioner. Local, young and aggressive man. Will bring new life to this important position. —*Adv. in the Bennington (Vt.) Banner.*

A real scrapper, eh?

LUCIEN, OCTAVE, VICTOIRE, EMILE

"LOVE," my stepfather says on the telephone. "L-O-V-E—*Lucien, Octave, Victoire, Emile. Câble direct pour les États-Unis. C'est ça*—love. *Lucien, Octave, Victoire, Emile. . . . Merci beaucoup.*"

"Next call the fisherman!" my mother cries. Her voice rises over the succulent, slapping noise of her morning massage. "Call off the fishing trip—it's a perfect day for the beach!" She lies on the sun-drenched terrace. Her magnificent body gleams with oil. She quivers with the excitement of morning planning. "All three generations finally under my roof," she continues, to the masseuse. "Can you imagine my happiness—my daughter, my son-in-law, my adorable grandsons . . . I've finally gotten them all to the South of France . . ."

The phone jangles angrily through the house. My stepfather has located the fisherman. The fisherman is annoyed.

"We're terribly sorry," the suave voice says. "You bought all the fish already? You mean we weren't going to catch any anyway? Of course, there are very few fish left on this coast. . . . You bought all the fish for the picnic? *Mon cher ami*, you make us feel worse. . . ."

"Buy his fish!" my mother shouts. "Buy all his fish!"

"We'll buy all your fish. . . . Twenty thousand francs? It's a pleasure. . . . Not at all, *we* thank you. . . . We're here for the month. We'll talk again soon. . . ."

He hangs up. It is hot and ten o'clock. His mustache droops wearily from the morning's tussles.

"Next call Zozo," my mother cries. "Next call Minou. Tell them to meet us at the beach!"

"I can tell your liver is tired," the masseuse is saying. "Oh, but you can't hide anything from me. *Vous avez le foie très fatigué aujourd'hui.* All my French clients who live in America seem to have a tired liver. . . ."

The north wind rises, the doors bang, the wind whistles through the pink, open shell of my parents' house. The courteous and mundane voice explains to Zozo, Néné, Mimi that we shall meet them at the beach, at the café, at the night club. A bulldozer mangles the neighboring mountain. Radios shout from nearby villas named Bois Joli, Cœur Chéri, Cam'Suffit. Cars roar, Vespas whine, brakes screech, sirens moan on the highway two hundred yards below. A forced gaiety of petunias and geraniums suffuses the narrow garden. My mother loves all that is open and cheerful, all that is drenched with noise, humanity, and light. She named this house Villa Come-and-Go. It looks out upon a blue, boat-filled Mediterranean bay.

I go to the laundry line, picking at dry suits. At every turn of the garden some ancient self of mine sits up suspiciously and sniffs some recollected odor of childhood and of war. "*Nous allons à la Côte d'Azur!*" my mother said to me in the summer of 1940, and I was disappointed to find that the grounds and the rocks of the garden were not a bright cerulean blue. There were the same rows of large zinnias in the garden then as now, the same smell of eucalyptus, the same table under the fig tree in the patio. We had sat at that table in 1940 and played a game: We conjured up horrible combinations of food to assuage our hunger. "Sardines with hot chocolate sauce," I said, and won.

My parents sit under the fig tree, twenty-six years later, watching my sons play. "They are superb, magnificent," my stepfather says tenderly. "They are sublime," my mother says. She takes the children on her lap and forecasts for them the delights of the day: "First we go to the beach, and we see all our friends at the beach, and we lunch at the beach, then we have a drink in Saint-Tropez, then we have dinner in a restaurant. . . ."

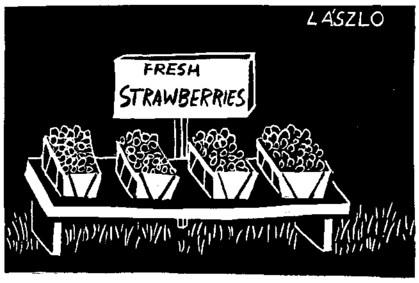
"Daddy's still asleep," Luke says. "Why is he always asleep?"

"Because he hates the South of France," Thaddeus answers.

My mother looks hurt. She puts the children down and starts trimming her geraniums. Whenever she's sad she trims her geraniums. The children run into the garden with an explosion of make-believe machine-gunning. "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat, I'll get you, you terrible German!" Luke shouts.

My stepfather looks concerned. "I can't understand why those children play war so much," he says to me. "Do you talk to them much about the war?"

"Well, all boys play war," I answer. "And I suppose they know I was here during the war. Didn't you play war as a boy?"



"Not to that extent," he says firmly.

"*En route pour la plage!*" my mother cries. "We're all ready to go to the beach!"

I go into the house to wake my husband. He lies on our bed sprawled out like a large child, one knee curled toward his chest. His eyes are swathed in a black silk mask, his ears are filled with wax earplugs, a pillow is folded over his head, a bottle of red sleeping pills glimmers on our night table. My husband is an old-fashioned man. He believes in the Realm of Spirit, Family Life, and Peace and Quiet. We live in New England because big cities are Dirty, Noisy, and Crime-Ridden. The Riviera is Crowded, Noisy, and Crude. He lifts his pillow. A tired blue eye appears.

"How was your night?" he asks.

"Just fair."

"I figured out at 3 A.M. that this house is built upon a rock above the highway, with the perfect acoustics of a Greek amphitheatre."

"It *is* noisy."

"I detest the Riviera," he adds calmly.

"You're the one who wanted to come."

"We had to. They've been asking us for years."

"We haven't had a good talk in days," I complain.

"Well, when do you expect to talk? At that packed beach we have to go to every day, at those cafés where you can't hear yourself think?"

"Let's try again today. And get dressed. It's time to go to the sea."

"How original. I thought we were finally going fishing."

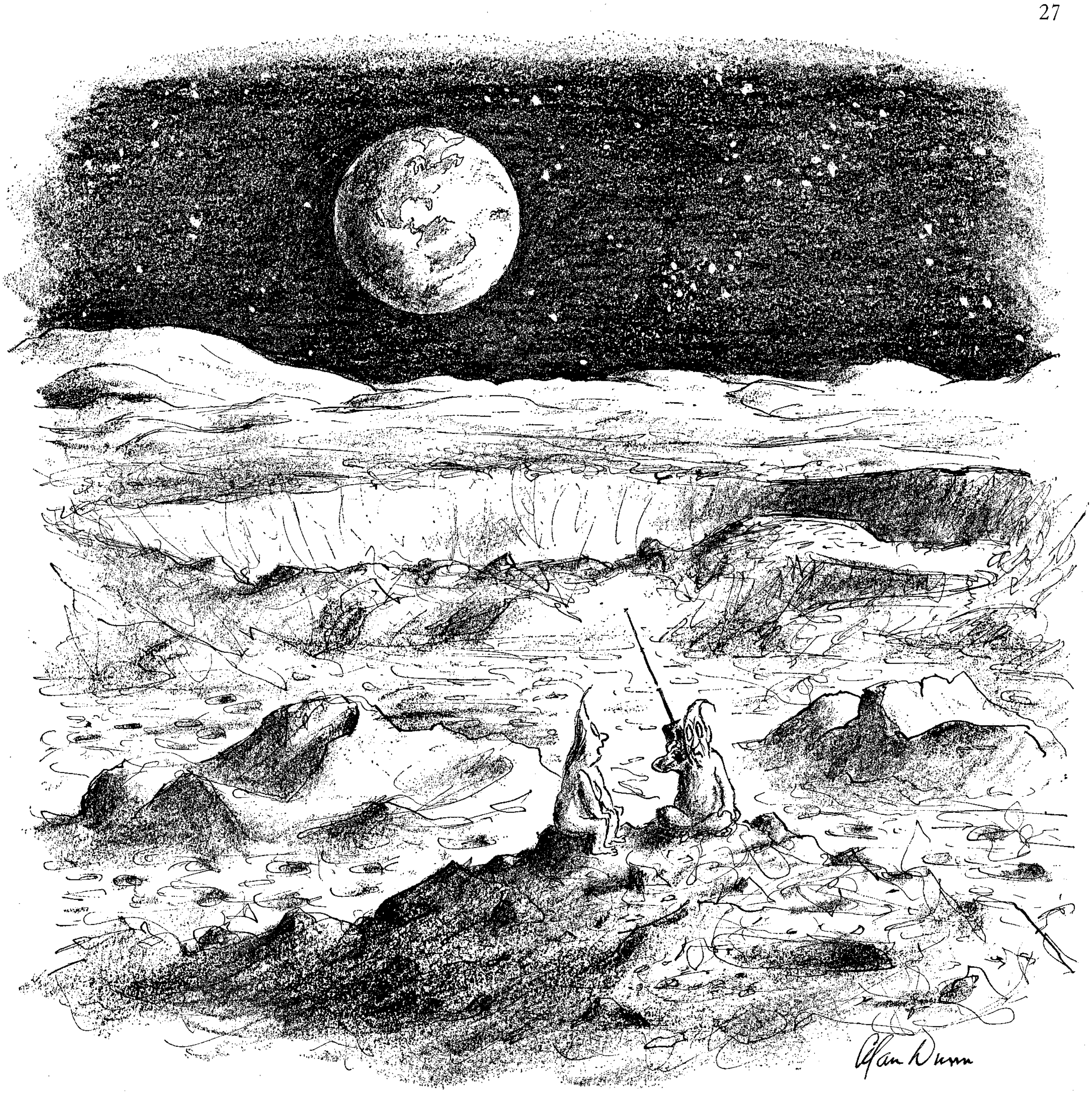
"Mother says it's a perfect day for the beach."

"What date is it today?"

"July 3rd."

"Three more weeks here. You know what my grandmother used to say when we wanted new bathing trunks for the summer? She'd say, 'What do you want new trunks for? June, July, August, September, and the summer's over.' "

He is dressed, and wears that polite smile he prepares every morning for his vacation with the in-laws. We walk to the driveway. The children agitate with sand pails around the family car. We pack into the Peugeot station wagon. My mother is happy. "This is the only immortality," she says, "to have you all here under one roof, in this place." All her eggs in one basket, she adds, all her chickens in



"Well, I don't care what they say about it. It's home to me."

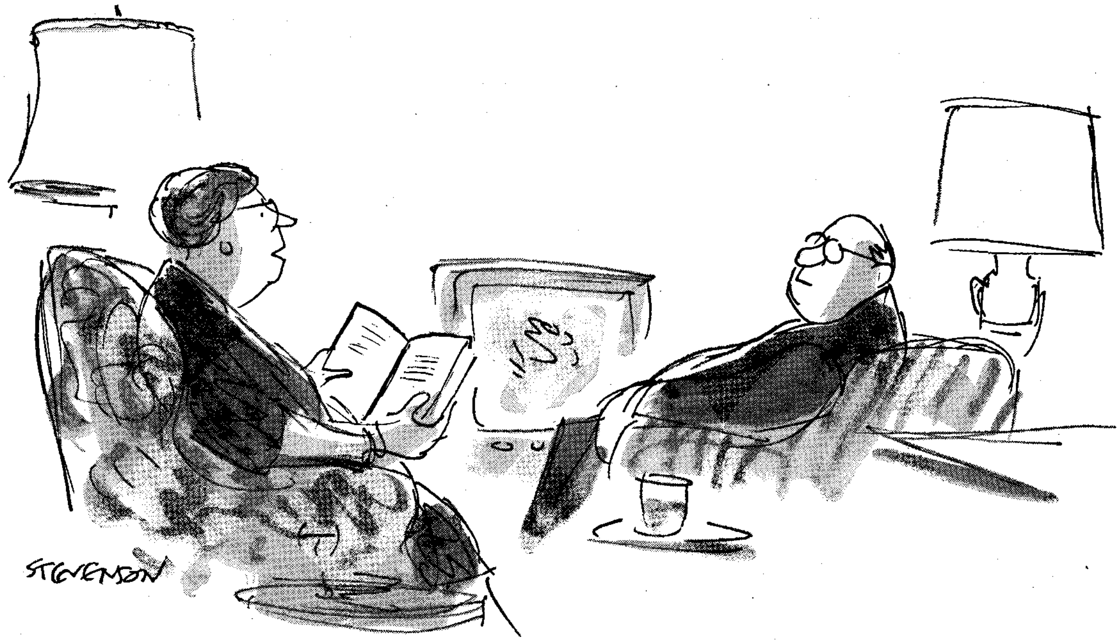
• •

one coop. She praises the color of the sky, the temperature of the water, the whiteness of the sand, the invigorating air. Her praise is punctuated by the children's queries: "How do you say 'hole' in Spanish?" . . . "How do you say 'the whole wide world' in French?" . . . "Are all Germans bad?" My stepfather is at the wheel. His silver hair gleams in the morning light. His mustache twitches with tenderness. His happiness glows in the precarious balance of our morning harmony. "It is so wonderful, so beautiful, to be here all together," he says. "Hi, big shots," he calls out to the children. "Darling," he says to me. "Are you happy, my love?" he asks my mother. "Finally," she answers. "We must do this every year." And the look in her eyes conveys her image of a family united, unanimous in their pleasures and their opinions—the family photograph, heads together, smiling, *click*. . . . My husband's cheek twitches. He remains reserved and impeccable. His white teeth shine like a keyboard in his tanned and tired face.

We drive along the bay toward Saint-Tropez. Here where the new camping site begins, at the start of a pine grove, my friend Minou and I used to turn inland on our bicycles at dusk, in the winter of '41, to fetch milk from a farm. My stepfather had ulcers and needed the milk. I was nine, and too scared of the dark to enjoy my independence. The pine copse rushes past with a sweep of bittersweet recollections. Across the road, several hundred campers' tents stretch down to the sea. Billboards stand over the pine copse, advertising "Coppertone," "Crème Nivea," "Ambre Solaire." Gigantic billboard girls bare their teeth, thrusting their brown breasts and bottles of brown liquid at the driver. Campers swarm among the orange tents.

"Goodness," my husband says. "How they spoil the landscape."

"You are a snob," my mother says. "Statistics show that the height of the average Frenchman has increased by two and a half centimetres since



"You know what's wrong with us? In thirty-seven years we've failed to establish a meaningful dialogue."

• •

camping has offered them more sun."

"Well, their growth hurts the eye."

"Please be more democratic," she commands.

Convertibles speed past us. The drivers are young, long-haired, impatient. The girls' manes fly in the breeze. The boys have sadistic and grimacing faces. A violet-colored Simca shaves by and closes in in front of us, the driver shouting at the driver ahead of him. My stepfather slams on the brakes. The children scream with delight.

"God, they drive badly," my husband says. "The French have gotten to be the most god-awful drivers."

"Well, no worse than Americans," my stepfather says.

"Nonsense. Americans may be slower but they're more responsible."

"Driving is based on fast reactions. All good drivers are fast drivers."

"Statistics show that one out of every four French drivers is hospitalized for a car accident," I say. "Statistics show that they *are* terrible drivers."

"It's that lust for power," my husband says. "They've lost their colonies; they take it out on the roads."

"You're all so psychiatric," my stepfather says. "They're young, they're on vacation, they're having fun."

We are on a dirt road now, following a line of Opels, Renaults, and Mustangs to Pampelonne Beach. My mother continues her praises of Saint-Tropez. She has read in *Match* that this beach averages four more hours of sunlight a day than any other European resort. She has read in *Elle* that children brought to the Mediterranean suffer twenty per cent fewer colds than children taken to the Atlantic. We reach the parking lot. Some three hundred closely packed cars gleam in the sun. My mother inhales the salt breeze ecstatically as we get out of the car. We walk toward the sea, and she stands on top of the dune, looking affectionately upon a seething mass of bodies lying on the sand. "How amusing this is!" she cries. "How I love this beach. Come quickly, children!"

We change on the beach, demurely swathed in large towels. Paris friends greet my parents. Beachboys and bartenders swarm around them effusively. The children run to the sea edge. My husband and I shuffle toward our umbrella. He collapses on his mattress and buries himself in the Paris *Herald Tribune*. I hide in the hot shade and make my survey of the scene. We are daily asked to frequent an establishment called Tahiti-Plage. Its bathhouses are built of rushes in emulation of African or Polynesian huts. The name of the restaurant attached to Tahiti-Plage—Madagascar Bar—is printed in fuchsia letters on a lemon-yellow awning. The sand is an unnatural, sugary white. Orange and turquoise umbrellas thickly pack the beach. We lie on candy-striped mattresses. My allergic skin is a mottled pink, my husband's fair hair is ruddy in the orange shade of our umbrella. Above my head waiters parade with trays, wearing tight peppermint-striped trunks. At my left a middle-aged woman, her flesh bursting out of a tiny bathing suit, slowly massages her stomach. Girls in doll-sized, fruit-colored bikinis rub amber-colored grease on the backs of their companions. Hand in hand or half entwined, lovers of all ages sprawl in the sun. I discern French and Swedish models, German steel magnates, British starlets, Paris fashion designers, Italian film directors, American decorators. Long-haired teen-agers, thighs rotating, breasts bared, parade slowly at the edge of the water scanning the beach for encounters. And the expanse of oiled flesh gleams in the sun with the sad splendor of quartered meat.

There is a clatter of dishes, a buzz of cajoling voices and provocative giggling, the roar of motorboats and helicopters. An African rhythm starts pounding from the restaurant jukebox. A woman's voice screaming *"Tu veux une gifle!"* is followed by a long, sustained child's howl. An Arab in burnous stands over me, wailing the praise of his roasted almonds. I try to make conversation with my husband.

"What is it exactly you don't like about this place? I mean how would *you* define it?"

"Everybody on the make. The fecklessness." His pale eyes critically survey the surrounding flesh. "All those bodies lying around in the sun, like in some ghastly rotisserie."

" 'Fecklessness' is the perfect word," I say soothingly. "You always find the perfect word."

Our children are whooping by the sea edge, throwing pailfuls of water into the moat of a sand castle. He takes my hand. We admire the beauty of our offspring.

"The monsters," he says. "They like it here. What a trap."

"Well, it doesn't *have* to be a trap. Perhaps we should make more of an effort. Perhaps we're being pills. . . . I can't stand hurting anybody's feelings."

"O.K., I'm a pill." He strokes my arm. "Darling. I'm sorry this place tires me so I don't even have the energy to talk to you."

"Well, God knows I don't, either."

We hold hands. We apologize to each other. We whisper distant plans for northern vacations—a lonely house on the Irish Sea, on the Scottish moors. A few yards away from us my mother patrols the beach. She is statuesque, jewelled, coffee brown, golden-haired, dressed in barbaric colors. Her rich and deep voice booms over the beach. She laughs with friends, predicts the lines of the Paris collections, roars lunch orders at the waiters, commands women to oil their children, builds sand castles for her grandsons. My stepfather lies gleaming and placid on his mattress, his eyes half closed with contentment. He looks at his little family with admiration. "Hi, big shot!" he calls out to Luke. "How do you like our beach?"

"Well, it's all right," Luke answers, "but it's a little noisy and crowded."

My stepfather pretends amusement. "It's so funny the way they repeat everything their father says."

My mother continues to pace the beach, Cinzano in hand, greeting and expounding. A tune sung by Les Playboys starts up on the jukebox. She shuffles her feet and swings her hips, singing "*Watu-si—comme c'est drôle le Watu-si.* . . ." Then her voice booms over us: "You may complain about this place, but everyone comes back. The most interesting people in Europe are here this morning. Over there in the green bikini is the editor of the most influential women's magazine in France. Next to her is the film director who is going to get the prize in Cannes this year. Then there's Tiki de Benzeville, the man with the most beautiful jewelry in Europe. And the top model for *Queen* magazine, and the former girl friend of the Prime Minister. One does not argue with winners." She swigs her Cinzano down defiantly. "It's so international, so gay."

Two women twenty years apart in age come toward us, greeting us in shrill, polished English.

"Here is my Zozo!" my mother cries. "Here is your Minou!"

Zozo has a cigarette clenched between her lips, a round, wizened chocolate-brown face familiar to me from photographs taken with my mother in the twenties. Her daughter, Minou, is small, compact, with the same mop of bright-red hair, now short, which I used to help her braid when we were children. We all rise. We all kiss. "But how you've grown!" Zozo exclaims to me. "Isn't it fantastic to have them here!" my mother cries. "You and I haven't missed a year, but them, all three generations— Can you imagine my happiness?" The two women link arms and prance toward the bar, gesticulating. Minou comes toward our umbrella. She is self-contained, athletic, masculine—one of those compact little Frenchwomen whom one sees at the wheels of sports cars, dodging traffic in the thick of Paris rush hours. She settles under our umbrella with a diffident, pouting smile, a critical look in her light hazel eyes.

Minou is one of my oldest childhood friends. We played together in the sandpiles of Paris parks before the war and visited back and forth during school vacations, and we retain our ritual greeting of twenty-five years ago. "*Moumoute!*" I whisper to her. "*Vieille moumoute*," she answers. My husband smiles as she settles under our umbrella. He briefly met her when she came to America two years ago. She is reserved, private; she does not bother him. And for his benefit we clarify our greeting: "*Moumoutes*" was a club we founded when we were nine years old. We sum up the conditions of membership. *Moumoutes* love peace and quiet. *Moumoutes* have low, gentle voices and move furtively, soft-footedly. *Moumoutes* are feline, secretive, mysterious, hearth-loving creatures. Sleep, childhood, shade, privacy, corners, fogs, rainy days are *moumoute*. Eating jam with a spoon, licking chocolate off the cooking pot, crouching by the fire, hiding at length under the covers is *moumoute*. Cats are *moumoute*, dogs are not, sheep are *moumoute*, horses are not, seals and bears are *moumoute*, cows are not. *Moumoutes* are mysterious, selfish, and adept at imitating purring. We still say, whenever we meet, such and such a person is *moumoute*, such and such a place is not.

"This beach is not *moumoute*," my husband suggests.

"But he's not one of us," she whispers. "How could he have learned so fast?"

"I'm a super-*moumoute*," he says with a smile. "Poor little girls, you had to invent a word—'cozy.' It doesn't exist in French. And what are you doing in this most un-*moumoute* place in the world?"

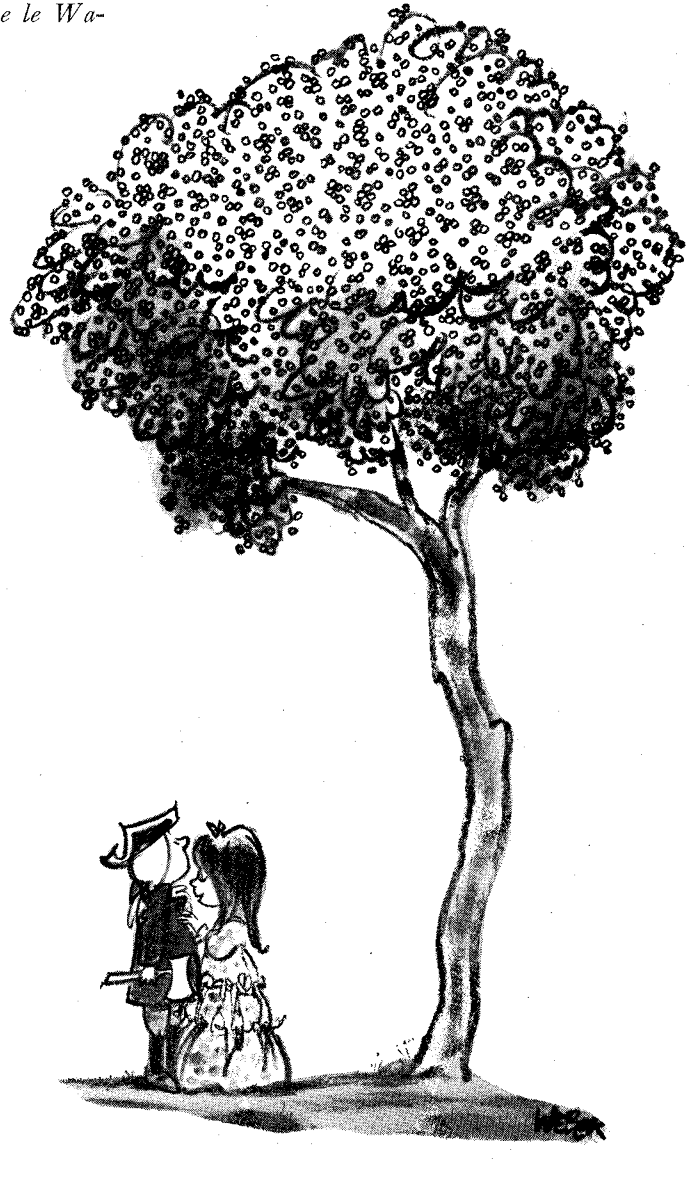
"It's a duty tour." She curls up more snugly under the umbrella. She wrinkles her freckled nose. "My flapper mother! Her gayest days before the war were spent here. It continues her youth. She adores that crowded, noisy little house of hers."

"How well we know. Will they ever get disillusioned?"

"Well, our mothers' generation have this relentless need for sun, noise, people; they're loyal to their old haunts. I hate it here."

"And where do you go when you're on your own?"

"Denmark, Scotland,



"*I just love cherries, George.*"

Norway. Empty spots with mists and fireplaces."

"Just where we're scheming to go next time we come to Europe," my husband says. "You should come to see us in New England. Ah, the emptiness, the stillness of it. Nature untouched. . . ."

His pale eyes reflect homesickness. I stare at Minou. She is inscrutable, closed in. I know little about her present life except that she is a successful businesswoman, still unmarried.

A group of teen-agers behind us discusses heatedly the relative merits of the new French cars—the chassis of the Peugeot, the acceleration of the DS, the trunk space in the 404.

"In the nineteen-forties, Frenchmen discussed politics," my husband says. "In the fifties, food and sex. And now it is nothing but cars, cars, cars."

"Of course. It's the new French obsession. The roads are impossible."

"It's sheer hell. They're so rude. They drive so badly."

"Do you remember how empty the roads were in the summer of 1940?" Minou exclaims. "No one had any gasoline, so there were no cars. So though we were only nine we were allowed to bicycle all day long on the main highway. We especially loved that part of the road where that ghastly camping is now. Do you remember that ride every night for milk?"

"There was a dark copse of pine woods to go through," I said. "And in the fall it was already dark by milking time. I was terrified of the ride back. I always imagined there was some kind of Father Time with a large scythe ready to cut me down. The big pine branches waved at me like scythes. My father had been killed in a plane crash, and I had not been told yet. I was obsessed by the idea of acting the way he would want me to. I wanted to be a soldier, too. Some principle of boyish valor kept me from ever saying I was scared. Ever since then I have imagined these angels of death hovering over the roads here."

"It was a sad place for me, too, just the way it is now," Minou says. "Morbid."

"And new stepfathers being presented to us," I said. "Mine was a much more marvellous man than my real father, and he's brought me up as his own child. But still, it was confusing."

"You were such a melancholy girl. Your children are adorable," Minou adds. "So good. Look at them play."

"Our parents are so much gayer and more frivolous than we are. They make me feel quite old."

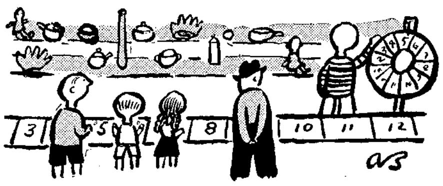
THE DOMINANT HOUSE

At night, it is that early history I walk,
And it is to its flumes and woods I turn,
Stealthily treading the winding back.
It is to the account of these in a wintry term
That I lay open the heart, the will disconnect;
It is for this that the bush of pink field
And the radiant and sombre star
Disentangle their crooked significance.
The last face of the moon—over the North Meadow
Cut up into pieces by the face of the leaves,
Now yellow and large and low hung—
Lays down a bolt of water-ribbed color
As the snapping of twigs in the wood meaning deer,
The long lift of the wind to the pine bough,
And the still heard tones of the night bird—insectivorous
Goatsucker,
Ever singing from right to left to right,
Never on the nearest bough—
Return to enter my thought.
How the voice of that mocker, distant,
Warms me in fancy. I lay my ear to its pure, unbroken voice
In the low bed where thinking is feeling is thinking
In the dominant house.
You, playing the piano,
Moths plunging in and out
Of the window that cats came through
Crazing after their company,
A peculiar reticence marking the weather;
Some leaves were almost yellow
While others, like an intelligent innocence,
Retained the summer;
Air with the virulence of grape fume
Triumphantly spent, while to the north
Rolled up the mists even to the cliff face.
It is night does this, walking back
Through the half-opened door of light.
Even as moths drawn from their pastures
Through windbreaks, thickets, hedges of privet
To arrive at the gusty candle,
Even as they—or not.
The truth is in the scene of sensation.
Read me these mornings again. I'll have no script
But how the blade grew silver as the first crows cawed
And the humpbacked mountains stood afresh
In the blue thickening of mist-like surf
In the dominant house,
At the sweet borders of chance.

—JEAN GARRIGUE

"Well, we're that funny war generation," Minou says. "*Moi, je veux surtout qu'on me foute la paix. . . .* How are you surviving the family experiment?" she says to my husband.

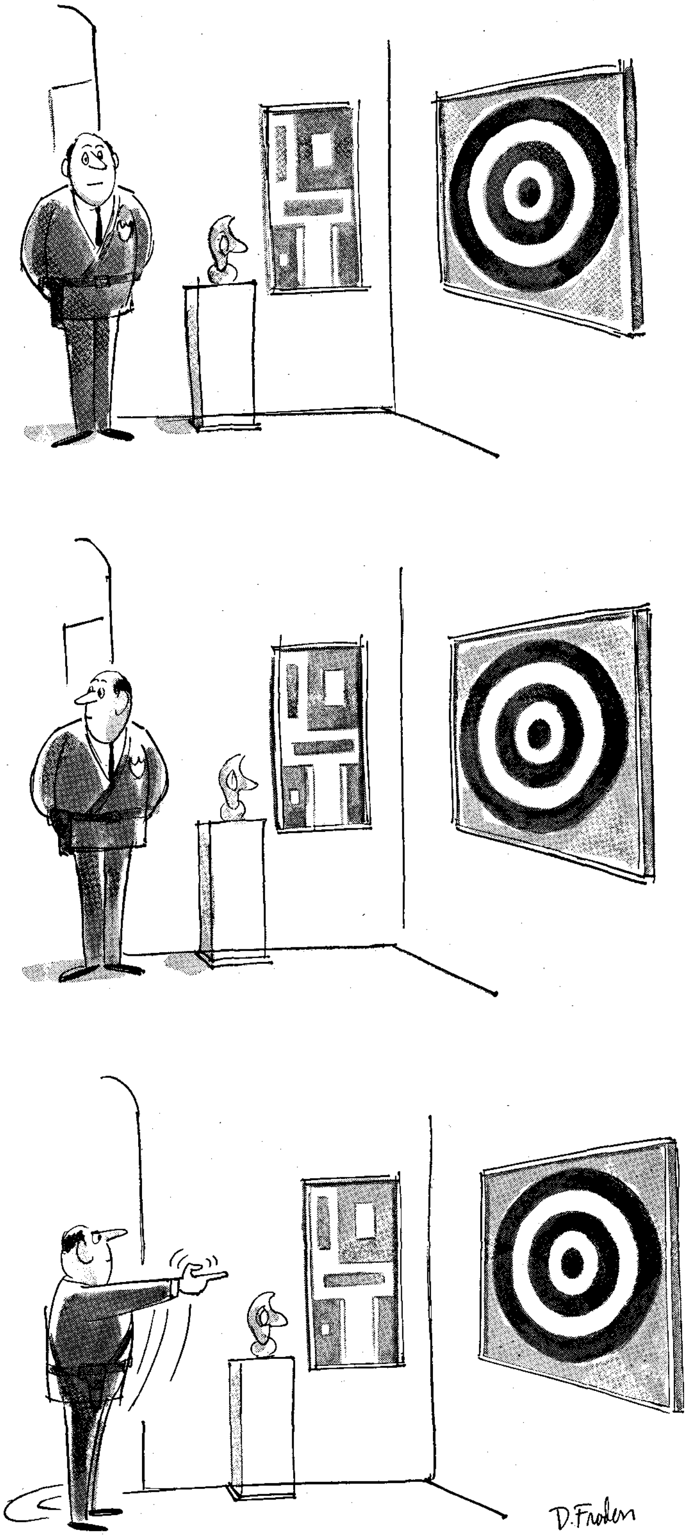
"I adore my in-laws," my husband says. "They're marvellous people. Their generosity and kindness is staggering.



They've been talking about us coming here for ten years. And they keep saying how good it is for the children."

Minou laughs cynically. "For all our mothers know about what's good for children . . . Do you remember ever spending one summer vacation with your mother? We were always sent off somewhere with our English governesses."

"Lunch!" my mother calls out. "Lunch, everybody!" She waves from the table where she and Zozo have been sitting, growing increasingly voluble over their cocktails.



"I tell you Néné *has* lifted her face," Zozo is asserting as we walk toward them. "But you never did believe anything I said."

"Well, I tell you she has not. Why should I believe what you say? You've always exaggerated everything."

"I know her better than you do."

"You do not. She confides everything in me. No one ever confided anything in you."

"What are you talking about?"

"Everyone knows you're the soul of indiscretion."

"Well, I simply refuse to discuss this anymore," Zozo says. She glares into her whiskey glass.

We sit down. "Steak for everybody!" my mother shouts. "Salad for everybody! A lot of wine for everybody!" The men in peppermint-striped trunks set plates in front of us. My husband cuts the children's meat. My stepfather savors the wine. The children sink their teeth into their steaks.

"Look at them eat," my stepfather says. "Have you ever seen them eat so marvellously?"

"One's the image of the father, the other's the image of the mother," Zozo says.

"They are superb, beautiful," Minou says.

"This is the only immortality," my mother says, "to be all lunching together at my beach."

"They are fat, lovely, like ripe peaches," my stepfather says. "We must do this every year."

"When the Germans occupied France," Thad asks, "did they bring their whole country over?"

"When a country occupies another country," Luke asks, "how come it doesn't fall into the sea?"

"Boys," my husband says, "come out of the sun. Don't eat your lunch in the sun."

"But you're going to kill those children with lack of sun," my mother moans. "It makes their bones grow."

"There's nothing worse for kids than too much sun at midday," I say.

• •

"You used to love the sun," my stepfather says. "You used to spend hours and hours just lying in the sun."

"Well, I can't take it anymore. I've changed."

"You certainly have."

"They've had too much sun and that's all there is to it," my husband says.

"But how you've grown," Zozo says to me. "You're still taller. . . . How old are you?"

"Thirty-five."

"Impossible!" she screams. "You are lying!" She frowns, her head bending over her Scotch. "Of course, you're Minou's age. Perhaps you're thirty-five after all. You came to us with your father at Easter in '39, do you remember?" Her face turns malicious, she tantalizes me with memories, as if offering candy to a child. "You were the little girl he had to tuck in every night. Then he knelt at the bottom of your bed to say prayers. . . . It was the spring before the war, the year before he was killed. How he adored you!"

"Yes," my mother says curtly, "he adored her."

"And I made fudge in your kitchen, do you remember?" I said. "And there was an invasion of caterpillars on your terrace. And my father ordered me my first pair of slacks."

"All that I don't remember," Zozo says vaguely.

The candy is withdrawn. I stare, defeated, at her curved and predatory toenails, painted that deep ruby color that has stopped being fashionable since the war. At the neighboring table a former husband of Brigitte Bardot teases a marmoset. The animal is dressed in miniature bathing trunks and pulls pathetically at his leash. The ex-husband's entourage shrieks and laughs over the animal's antics. A voice wails on the jukebox, "*Qu'on est bien dans tes bras . . .*" Zozo continues talking with my mother about the old days. The time they won the Charleston contest, the day they swam across the bay of Saint-Tropez, the time they drove to Rome without stopping to sleep. There was that Jewish banker crazy to marry Zozo, the American surgeon who wanted my mother to divorce for him, that Russian prince who was so poor and so handsome that they spent their evenings with him riding the Paris subways. . . . I conjure up photographs of pale-faced, cupid-mouthed women in fedora hats, reclining, swathed in smoke, against the tufted banquettes

ANY PLACE
W Miller

• •

of night clubs or leaning on the gleaming surfaces of Ferraris. Their marcelled hair waves low over their brows, silver-buckled belts swing low on their hips, pointed shoes terminate their slender legs. Minou and I stare warily at our flapper mothers. The gay, gilded past of the twenties and early thirties floats past us like a perfumed barge. . . . I shut my inward eye, weary of comparisons. They continue to argue.

"You're wrong; it was the summer of '37 that we drove to Rome together, not '36."

"I assure you it was the summer of '36. I was with my second husband. We met on this very beach on the way back."

"You weren't with any husband at all. You were with that André de something or other."

"Whoever I was with, it was the summer I had my motorcycling accident and you had your car accident."

"You've got the summers all twisted."

"Well, I simply refuse to argue with you anymore!" Zozo exclaims. "You're too stubborn, and besides I think your memory's quite gone." She turns to my husband. "And you live in the United States? In the country? You are not bored to death? And I hear you do not like our South of France?"

"Well, there's nothing much to see except all these bodies." He smiles politely. "The interesting part of Provence is terribly far away."

"He loves to look at architecture," my mother explains. "Crypts, ruins, and all that. And also he loves nature. All Americans love nature."

"My son-in-law believes in the Dignity of Man and in Peace and Quiet," my stepfather gibes. "He does not find them here."

"I might if I could sleep," my husband says.

"Insomnia is a state of mind."

"Try it sometime for three weeks."

"Nobody talked about insomnia in my generation," my stepfather says. "Nobody ever mentioned the word 'tired.' I think I'll call you the Tired Generation."

"And he does not dance any of the new dances," my mother says sadly. "He stopped with the waltz and the tango. He refuses to set foot in a night club."

"Just like Minou," Zozo says and sighs.

We sip our coffee silently, dazed by the lunch wine. There is a mournful, very old Piaf record: "*Il était blond, il était beau . . . il sentait bon le sable chaud . . . mon lé-gion-nai-ai-re. . . .*" The tables are vacated, the gleaming bodies lie at new angles, like needles of compasses, to absorb the rays of the slanting sun.

"I'm going to my massage," Zozo announces.

"I'm going to take a cozy little nap," Minou says.

"I'm going to take a walk," my mother says.

"Rest, my love, lie down," says my stepfather. "It will do you good."

They go to their mattresses and lie hand in hand in the sun, their eyes closed on memories that I will never share. My mother's free hand continues to tap agitatedly on the sand to the rhythm of the jukebox. Minou has curled up under our umbrella like a cat by the hearth, her knees curled up against her chest. My husband lies on his back, arms akimbo. In his exhaustion he is the shell, the discarded rind of a man. "I can't work here, I can't read here, I can't sleep, I can barely write a postcard," he mutters. "June, July, August, September, and the summer's over," I whisper. It could be three, four, five o'clock—who can say? I lie in the timeless umbrella of my family summer. Around us the sun worshippers have begun to intertwine. Bleached heads rest on male stomachs, sleek arms enlace with hairy thighs, men's heads repose on half-naked breasts, nipples emerge from the flimsy stuff of brassières, thighs rotate in the waning sun. The beach swells with oiled, flailing limbs, like an estuary gleaming with fish at their mating time. The sight of the flesh, of the bared breasts, fills me with imminent nausea. My skin itches from the reflected sun of the umbrella; a cricket sings violently above the buzz of the voices and the thud of the small waves. One of my flushed children appears, his face caked with sand and salt. "How do you say 'neck' in French?" he asks. "Everybody on this beach is necking."

"Lie down in the shade," I plead weakly. "You've had too much sun."

But he's off again, staging an attack on his brother's sand castle. Peace, family peace, love; my stepfather is a brilliant, generous, tender man; my mother is a warm, marvellous, magnanimous woman, Mother Earth. Next to her I am a passive snail, a curled and furled leaf; shall I ever become a woman? Family love, we must preserve it. L-O-V-E. Lucien, Octave, Victoire, Emile. . . . The perpetual brilliance of the sky and sea sinks me into profound and metaphysical boredom. The sun corrodes, the sound of the waves laps at me, leaving me an empty, neutral shell. I would like to be a worm in the interstice of a cool stone, a creature feeding on fern and moss. Like goats and mushrooms, I need the cavernous, the tenebrous, the dank, to thrive. . . . Stay under the covers, *moumoute*, and pretend it's dark. *Et surtout qu'on me foute la paix. . . .*

A shout from Thaddeus stirs us: "You're my prisoner! You can't escape!" He has thrown himself upon the back of a helpless, peeling German tourist, who looks bewildered and polite. "I've caught a German!" he cries. "I've caught a German!" We leap to our feet. We scold and apologize profusely. The German disappears, with a show of exquisite courtesy.

"This is too much," my stepfather says. "Why bring him up this way? I'm disappointed in you. Why bring him up with hatred?"

"Well, I hate the Germans, too," my husband says.

"What kind of an answer is that? I'm disappointed in you."

"I was in the war."

"What does that have to do with it? Don't throw the war in my face."

"I had to fight the lousy bastards."

"Why didn't Grandpa fight in the war?" Thaddeus asks. "What was wrong with Grandpa?"

"Grandpa had stomach trouble," I say. "Grandpa's tummy hurt. Isn't France wonderful, darling?" I add diplomatically. "What do you like the best in France?"

"The accidents," the child says. Then his face puckers up, reddens, and dissolves into a howl. "I'm sorry, Grandpa," he cries. "Tell Grandpa I'm sorry. . . ."

I pick him up. He is a baby again, clutching at my shoulders.

"I've said before that these children are getting too much sun. We've been on this crazy beach for six whole hours; it's almost evening."

"Well, what's wrong with being on the beach?" my stepfather says. "You haven't even bothered to buy them sun hats. I work hard all year, I'm on vacation, I want to enjoy my vacation. Can't you enjoy a day at the beach?"

"There's nothing to do here but lie in the bloody sun with that jukebox pounding at your ears."

"You've had it too easy all your life. You've had everything handed to you on a silver platter."

"Well, I'm sorry if I didn't have more wars and revolutions to grow up on. I apologize."

"Can't you give more of yourself to people? It's such a gay place, a fun place; we could be having such a wonderful vacation together."

"I'm sorry," I say. "It's our fault. Places can be gay to some people, sad to others. . . ."

WE change, we gather towels, moist bathing suits, sand pails, anti-sun lotions. My mother has a hurt look in her eyes. Her photograph of family unity is shattered. I give my stepfather a kiss. He accepts it grudgingly. Zozo looks at us cynically, cigarette smoke swathing her leathery face.

"Why don't *we* take the children back," Minou says. "It's right on our way, almost next door."

"Can't we go home, too?" my husband whispers to me.

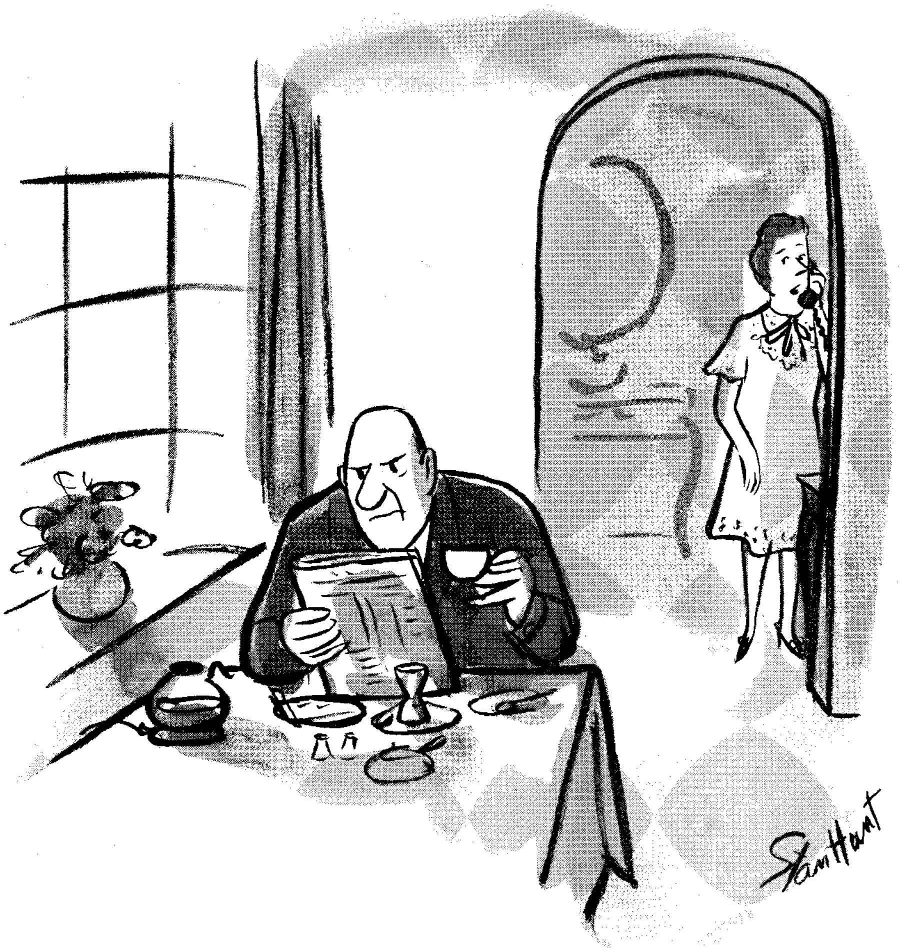
"We're supposed to meet those people for dinner at Saint-Tropez—please, one more little show of togetherness."

Minou and I say goodbye. "*Au revoir*, *vieille*. I'll take good care of the children."

"*Au revoir, vieille moumoute. . . .* Thank you. . . . Tell the maid to put them in bed very early, and I'll call her at eight. See you tomorrow, I hope?"

"Perhaps." She shrugs, with her little dour smile. She goes off to her mother's car, holding a child awkwardly by each hand. We walk back to our station wagon. My mother consoles herself by making plans for the next day.

"Tomorrow Néné is coming for lunch here, and Renée, and Mimi. I must order a table for ten or twelve. . . ." We pack again into the Peugeot. The brilliant, raped landscape reels past us once more as we fol-



"Generally overcast, I'm afraid, with slight possibility of intermittent sunshine. More likelihood of violent thundershowers, with hail and blustery winds of near-gale force."

low the thick line of traffic to Saint-Tropez. Pink stucco villas, gas stations, more campers' tents, billboards of bronzed breasts and thighs dot the sparse groves of olive trees. My husband sits stalwartly in the back, arms folded on his chest. He is like a picture in the medical books depicting the nervous system: ganglions rawly exposed, neurons taut as violin strings, plexus tangled like a ball of twine. He may scream at any human touch. . . .

We turn in circles at the port of Saint-Tropez, looking for a place to park. The little mooring bay is filled with opulent yachts. The quay is lined with fishermen's houses transformed decades ago into awninged cafés. The houses are blue, green, melon—confectioner's colors. The sky is turning the pink of cyclamen. Brightly hued pennants fly from the masts of the boats. My mother heads toward the most crowded bar. "This is *the* place," she says. "This café always was the place in the thirties, and look, everybody's still here!" A waiter salutes my stepfather's tip. We sit at a tiny stolen table and observe the sights. Movie actors cruise the port in mauve-colored Opels. A crowd congregates around a French singing star. Jewelled men sit over cocktails on their yachts, scanning flesh through their binoculars. The In crowd pushes at the bar, jostling to be seen. The men wear tight pants and embroidered shirts. The girls wear thick false braids down their backs, white paint on their upper lids, pale pomade on their lips that exaggerates the cultivated Negro hue of their skins. Thighs rotate in the neon lights, the stuff of clothing is stretched drum-tight over breasts and buttocks, the crowd ogles and appraises itself.

"Isn't this fun," my stepfather says. "So gay. So attractive. The girls are splendid. . . ."

We sip our Scotches. My husband has buried himself in a new issue of the Paris *Herald Tribune*. My mother returns from her examination of the port. "I've reserved a table for eight in a divine new dinner club," she says. "Voom-Voom—isn't that a brilliant name for a night club? Voom-Voom!"

"We're going to go home and have a sandwich and go to bed," my husband says.

"But just come for a drink, then!" she pleads. "Come see Voom-Voom!"

We walk down the port, passing shops filled with artists' supplies, jazz records, tropical fruit, paperbacks, fake antiques, sandals, postcards of breakfasting nudists, plastic housewares, straw hats. Voom-Voom is in a narrow back street, a cave built into the cellar of an old fisherman's house. The agitated African rhythms of 1966 thrust out of the cave. A few couples have begun to gyrate.

"I have a headache. I'm not going in there," my husband says.

He has backed up against a shop-window, and rows of fruit-colored, dwarf-sized bikinis frame his blond head. An alternating neon light pulsates through the beachwear shop, flushing the street with hues of peach, apricot, and fuchsia. My mother is at the entrance of the blue cave, beckoning, swinging her hips to the rhythm of Les Playboys.

"Come! Come!" she cries. "Come to Voom-Voom!"

My husband stands stalwartly on the pavement, pale-eyed, American, priggish, and determined, clutching my hand firmly.

"I am not going in there," he repeats.

"But just come for a look, then," my mother says. "It's so gay; the décor is so amusing."

He does not budge.

"I have a headache," he says. "I can't take that noise and that smoke. We're going to find a taxi."

"Leave them alone," my stepfather says gently. "They want peace and quiet." He smiles at me. We have an understanding.

"I will tell you about it tomorrow," my mother says. She waves regretfully as she disappears into the cave. "Perhaps tomorrow you will change your mind."

Then we are in a taxi. The port sways behind us, pale masts against a violet sky.

"*Steamer balançant ta mâture*," I murmur. "*Lève l'ancre pour une exotique nature. . . .*"

"Mallarmé?"

"Right."

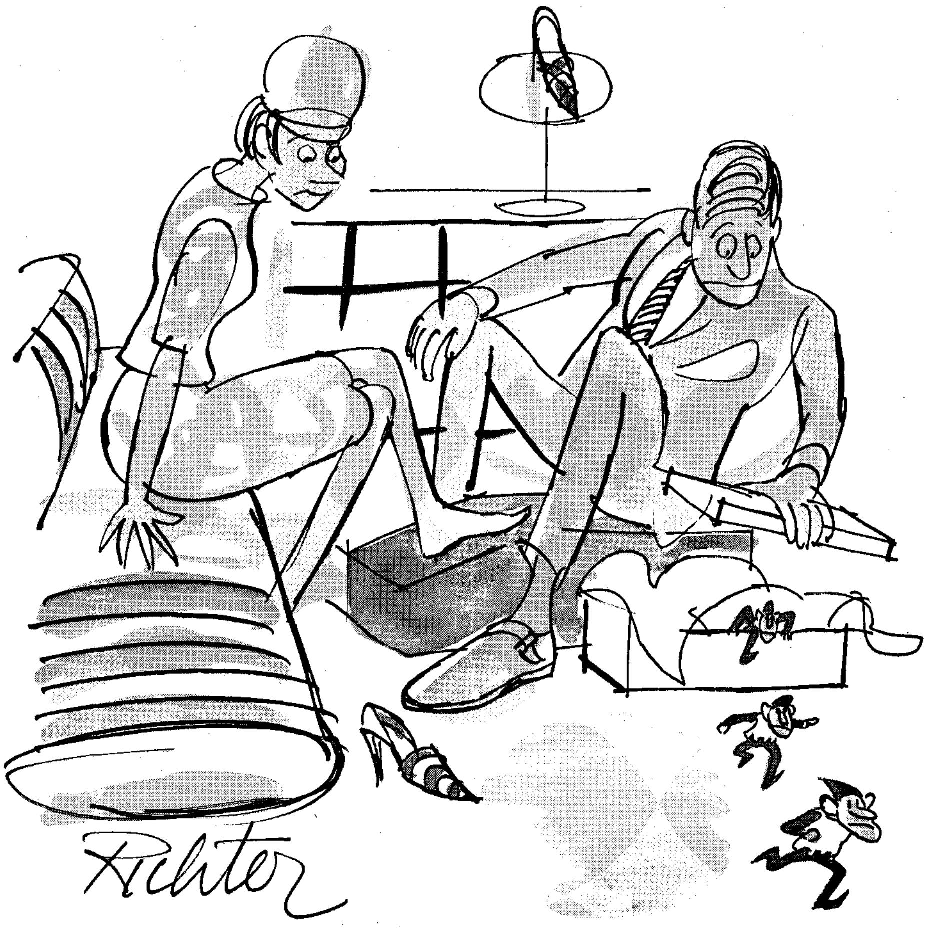
"I wouldn't mind raising my anchor. Goodness, family vacations can be tiring."

"And necessary."

"It'll be great to be quiet and go to bed early for a change. Back to Come-and-Go." He sighs. He takes my hand. "Sweetheart."

I squeeze his hand in return. We ride back in the dark. And through the navy-blue Mediterranean night a tom-tom-like sound of music wafts across the bay, to which I suppose my mother is dancing, dancing.

—FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY



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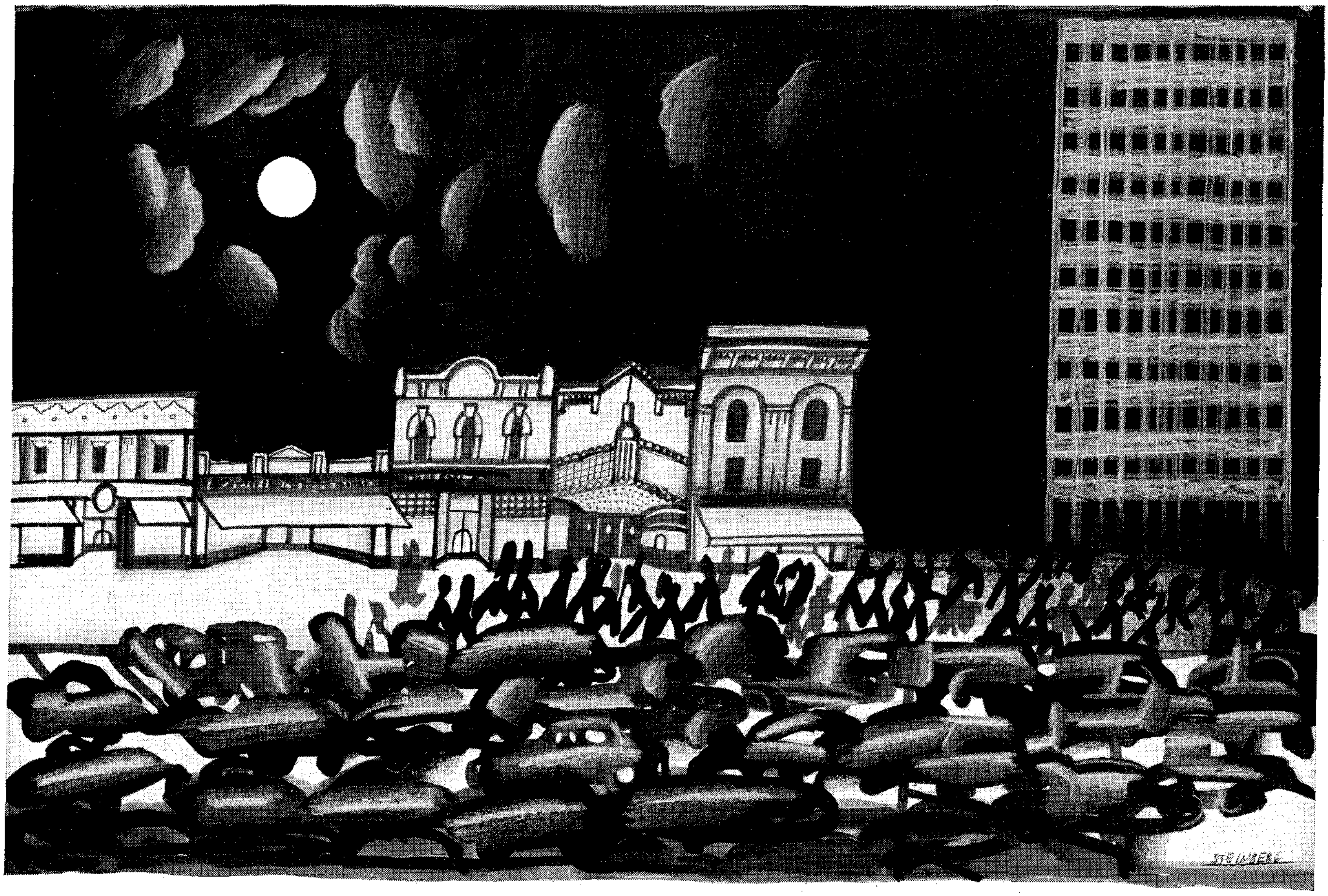
3. What is the difference between Montreal and Jerusalem?
3. When it is noon in Montreal it is 7 P.M. in Jerusalem.—*Montreal Gazette.*

And then there's Expo 67.

PROFILES

THROUGH THE GREAT CITY—II



As one comes down the Henry Hudson Parkway along the river in the dusk, New York is never real; it is always fabulous. The tall buildings are silhouetted against a lavender sky and brought alive by the haphazard lights of apartment windows. On the river, tugs tow a covey of late barges to the Jersey shore. The bend of the elevated highway frames the funnels and floodlighted white superstructures of large ships, while on the highway a thousand cars—the fragile containers of so many private emotions and destinies—move toward the beckoning lights, the beacons of a place that is at this hour more than ever full of promises. One may be pardoned for falling momentarily into a giddy dream of fame and wealth and love, in which these lights never fail and the excitement never ceases, for the dream presumably is a common one; without its sustaining power, these onrushing cars, and the city itself, would disappear.

Beyond the veil of illusion, it took me twenty minutes to find a parking place the evening I arrived in the city from my home, in Stonington, Connecticut, in the course of a meandering journey that was taking me from Boston to Washington along what has been called the Northeast Corridor in an effort to see and perhaps understand some of the forces that are involved in our megalopolitan life. I was going to stay with a couple I shall call the Hetheringtons, who had an apartment on West End Avenue in the Nineties, in one of those massive between-the-wars brick apartment buildings that stand in dour solidity—their benefits, their breeding, their endurance all turned inward, and not nervously flaunted in the manner of their flimsier postwar descendants. Most of the side streets in the neighborhood are full of rough-looking four-story brownstones, with tall stoops and bay windows, which are interspersed by an occasional cheap residential hotel. Since my car, a Jeep station wagon, couldn't be locked, I unloaded all my bags and left them in the lobby of the Hetheringtons' building—across from, if not actually under the eyes of, the doorman, who was sitting on a bench reading *El Diario*. Then I circumnavigated that block and the blocks adjacent to it. Not only were there no parking places but the streets were narrowed by cars double-parked, through which traffic wove its way as on a slalom course. In one block, a man was attempting either to get in or to get out of a parking space a car and a U-Haul trailer, which had jackknifed against the curb. I sat for several minutes while five taxis hooted behind me and the man worked out which way to turn his steering wheel to make the car go one way and the trailer go the other. Once past this impediment, I soon realized that other cars were prowling the same streets looking for parking places. There seemed to be a rough protocol about it; if two or three cars found themselves dogging each other along the same street, they would turn off in different directions on reaching the end of the block. It may have been that they simply wished to avoid the embarrassment of one of those urban confrontations in which the stern of one car meets the bow of another trying to dart into the same space. After a while, I began to feel that there was something shameful about this single, excessive preoccupation that had us all in its grip. I drove faster than was practical for scouting the car-crowded blocks. Finally, after twenty minutes of getting farther and farther away from the Hetheringtons', I took a run back along West End Avenue. What joy! There, smack in front of their building, a huge car was pulling out, its power-steering system whining peevishly. I claimed the place by double-parking in front of it with my right-turn signal flashing. Then, when the spot had been vacated, I backed in, parking in one movement, which gave me the only satisfaction to be had in the whole miserable process.

In the elevator, there was a hand-printed notice Scotch-Taped to the wall:

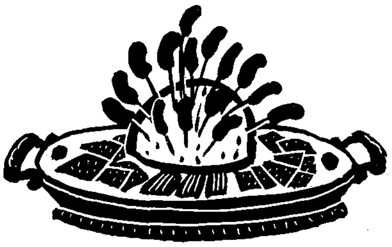
> To All Tenants
>
> Call the building owner, in Scarsdale at [the number was given]. Tell him you are withholding rent until essential services, including proper number of doormen, are restored. A meeting of tenants will be held later this week.

Alec Hetherington met me at the door of Apartment 15-A. He teaches political science at a New Jersey college and commutes out from the city. I asked him about the notice—was the revolution about to begin?

"Come on in," he said, with a smile. "I'll tell you about it at dinner."

I want to describe the Hetheringtons' apartment. It isn't the sort of suite glamorous New Yorkers have in movies, with a view of the Park one way and the midtown lights the other, with white wall-to-wall carpeting and a couple of white grand pianos. Nor is it a crummy old-law tenement of the kind that a million of the city's inhabitants live in, like a railroad flat I saw one day in East Harlem (in a building whose owner was unknown and which was being kept going by the minimal community spirit stirred up by a city health inspector), where garbage thrown down from upper apartments was piled high outside the kitchen window and old pieces of linoleum were tacked over ratholes in the room the baby slept in. The Hetheringtons' apartment is of a type rarely described, and yet it is the sort of place that makes thousands of middle-class people like the Hetheringtons call New York City home. Unless they have lived in it for some years, it probably costs them more than they can afford, but, like the city itself, most of the time it seems worth it.

One enters by way of a foyer, where the Hetheringtons have a narrow hall table, with a mirror over it. Nearby, two spacious closets contain lights that go on when the doors are opened. There is wall space against which to stand a grandfather clock, hang a barometer, and display some eighteenth-century maps of the island of Mull, in the Inner Hebrides, which is where Alec's grandfather came from. In one direction, the foyer opens out into a large living room—and large in this case means about twenty-five by twenty, or a good deal larger than one would find in most suburban houses. At the far end, a long window overlooks West End Avenue. On one wall is a fireplace, which works, and the facing wall is covered with bookcases. Two couches, several armchairs, and a piano do not make the room seem crowded. On the three bookless walls hang half a dozen paintings of the Hudson River School, which Judy Hetherington inherited from an aunt.



The Hudson itself is just visible down a crosstown street onto which the windows of the master bedroom look. There are three bedrooms in a row, opening off a corridor that starts at the foyer and runs parallel to the length of the living room. There are two bathrooms, one of which can be reached only through the master bedroom, the other being at the end of the hallway for the use of all. These bathrooms reveal a good measure of the apartment's quality. They are all white tile to shoulder height and white plaster above; the plaster generally has deep cracks running through it, for the paint is renewed by the landlord every three

RUTH

She lies now in the long
dawn in a room mid-maple high.
She sleeps. Twenty million leaves
clatter, conveying the blue-green gold
light to the south and east windows
minted into their millionfold
swivelling shadows. Under the eaves,
jays bluster, ravening among
numbed wasps too slow to sting or fly.

She will wake up soon and go down
to the Labrador pup slobbering with joy,
and seven cats with their tails in the air,
three diffident hens by the back door,
old gelding grumbling at his rail fence—
as contented to feed them as to sleep some more.
She is content either here or there,
the way clouds are—kind of a con-
densation of kindness with no alloy.

Cloud and sun, too. She brings
gardens out of the bare ground,
outdoors or in. On the south side
of the house, not a window sill
but is jungled with marjoram,
lemon verbena, saffron, dill.
She pities them, pinches their dried
leaves off, and either talks or sings
something they understand

and answer in all their flowers. Her
age is a half mine, but I think
is also ancient, like the race
of woman itself. I could not tell—
but she could—the way Esther bring-
ing nothing but her own softness mel-
ted an iron king; or with what grace
Rebekah, further back, in Ur,
let Abraham's tired camels drink.

—Peter Kane Dufault

• •

"*Boy, did Blue Cross blow their tops!*"

• •

years and is now about as thick as the layers of Troy. There is a built-in tub of generous size. Depressing a plunger on the spout forces the water upward to the shower nozzle. The porcelain washbasin is of the pedestal variety, with a wide rim to cope with the domestic clutter of shaving gear, combs, and lotions. Between the washbasin and the toilet, a pipe four inches in diameter rises from floor to ceiling. This is the only bad feature; in winter one has to be careful not to brush against it, because it is often burning hot.

A third doorway from the foyer leads to a pantry, a maid's room with a small bathroom, and the kitchen. This is not an up-to-date feeding station with wall oven, center counter, and Formica work surfaces. The sink, the stove, and the refrigerator are all separate, bulky, and prominent, and although they are in good condition, they don't seem quite properly placed. The sink is next to the window, and one has to turn through three-quarters of a circle to find a space on a counter to put down a wet dish. Anyone pulling out a chair to sit at the tiny kitchen table effectively blocks all other motion in the room. There is no built-in washing machine (there are machines in the basement of the building), and the Hetheringtons have no live-in maid. A woman comes three days a week to clean. Alec uses the maid's room as a study.

The apartment was well built. The floors are oak parquet, sanded, shellacked, and waxed. There are numerous electric outlets. The walls are thick and the ceilings fairly high. Steel beams, boxed in, make the ceilings in some rooms narrower than the floors, but the effect is reassuring rather than disconcerting: one knows the beams are there. The doors are heavy, and the windows open easily—a point for which one is particularly grateful in winter, when the valves of the radiators jam and can't be shut off. Being high up, the apartment receives quite a lot of light. Because the Hetheringtons have three children and use as a bedroom what might be the dining room, the dining table is placed at the end of the living room closest to the kitchen.

There were two other guests at dinner, Harold and Marcy Swann (as I shall name them), who lived in the West Seventies, close to the Park. While we ate, Alec told us about the problems of the building. The owner had recently cut down the service staff from seven men to two. For a few days, there had been a complete breakdown of maintenance. There had been no heat, no hot water, and no doorman, and the garbage, not having been collected from outside the kitchen doors, had overflowed down the back stairs. None of this was what the tenants felt should be expected in this kind of apartment house. There had been a protest meeting in a nearby synagogue, at which the tenants adopted a policy of applying to the Rent Commission for rent reductions and of making calls to the owner at his home in Scarsdale at all hours of day and night. Thereafter, one doorman turned up, although he was only on duty at certain hours. The heat, hot water, and garbage collections were restored. According to some of the Hetheringtons' neighbors, the owner was trying to force out with this diminished service some of the older tenants who had been in rent-controlled apartments for many years and were paying extremely low rents. According to the owner, in an impassioned speech he made to several callers before he had his telephone disconnected, he was in dire financial trouble and was losing money on the building. Actually, Alec said, only a few of the tenants were applying for rent reductions, the others holding back mostly out of apathy or, in some cases, out of a fear that if they did apply the owner would have them evicted. In any event, most people were finding that the situation was endurable; the fabric of existence hadn't quite collapsed. In some ways, the landlord-tenant struggle was proving to be an effective social cement, for people were now talking to one another in the elevator. Alec himself felt that there might be some truth in the owner's stories about his financial problems, and that the building, like the city, might be hard to run with low revenue, obsolete equipment, and the substantial number of employees needed to keep the place going. But this was an unfashionable point of view—the tenants had selected their popular villain. Alec thought it likely that the owner would lose control of the building, and that a bank or investment firm would take over behind a new, tough management that would jack up the rents and make the building pay. People would groan, but people would put up with it.

"Murray Kempton says we New Yorkers are the front-line troops of the urban catastrophe," said Harold Swann.

"I read that piece," his wife said. "He had a great epigraph for it, from 'The Entertainer.' It was 'Don't clap too loud—it's a very old building.' "

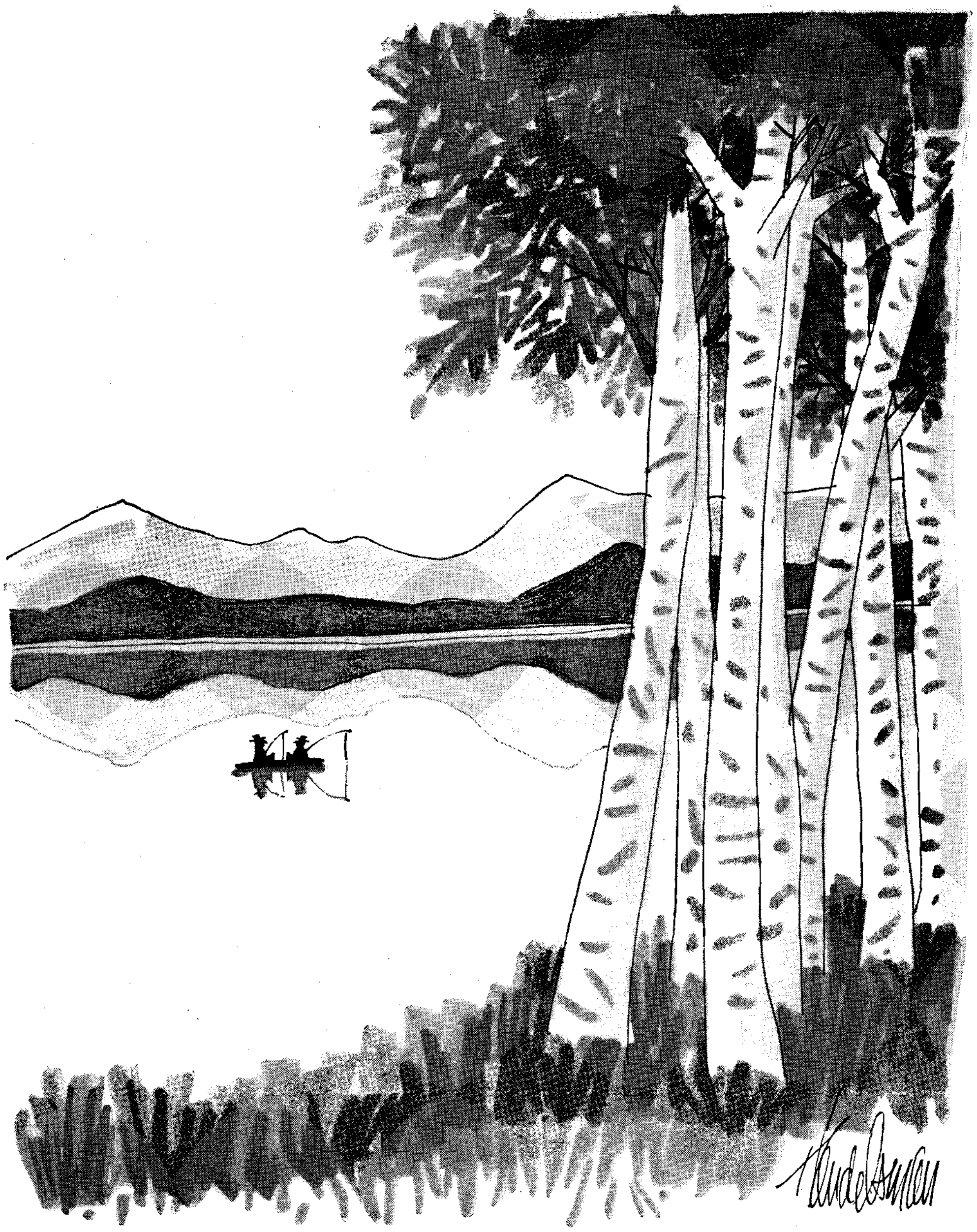
"It was in the *New Republic*," said Swann.

"I like Kempton, but he overwrites," said Judy Hetherington.

"Why is the *New Republic* good these days and the *Reporter* dull?" asked Alec, and the conversation broadened into one of those wide metropolitan channels in which everything referred to has the tinge of gossip and affords the pleasure of being knowing and inquisitive and groupy—city folks' chatter.

Late in the evening, we discussed plans for the morrow—Sunday. After wading through the paper, the Hetheringtons were going up to The Cloisters.

"We've put a two-hour limit on reading the *Times*," Judy said.



"Three days without so much as a nibble! By God, Charlie, I may switch my account to another agency!"

"I take the News of the Week in Review and the sports section in the bus to Fort Tryon," said Alec.

"I'd offer to give you a ride to Fort Tryon," Harold Swann said as he and his wife were leaving, "but I'm afraid I'm no longer a car owner."

"So you finally wised up," said Alec, who has often declared it doesn't pay to keep a car in the city.

"We were wised up," Marcy Swann said flatly.

"What happened?"

"You remember my old Mercedes?" Swann said. "Not a fancy car, but a good one. When I parked it, I always left it in neutral, with the hand brake lightly on, because otherwise when people start pushing you you're liable to have your transmission wrecked."

"They actually push you to make a space?" I asked.

"You bet," said Swann. "It's warfare. I think what happened is that someone pushed my car back against someone else's. Trouble was, the other guy was also squeezed in at the rear, so it was hard to get out. Well, this sort of thing happens all the time, but this was probably one of those people you only have to touch off ever so slightly, and *boom!* They're berserk."

"What happened?" I asked.

"Just that. *Boom!* He set my car on fire. At 2 A.M. Poured gasoline all over it and then threw on a book of matches. I guess he managed to get his own car out by bashing my car first of all. There were some witnesses, but they didn't get a close look."

"The police?"

"Oh, you know the police. They said they'd investigate. They poked around for a couple of days. They had the honesty to tell me they were quitting. My insurance would pay off, because it was malicious damage, and they had two murders in the precinct to worry about."

"Isn't there anything—" Judy began.

"It could be anyone," said Swann. "The city's full of them. The only clue was a message scribbled in crayon on the front fender—'Thanks for boxing me in.' "

I WAS on the dock of the Tarrytown Boat Club at ten-thirty on Monday morning in order to board Laurance Rockefeller's motor yacht Dauntless for a survey of part of the Hudson River and a talk with some people concerned with planning its future. Dauntless, a sixty-five-foot combination of spacious river launch and seagoing PT boat, manned by a

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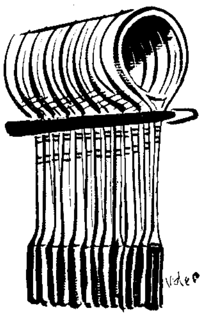
captain and a steward, had just returned from taking Rockefeller, a financier who has been rather heavily involved in conservation efforts, to work in New York City. (She makes the trip from Tarrytown—where Rockefeller lives—to a pier at Fiftieth Street in forty-five minutes, or roughly the same time as the New York Central commuter train.) Already on board as I stepped over the rail were two other passengers—Conrad Wirth, a former chief of the National Park Service who had become the executive director of the Hudson River Valley Commission, which is an official state body, and William Shore, information director of the Regional Plan Association, which is a private organization. There had been an autumn rain the day before. Now, out of a bright, clear sky, it was blowing about thirty miles an hour from the northwest—what the Beaufort scale calls Force 7, a moderate gale: "Sea heaps up; white foam from breaking waves begins to be blown in streaks." This was precisely the way the Hudson looked. A hundred yards offshore from the dilapidated Tarrytown waterfront, a dredge was lying awash; it had come adrift and sunk during the night.

Cautiously, Dauntless backed out of the dock and pivoted in a confined space between two piers. Then, at quarter speed, she plunged into the open river, bucking over short, steep combers and sending perforated sheets of spray flying out on either side. We passengers sat below in teak-panelled comfort and watched the grubby piers of Tarrytown fall astern through rainbows of spray as Dauntless made her way across and up the wide part of the river known as the Tappan Zee. Seen from the water, as an entire structure, the Tappan Zee Bridge has four different rhythms: from the western shore it sprawls across the water and then builds up slowly for a leap, but when the leap finally comes it is clumsy, and the landing is a pathetic belly-flopper. "A cheap bridge," said Mr. Shore. "They built it here because the ferry route was here, and this was as close to New York City as they could get without being within the cosmos of the Port Authority. What a way to locate a bridge!"

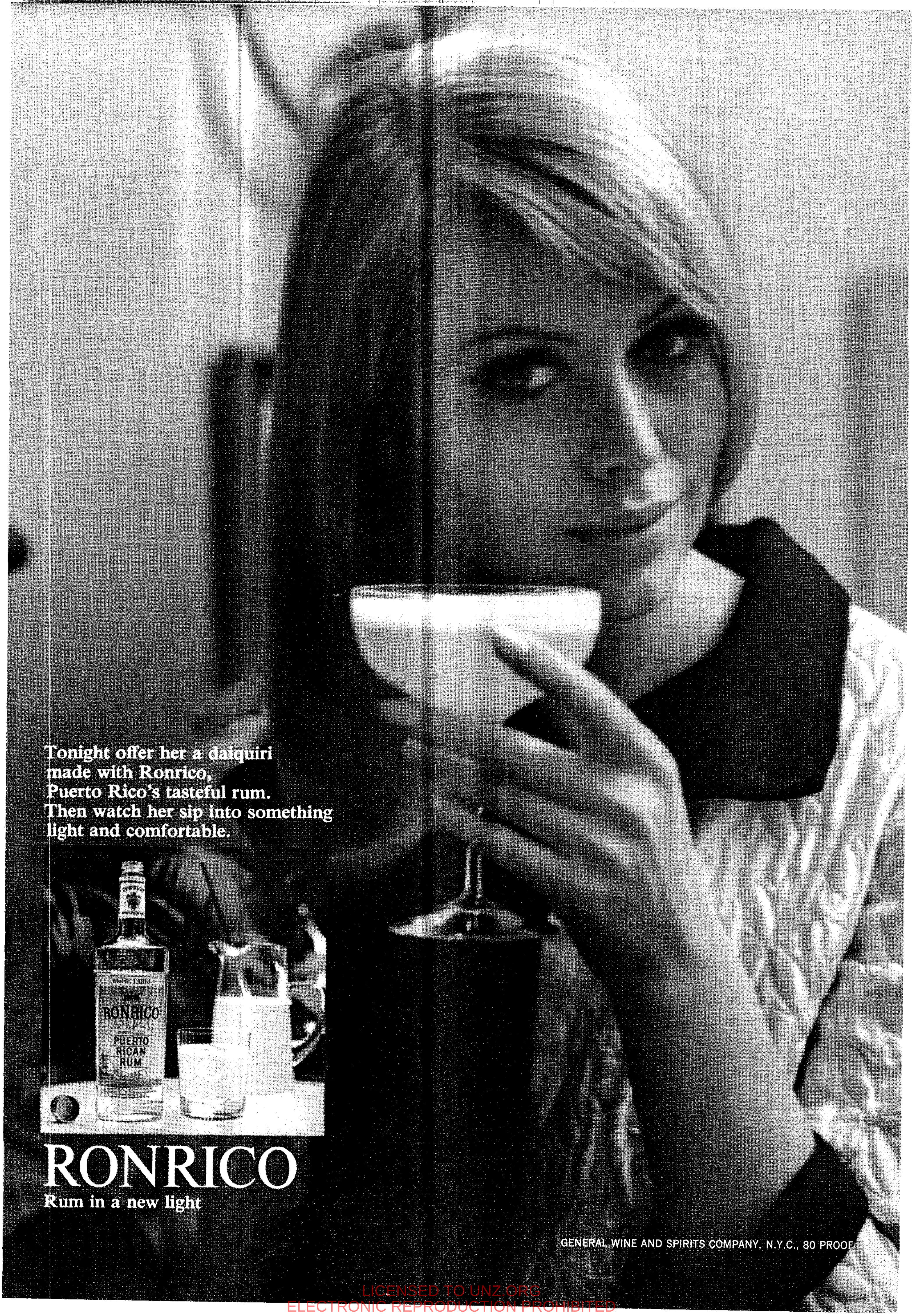


Without the Hudson, there would be no New York City, and New York City is a great center of the forces that generate urban sprawl. And yet the river, an organic (to use Lewis Mumford's word) rather than a mechanical factor, cutting across the spreading Northeast Corridor at right angles, counteracts in many ways the basic megalopolitan forces, and suggests the possibility of a region made up generously of urban and rural elements.

"The Hudson is a noble stream, flowing rapidly through its bold and deep bed," wrote Captain Frederick Marryat in 1837, and he continued:

> Already it has many associations connected with it—a great many for the time which has elapsed since Hendrik Hudson first explored it. Where is the race of red men who hunted on its banks, or fished and paddled their canoes in its stream? *They have disappeared from the earth,* and scarce a vestige remains of them, except in history. No portion of this world was ever intended to remain for ages untenanted. Beasts of prey and noxious reptiles are permitted to exist in the wild and uninhabited regions until they are swept away by the broad stream of Civilization, which, as it pours along, drives them from hold to hold, until they finally disappear. So it is with the more savage nations; they are but tenants at will, and never were intended to remain longer than till the time when Civilization, with the Gospel, Arts, and Sciences in her train, should appear, and claim as her own that portion of the universe which they occupy.

It is clear what portion that particular nineteenth-century man thought they should occupy: it was the entirety. Marryat, a contemporary of Malthus and a good sea writer, was too puffed up with his Civilization to perceive that it was soon to put in peril the Hudson itself, and to see that he and we, his descendants, were also tenants at will—*not, like the savages, at the* mercy of a more intelligent species, perhaps, but at the mercy of our own preponderance, our scientific cunning, and our shortsightedness. What was in his day and for half a century thereafter a marvellous landscape, used and considered and enjoyed by men, tenanted by giant palacelike steamers, by fishermen, and by a fine school of native painters, became in the short course of things a river little used and less regarded, heavily polluted, and with its banks in many places inundated by industrial and domestic slums. The giant Chevrolet plant at Tarrytown is one of the better examples of the industry that has settled next to the river, for power, cheap land, or convenience. The plant used to occupy the old site of the Walker Steamer car company, but soon spread, taking part of a park, some marshland, and sixteen acres of land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Durable press does an extraordinary thing for a heet. It gives it a memory. When Wondercale is wrinkled by a night's sleep, it remembers its original pressed shape, and goes back to it. By the next evening it looks as neat as the day it was bought. No one would know it was slept on.

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To produce this remarkable performance Springmaid had to make extensive laboratory tests. We had to search for the ideal blend of ibers.

We knew that cotton, a cellulosic fiber, was necessary if the chemical finish used in the durable press process was to be effective. And that polyester, a man-made fiber, was essential to get the strength needed in a sheet.

And we soon found out that 50% cotton and 50% Kodel® polyester was the "perfected" blend that wouldn't forget its shape after it had been used, or even after it had been washed.

Correct care.

When properly taken care of, Wondercale will perform as promised. Just remember the following points:

1. Use cold or warm water (below 110°F), and your regular laundry detergent to get the best results. Avoid chlorine bleach.
2. Small loads in the washer and dryer, a short agitation cycle, and a cold water rinse, reduce the possibility of wrinkling.
3. As with a regular wash, colored and white items should be separated.
4. Tumble dry your durable press sheets at the medium or "wash and wear" setting. (140°F to 160°F). When the dryer has stopped, remove your durable press sheets immediately so they won't rewrinkle. Air-dried durable press sheets should be hung as neatly and as smoothly as possible.

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Durable press sheets are certainly as fashionable as regular sheets. Look at Springmaid's Wondercale line. The newest addition has a lovely rose print called "Corsage" on the hem of the top sheet and pillow case. With tiny rosebuds and larger blooms on the bottom fitted sheet.

You can take any one of the solid color Wondercale sheets and coordinate them with a pink, a blue, or a yellow Corsage print in a whole range of sizes including King and Queen.

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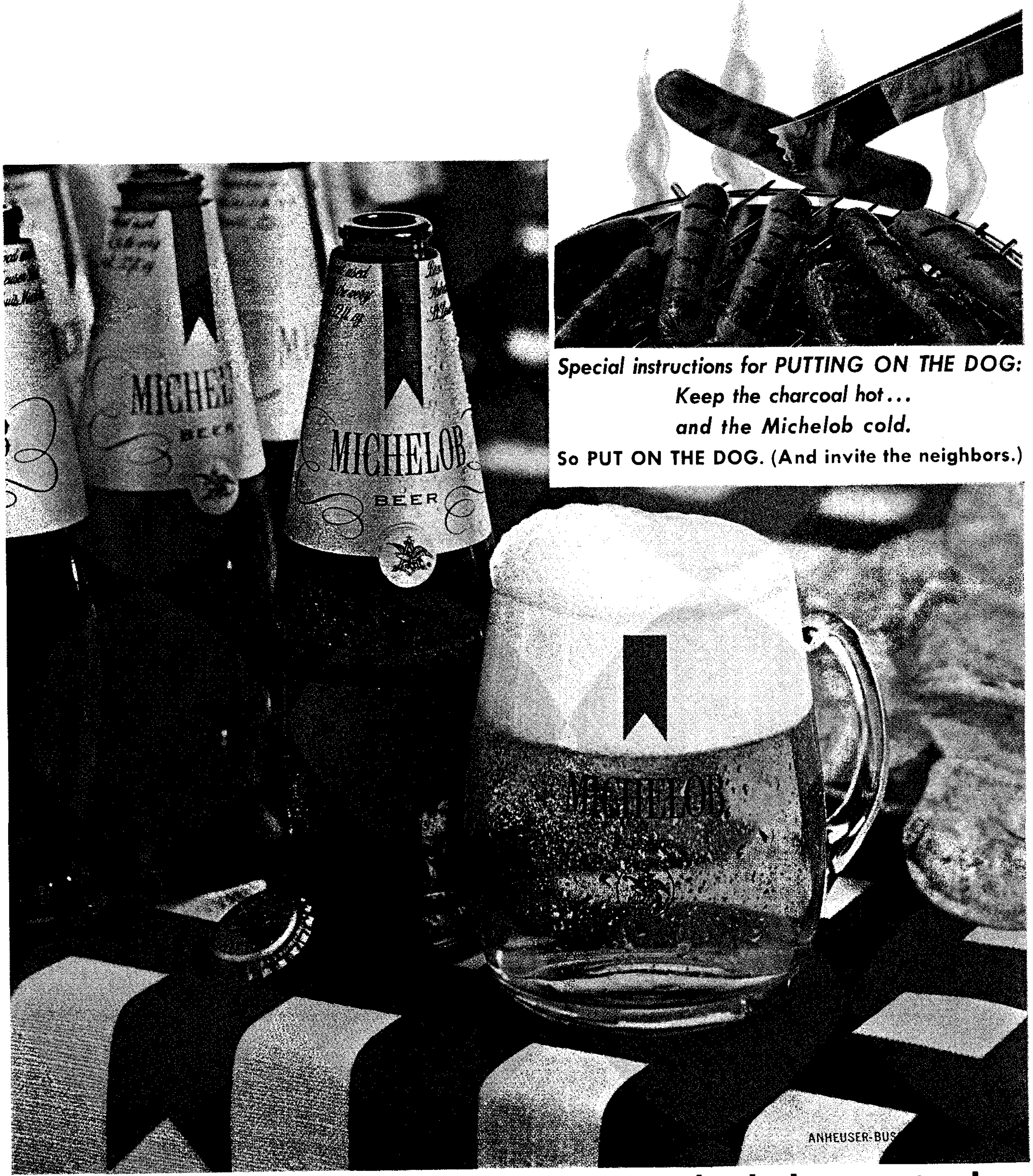
PUTTING ON THE DOG?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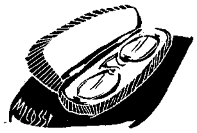
beneath the river, which were reclaimed. It now employs fifty-two hundred men and has produced close to seven million cars and trucks. In other places, such as Yonkers, Newburgh, and Poughkeepsie, oil-storage tanks, rundown factories, and automobile junkyards compete for the shore, and oil and raw sewage stain the water—no fish will come to take bait in it. And everywhere roads and railroad tracks inhibit access to the water; people are turned inland and away from it.

A plan for the construction of a new power plant on Storm King Mountain, near Cornwall, was developed by Consolidated Edison in the early nineteen-sixties. To Cornwall, the plan meant, primarily, a guaranteed payment of a substantial part of the town's heavy tax load. To Con Ed, Storm King was a convenient place to pump water, by using excess power at slack periods of demand, up to a height from which, at peak periods, it could be released to generate cheap power. But to many people the proposed Storm King power plant dramatized, as nothing else had, what has been happening to the Hudson. Having been approved by the Federal Power Commission in March, 1965, the proposal ran into the opposition of conservationists and has produced a whole series of movements to protect the river. Later that month, Governor Nelson Rockefeller appointed Mr. Wirth executive director of the Hudson River Valley Commission, "to formulate plans and recommendations for the protection, development, and use of the varied resources of the Hudson River Valley." The Governor's brother Laurance was named chairman of the commission. The New York State Legislature passed a bill making the Hudson a Historic and Scenic Waterway, and appropriated two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to finance Mr. Wirth's commission. Meanwhile, a number of bills were introduced in Congress, though not passed, aimed in various ways at preserving the Hudson. Several federal agencies declared an interest in the river. Where before no one had seemed particularly worried about it, now there seemed a likelihood of a dispute between federal, congressional, and state forces to see which could do the most.



As Dauntless ran upstream, sheltered from the gale under the lee of the western, wooded bank, Mr. Wirth and Mr. Shore discussed the plans for a new highway, which was originally to run from the Bronx up along the river to the town of Beacon. The section planned to run between the Bronx and Tarrytown had now been cancelled, after protests that it would effectively seal off the riverbank once and for all; the route of the section from Tarrytown to Beacon was still subject to variation at that time. Mr. Wirth and Mr. Shore stood at one of the cabin windows that gave them a view of that shore, and, with a map spread before them, they seemed a little like two feudal lords discussing their common problems. I had the impression that Mr. Shore, of the Regional Plan Association, proceeded on the assumption that his problems were part of the whole kingdom's problems, and was a little readier to accept the overlordship of the federal government, while Mr. Wirth, of the Hudson River Valley Commission, would swear fealty only to the Duke in Albany. However, the two agreed that highway departments at all levels of government were altogether too autonomous and should be sat upon firmly. In places, I learned, the new highway was supposed to run on reclaimed land alongside the river. At one spot, a beach club was being forced to move, and in another the highway was going to run inland, through a residential area. The two men agreed that a modern highway sometimes did more damage than it was worth, and they both said they hoped that the Highway Department of New York State didn't "overdesign" the Tarrytown-Beacon road by giving it more lanes and a capacity for higher speeds than were needed. Mr. Wirth, a bulky, bespectacled, and genial man in his sixties, said, "We have a real job convincing the Highway Department that a road is more than a means of getting people from place to place." Mr. Shore, a shorter, wiry man of forty-odd, said he considered it essential that where the road ran along the river there should be large hunks of filled land beyond the road by the water's edge, and many bridges and underpasses to enable people to cross the highway to new parks and beaches.

Opposite Ossining, we passed the so-called mothball fleet, which the government maintains for naval and cargo vessels that are not in use—long ranks of gray hulks, some three hundred of them, lying so still that they appeared to have lost the nature of ships. This was the river's widest point—three and a half miles from shore to shore. It narrowed abruptly at Peekskill and took a sharp bend into the Highlands, and where Bear Mountain Bridge spanned

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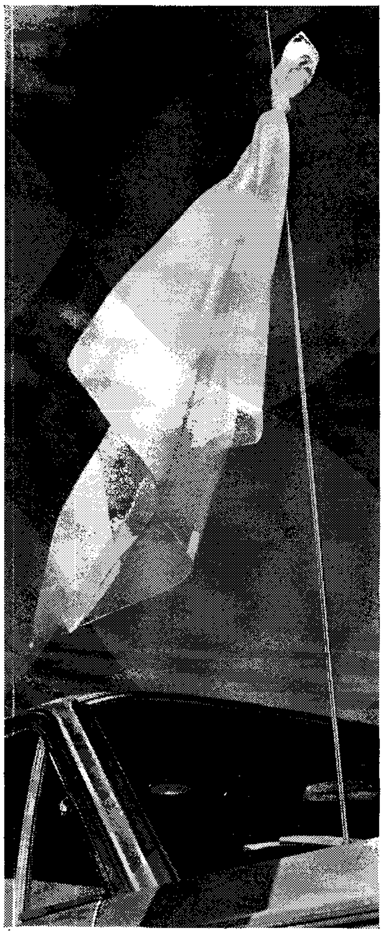
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

the gorge we came out once more into a howling gale. The captain decided to pass up the yacht's usual berth, on the north and windward side of the dock at Iona Island, where the Hudson River Valley Commission had its headquarters, and we came in snugly to the south.

Iona's designation as an island could be challenged, since it is surrounded by water on only three sides, and has a marsh and a causeway on the fourth. In the eighteen-eighties and nineties, it was a popular summer resort, with a hotel, Ferris wheel, and merry-go-round; the river steamers called frequently, and John L. Sullivan spent a fair amount of time there. In 1899, the Navy bought the island for use as an ammunition depot, and in both world wars Iona supplied bombs, shells, torpedoes, and depth charges for use in the Atlantic. A hundred and forty-six brick-and-concrete arsenal buildings, the gloomy legacy of the Navy's years on the island, are to be pulled down on orders of the State of New York, which has owned the place since 1965. Indeed, the Palisades Interstate Park authorities intend to turn it into a riverside playground once more, with such attractions as a marina, a fresh-water swimming pool (people who have swum in the river itself say the taste of the water stays in your mouth for days), an archery range, a restaurant, and a museum.

With Dauntless safely moored, we had lunch in the yacht's saloon, and then Mr. Ben Thompson, who had been with Mr. Wirth in the National Park Service and was now head of the planning staff at Iona, took us up to the commission headquarters, which turned out to be a late-Victorian compromise between a Norman tower and a four-bedroom house. Inside, a score of young men and women were working on charts, maps, and overlays, and upstairs, in a room temporarily vacated by two women who were compiling statistics, Mr. Wirth and Mr. Thompson used some of the charts and maps to demonstrate to Mr. Shore and me what the commission was doing. As they did so, I felt something of the excitement a planner must feel at marshalling great forces in a conscious shaping of the human environment. The Hudson River Valley Commission had taken as its province the river and its watershed, and its first step had been to investigate the present uses of the land. Eight graduate students from Pratt Institute and Syracuse University had been sent out in two-man teams, made up of one landscape-architecture student and one urban-planning student, to look at the land and record their findings on maps. Meanwhile, the headquarters staff had studied particular problem areas, zoning data, and plans already drawn up by federal or state agencies. Among the agencies whose coöperation was sought were the Department of Agriculture's Forest Service and its Soil Conservation Service; the Army Corps of Engineers; the Department of the Interior's National Park Service and its Bureaus of Outdoor Recreation and of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife; the Department of Health, Education and Welfare's Public Health Service and its division of Water Supply and Pollution Control; the Department of Commerce's Bureau of Public Roads; and the Department of Housing and Urban Development's Housing and Home Finance Agency, which includes the Urban Renewal Administration. Most of the actual planning being done was at the town or county level, and from local planning boards a great deal of material had to be obtained—such things as local master plans and urban-renewal proposals. The data acquired from more than two hundred planning agencies had then to be matched with the commission's own surveys of actual land use and matched with each other for possible conflicts, since what might work out well for one town could have a detrimental effect on a town across the river. The next step was to attempt to predict the future. It has been estimated, for example, that the population of the State of New York will increase from eighteen million to thirty million by the end of the century, and that much of the expansion will take place in the river valley, thereby greatly increasing the already considerable pressures produced there by conflicting requirements of land for houses, industry, transportation, agriculture, recreation, and the preservation of historic sites. The Arthur D. Little Company, an industrial research and consulting firm in Cambridge, Massachusetts, that is headed by former General James M. Gavin, was looking into the prospects for industry. The Tristate Transportation Commission—representing New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut—was already producing some essential studies and recommendations, and the Fish and Wildlife Service had been asked to see what changes the Hudson's flora and fauna had undergone because of the presence of urban man and his various activities,

Avis interrupts the rent a car war to bring you a message on vacation rates.



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and to find out what could now be done to restore or maintain the natural life of the valley.

"Out of all this," said Mr. Wirth, "we hope to arrive at a plan—or maybe I should say a plan for a plan. We are concerned with the right ways for getting a plan across so that it will be accepted and also have some teeth in it. One idea that has been talked about is a sort of Supreme Court of Planning, which would rule on differences between one locality and another or one agency and another. And we're looking at tax situations, which is where a lot of the trouble comes. Every little town wants industry, in order to help finance its schools and services. And they all seem to want to put their factories smack on the riverbank."

Mr. Shore said, "An idea we've been tossing around at Regional Plan that might make sense would be to treat all industry in the Hudson Valley as if it were in one city, so that you could tax it and collect all the money through a central authority and hand back the revenue to the cities, towns, and villages on a basis of so much per school child. In that way, there'd be less competition to acquire industry. Certain areas could be specifically zoned for it, and other stretches identified where housing is appropriate, or parks, or farms. You'd remove the danger of industrial blight spreading the whole length of the river."

"I think that's true," said Mr. Wirth. "Of course, it seems pretty radical to the people in each small town. But that's the biggest problem again—getting the plan across. I've been going round with some of my staff here talking to civic leaders, the League of Women Voters, and any group of concerned citizens who'll listen to me. Getting to the unconcerned citizen, I'm afraid, is another matter."

"Well, at least some people are alerted now," Mr. Shore said. "It's plain to see that the whole river has to be planned at once. It's stupid to plan beaches downriver if pollution continues upstream. There's no point in spending fortunes to renew a run-down waterfront while at the same time upriver a virgin stretch is being bulldozed. And while national parks are certainly a good thing upstream, as time goes on and it gets harder for a city dweller to get out of the city for a day of recreation, parks and boating facilities should be available on the Hudson actually in the city, and in Westchester and Bergen counties. Right now, every riverfront municipality has the power to control land use. All levels of government have parks along the shore. The federal government controls navigation, regulates electric power, and has the authority to allow land to be created by fill along the banks. The states control over-all real-estate-tax policy, which influences the way municipalities zone land. Meanwhile, everyone—landowners, businesses, government agencies, and counties—exploit and develop the land for their own purposes."

"We feel the urgency of this," Mr. Thompson said later, as he walked with us back toward the dock. "We realize that no one waits around for a plan. Things happen every day. People are getting born, taking jobs, and building new homes. Roads are being widened and extended all the time. There doesn't seem to be any way of getting all the highway builders to take a year's sabbatical in Miami Beach."

IN an ad that appeared in the *Times* National Economic Review some months ago, the Lehigh Valley Industrial Development Committee, seeking new factories, trumpeted the section of Pennsylvania around Allentown as the "Center of Megalopolis, USA," while on another page Woodbridge, New Jersey, proudly displayed a map crisscrossed with railroads, superhighways, and connecting roads, together with a long list of Woodbridge companies. All over the Northeast—as H. G. Wells foresaw sixty years ago—businesses are tending to move out of the older cities, like middle-class families seeking cheaper and healthier places to live. To make such a move, families generally go on Sunday-afternoon drives to look over various communities; they see where friends have moved, and ask their advice; they end up visiting a real-estate agent, who takes them around to look at houses. For restless companies, there are plant-location specialists who undertake all these tasks. In New York, before continuing my trip, I made a call at the Fantus Company, one of the leading firms in the contemporary business of advising companies what site to select and advising towns what companies to seek. Fantus has relocated some twenty-eight hundred companies, employing more than a million workers.

Most companies on the move, I learned, have the same desires: they are looking for lower labor costs, lower taxes, improved access to raw materials, more skilled labor, and room for expansion. Older cities fall down in most of these respects. New York, as the biggest city, seems to fall hardest. In 1942, New York had forty-two manufacturing firms with more than a thousand workers apiece; in 1962 it was down to nineteen of them. Leonard Yaseen, the chairman of the board of Fantus, told me that the one-story plant, which came into vogue because of its efficiency, had been a big factor in the search for more room. Moreover, moving across the river to New Jersey had cut many companies' power costs by one-third. Mr. Yaseen, a heavyset man in his mid-fifties, said that in many ways the pattern had been set by Sperry Gyroscope's move to Lake Success, Long Island, from Brooklyn in 1942, taking thirty-five hundred workers out to Nassau County and spurring that county's growth. A few years ago, Richelieu Pearls, another company he mentioned, moved fifty-five miles from Brooklyn to Holbrook, in Suffolk County, where it found reduced taxes, lower insurance rates, cheaper labor, and far more efficient production. In Brooklyn, the cost of replacing its old plant with a large, modern building like the one it acquired in Holbrook would have been prohibitive. Furthermore, there was clean air in Holbrook. In the city, the company had been rejecting ten per cent of its production of simulated pearls because of dull appearance—the grimy metropolitan air affected the plastic coating of the pearls. In Suffolk County, the rejection rate fell below two per cent.

These days, Fantus is especially interested in the relocation of so-called office firms, as opposed to factories. In the course of interviewing all of the major firms in uptown New York, Fantus representatives had found what Mr. Yaseen, who lives in Larchmont, called "an alarming consistency of response." One thing big companies were particularly upset about was the calibre of their clerical employees. Executives felt that at least half their staffs didn't know how to dress properly, how to enter an office, or how to be anything but apathetic about their jobs. There was a shortage of competent operators of office machines. Most city kids, the company executives said, were trained either to go to college or to be unemployable; they certainly weren't cut out to be clerical. While many factories have been moving to small towns and rural areas, most of the office firms have been going to the suburbs. General Foods and I.B.M. have moved out to Westchester, and two other large firms are planning to leave the city soon—

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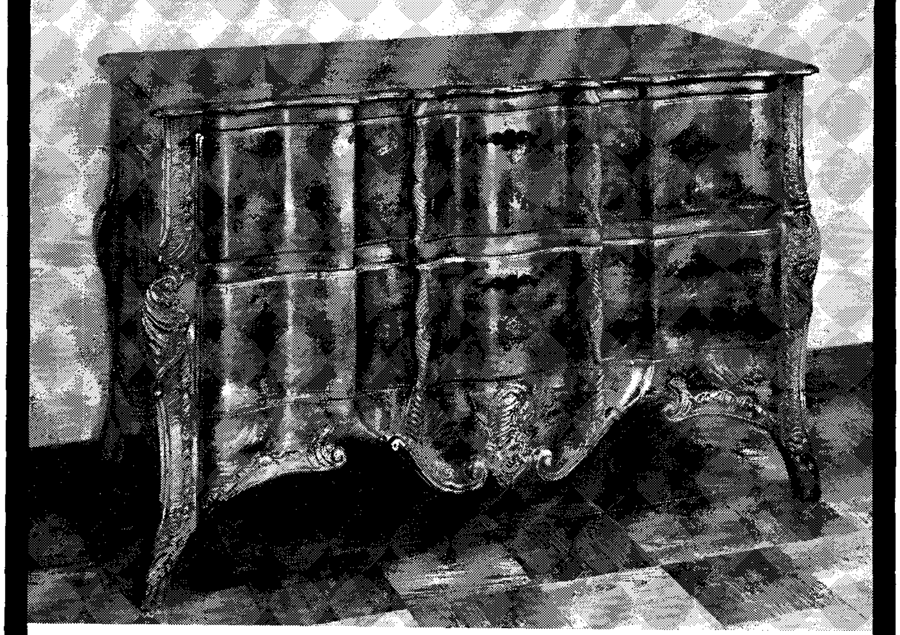

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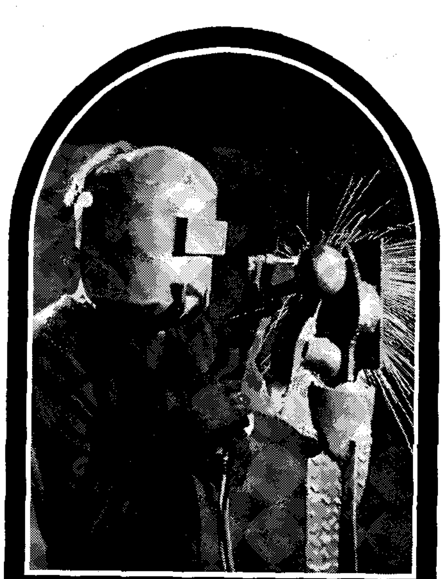

ARKANSAS SPARKS A CULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

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ARKANSAS

Pepsi-Cola for Purchase, New York, and American Can for Greenwich, Connecticut. In the suburbs, apparently, "the right kind of worker" has been easier to come by, particularly from what Mr. Yaseen referred to as the "reëntry group"—married women whose children are either grown up or in school, and who have limited working ambitions but are willing to do a good job for a decent wage. Some companies have been moving to sites between two cities—Washington and Baltimore, Baltimore and Philadelphia, or Philadelphia and New York—where they have been able to hire people who commute *out* from the suburbs of the cities to the office or factory that lies between them. (The Long Island Railroad carries ten per cent more workers outward from New York City than it did six years ago. Public Service Coordinated Transport, serving New Jersey suburbia, has also announced a big increase in reverse commuting. An interesting case is presented by Princeton, New Jersey, which sends equal numbers of commuters to Philadelphia and New York; however, even more people are now commuting in from elsewhere to the new factories and offices that have sprung up around Princeton.) Altogether, plant and office relocation has been one of the most potent forces in the creation of one great city extending the whole length of the Northeast Corridor.

THE morning was sunny and windless as I drove across the Hudson on the George Washington Bridge and headed northwest on Route 4. On a New Jersey road map, the city of Paterson is shown by a sizable patch of yellow, in the northeast section of which appears the word "Radburn." Paterson was founded in 1791 by Alexander Hamilton and other promoters of the Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures; it was laid out by Pierre L'Enfant after he had been dismissed from the job of planning the capital city of Washington, because of his lack of tact in dealing with federal officials, including President Jefferson, who concluded that "his temper must be subdued." Paterson became notable as the chief silk-manufacturing town in the country and as the home town of the doctor-poet William Carlos Williams. Radburn is less generally known, although it appears in the glossaries and indexes of most modern works on architecture and town planning. Radburn was founded in 1928 by Alexander Bing, a New York financier, and was planned by Clarence Stein and Henry Wright. In 1928, the George Washington Bridge had not yet been built. Radburn was as distinct from Paterson as both were from New York City. Now, of course, Radburn takes some finding among the hundreds of suburban communities that have spread out over northern New Jersey, and I was glad, as I drove along Route 4 through Teaneck, Paramus, and Arcola, past shopping malls, subdivisions, and industrial parks, that I had been there a year before and knew my way. For out there one begins to realize what it means when planners say that New York is the largest urban agglomeration in the world, with a population in the greater metropolitan area (at the last reckoning, in 1965) of 17,300,000, which is some six million more than that of metropolitan Tokyo, the second largest. The area around New York is being "urbanized" at the rate of fifty thousand acres per year, and six hundred thousand people yearly are being absorbed within the New York metropolitan area's expanding perimeter, which extends into Connecticut and New Jersey as well as into Westchester County and out across Long Island. What it is like on this perimeter was illuminated in a *Times* story not long ago about the hitherto rather rural village of New City, in Rockland County. A resident of the place told the reporter, Paul Montgomery, "It's going, it's going. But you can't fight progress, can you? I believe that New City will be another Queens by the time I'm gone. These people want everything to stop just the way it is the moment they arrive, but then the next fellow comes, and the fellow after that. What you're getting is Queens."

Historians have fancied that they saw the first signs of the crumbling of the Roman Empire in the move of rich Romans out of their city to suburban villas, and during the Industrial Revolution those Englishmen who appreciated the sharp contrast between grass and brick, between country and city, despaired of what was happening to London. It was to William Cobbett a "great wen" and to Smollett "an overgrown monster; which, like a dropsical head, will in time leave the body and extremities without nourishment and support." In America, cities overspilled their boundaries before the Civil War. Robert C. Wood, a political scientist at M.I.T. who is now Under-Secretary of the new federal Department of Housing and Urban Development, has

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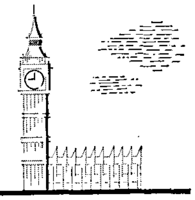

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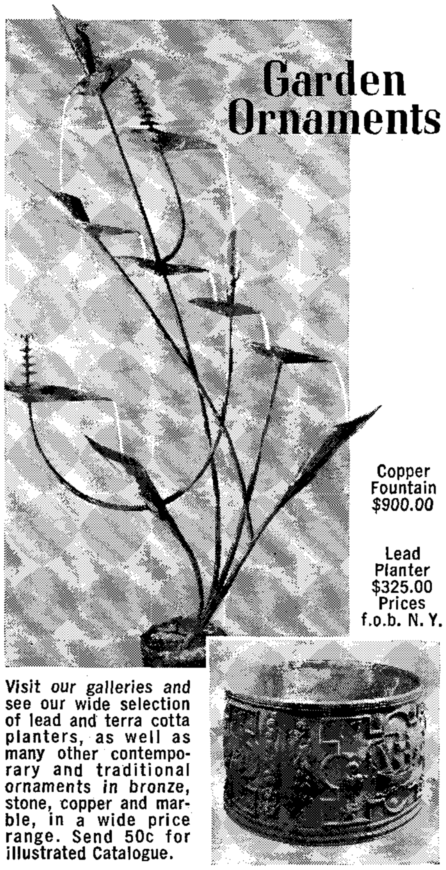
pointed out that Brooklyn was Manhattan's bedroom as early as 1845, and that by the end of the century suburban communities were scattered along the spokes of iron rails that radiated from the center of the city. In his book "Suburbia," Mr. Wood writes:

> The coming of the automobile intensified the migration, for now the open spaces between the spokes could be filled in. Henry Ford, stubbornly pushing the logic of production to its ultimate conclusions, offered the Model T as a car both cheap and reliable, and other manufacturers followed suit.... No longer dependent on streetcar or train, or at least having new access to them, families could settle where they chose. Given a breadwinner sufficiently healthy and complacent to endure the commuter schedule, access to work was assured. Highways began to ring the city and pierce it directly and buses and trackless trolleys went wherever the population grew. The metropolitan area was in being, and as land values soared within the city and along its farthest perimeter, the intermediate land filled up.

The Depression slowed this suburban growth but did not stop it. Out of the New Deal emerged the Federal Housing Administration, to insure millions of mortgages, and after the Second World War the Veterans Administration underwrote millions more. By 1955, one out of four Americans was a suburbanite; by now the figure is believed to be nearly one in three. The dispersal has been encouraged, as Mr. Wood puts it, by "the shortage of housing in large cities, aspirations for space and separate family accommodations and for home ownership, a drive for higher social status, the rising birth rate, the tradition of restlessness nourished and intensified by the Depression and the war prosperity, and the family ethic." He goes on:

> But not the least of the forces at work was the persistent ideal: the image of small-town life that every migrant held in his mind and that every real-estate speculator raised as a conscious symbol. In some ways the ideal comprehended the forces which were at work: the desire for space, family life, and the homestead were part and parcel of the image itself. In other ways, the ideology determined the uses to which modern technology would be put. It diverted the urban population and their governments from efforts to rebuild their central cities on a substantial scale or to devise new residential accommodations there to house the growing number of children. Instead, it fostered investment in transportation facilities rather than urban renewal, in automobiles in place of more extensive development of urban land.

The suburbs that thus grew as an alternative to the central city were economically part of it but socially and politically independent of it. While they



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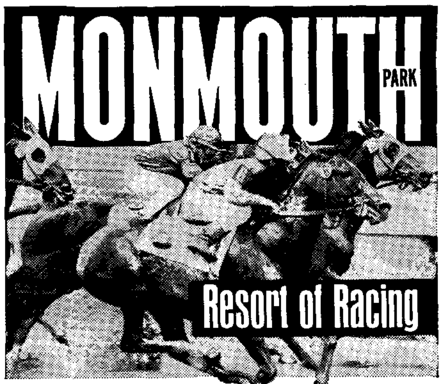

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tended to grow at the expense of the central city, by depriving it of taxes and income, they soon found it fairly expensive to support their independent lives—their own schools, fire engines, garbage collection, water supply, streets, lighting, and sewerage. The fragmentation of political authority among so many communities—there are roughly fourteen hundred governments in the New York metropolitan area—might strike some as one of the chief causes of urban chaos, but, as Mr. Wood stresses, it can also be seen as a deliberate decision to retain the most important elements of small-town democracy, an expression of a natural human desire to keep things small as all around they get bigger and bigger. And if the suburbs are vulnerable on aesthetic grounds, it is possible to defend them on utilitarian grounds. Allan Temko, the director of the University of California's Planning and Development Research Center, has pointed out that "the much disparaged 'split-levels' and 'ticky-tacky boxes' represent the most spacious and hygienic mass-housing in history, filled with ingenious and indubitably useful appliances." Indeed, all criticism of the suburb—even of the particularly exaggerated form that has grown with the speed of crabgrass across northern New Jersey—could be dismissed as strictly from the ivory tower if no practical alternative had ever been demonstrated, as it was at Radburn.

The main roads that morning were crowded, but Fair Lawn Avenue, which, as a country road, was marked on a map of George Washington's, had little traffic on it—delivery and service trucks, and a few women out shopping. I drove through an area of ranch houses set on small lots that spread miscellaneously in all directions through a suburb of Paterson known as the borough of Fair Lawn, and suddenly, in the middle of it all, I was in Radburn. At the junction of Fair Lawn Avenue and Plaza Road, across from an ordinary shopping center, was the Radburn Plaza, a red brick complex of shops and offices. And beyond this, on both sides of Fair Lawn Avenue, were two areas quite different in concept from the housing development that has since surrounded them. In each area was a park, rimmed by several hundred substantial two-story houses. The architecture was not very original—either mock-Tudor in brick and stucco or mock-Colonial in clapboard—and the houses were rather close together, but they all fronted on the two parks, and their gardens were at the

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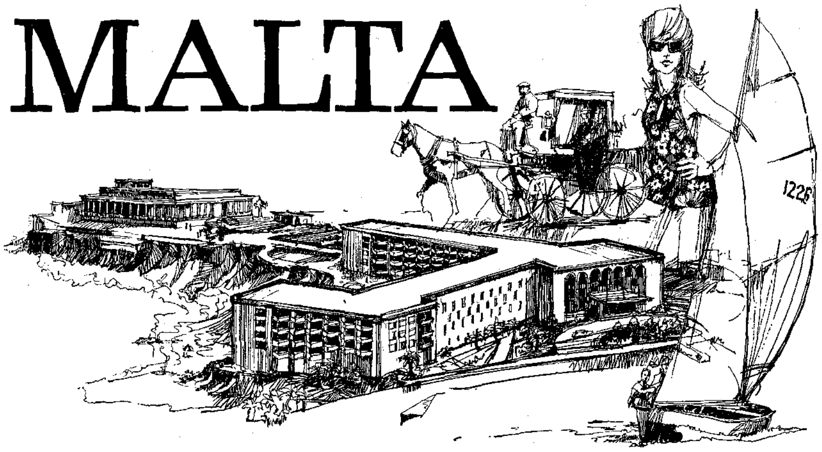

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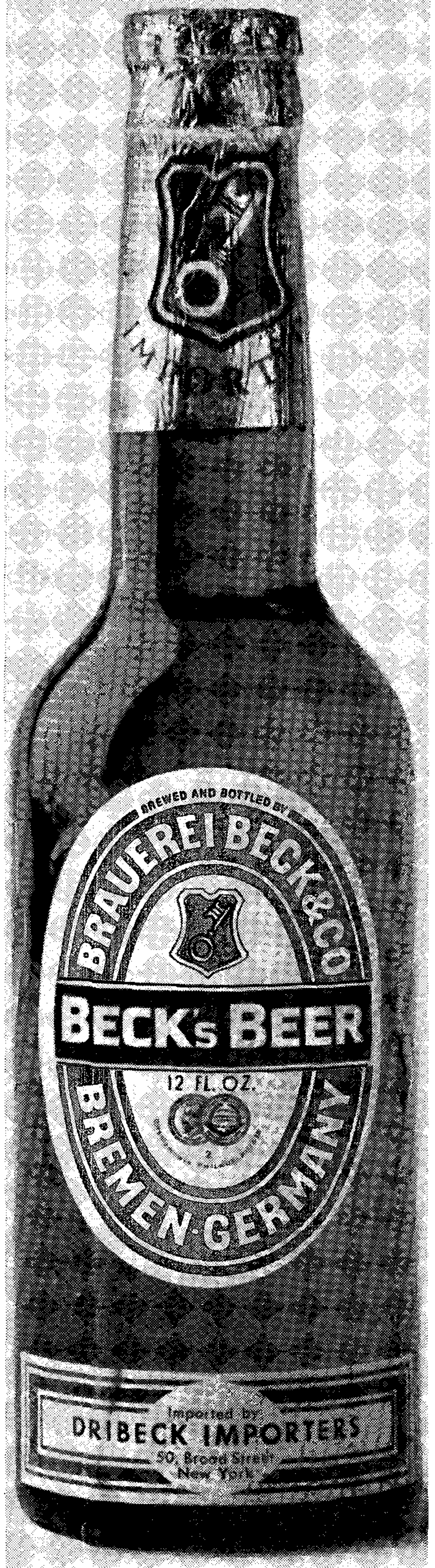

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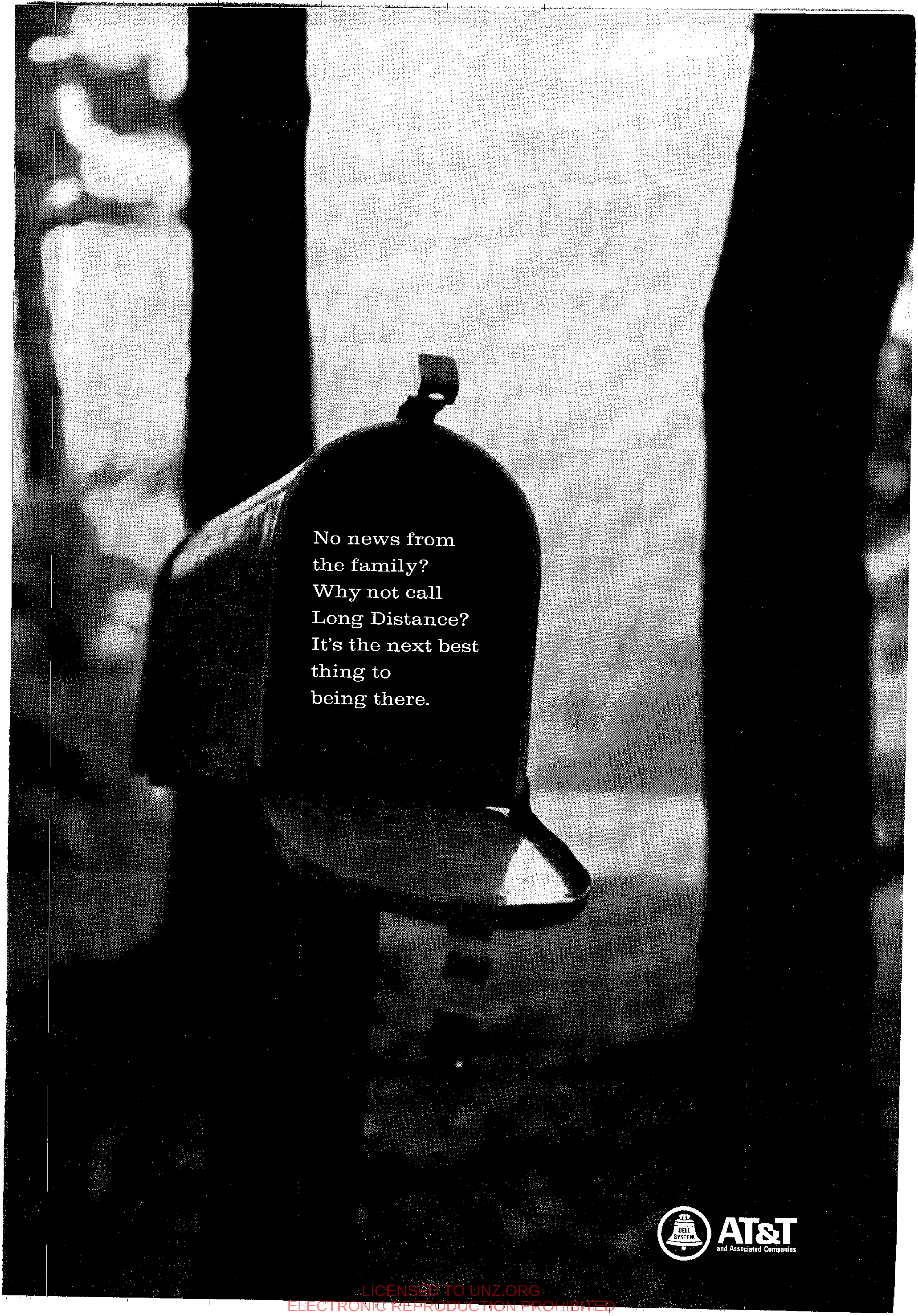
front, rather than at the back, where driveways led to a service road, itself a cul-de-sac, that connected at one end with a perimeter road. Paths at some distance from the roads (or, where they converged with roads, going beneath them in underpasses) led to playing fields, swimming pools, tennis courts, and a school.

The idea of a garden city was proposed by Sir Ebenezer Howard in England at the turn of the century; at Welwyn and Letchworth garden cities were built, and the idea later affected the so-called New Towns constructed to reduce the pressure on London. In America, Howard's idea had a strong appeal for Stein and Wright and a number of other architects and city planners who used to gather on weekends in the nineteen-twenties at Stein's Hudson Guild Farm, in Netcong, New Jersey, to discuss ways of improving the American city and countryside. The conversations at the Hudson Guild Farm, in which Lewis Mumford often participated, led to some modifications in the European concept of a New Town. To Howard's notions were added the facts of American life and some of its brighter architectural heritage—in particular the work of Frederick Olmsted and Calvert Vaux in Manhattan's Central Park, where a network of paths, sunken roads, bridges, underpasses, and green spaces neatly and safely separated pedestrian, equestrian, and vehicular traffic. Stein and Wright, who were also impressed by the superblocks that the Dutch had laid out in Nieuw Amsterdam in 1660, with rows of houses surrounding a core of farms and gardens, were fortunate to find, in Alexander Bing, a client who shared their enthusiasm for rational town planning on a human scale. In 1928, the borough of Fair Lawn, which Stein and Wright chose as the site for the development of a New Town, was still mainly rural and had not adopted either an orthodox zoning law or a gridiron street plan. It was two square miles of gently undulating farmland sixteen miles from Manhattan—a site large enough, the architects felt, for a town, to be served by the Erie Railroad, that would eventually contain twenty-five thousand people and would have its own schools, stores, and factories. Stein had estimated that the park around which the first houses began to go up could be paid for by lower costs for the cul-de-sac streets and the superblock pattern; in fact, the savings on street construction and shorter utility lines and pipes also covered the cost of grading and landscaping the play spaces and pedestrian paths. The first houses built sold well, but it was at this point, when Radburn's future seemed assured, that the stock market collapsed. The construction of houses at Radburn slowed down; no industry came; and people who had bought houses on mortgages held by the corporation Bing had set up forfeited them to the corporation, which then found it hard to rent them. In an expanding economy, the plan might well have succeeded, but in a shrinking one it failed. The price of land went down to ten per cent of what Bing had paid for it, and the corporation went bankrupt. A good deal of the land was sold off to other developers, and what had been built of Radburn—approximately one-fifth of the New Town Stein and Wright had in mind—survived as a miniature island in the suburban sea.

I parked by the Plaza Building and walked down one of the lanes. A place where one can walk to school, to buy groceries, or just to see an expanse of grass is a place with a decided edge in regard to the amenities of life. A British transportation expert, Colin Buchanan, has written:

> The simple act of *walking* plays an indispensable part in the transport system of any town. There is nothing fanciful in this statement. Walking accounts for many medium-distance movements, the final distribution from bus stops and car parks, and a vast amount of casual coming and going. Nor is it to be discounted as a medium for the carriage of goods, as in individual shopping, for example [or, in Manhattan, one might add, the conveyance of wholesale clothes in the crowded garment center]. It is therefore common sense that pedestrian movement should be enabled to take place in reasonable comfort and safety, and this can be said without appearing to be telling people what is good for their health. Walking is also an integral part of many other matters, such as looking in shop windows, admiring the scene, or talking to people. In all, it does not seem to be far from the truth that the freedom with which a person can walk about and look around is a very useful guide to the civilized quality of an urban area.

Although Radburn has squeaked through as a suburban rather than as an urban area, walking along its pedestrian paths is one of the factors that give it individuality. Nearly five thousand people live there, all but a few hundred of them—about a hundred families—in their own houses. Sixty per cent of the residents who are employed commute to New York. Each household pays an assessment to the Radburn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Association, which was set up in 1930 to administer the place, as well as a tax to the borough of Fair Lawn. The assessment covers the cost of maintaining parks, paths, a library, and recreational activities; there are all sorts of summer sports for children, two infant play areas, with trained supervisors, and two swimming pools, which are reserved for adults at certain hours. Radburn also has a community church, bridge and bowling clubs, a weekly newspaper, and an amateur drama group. Radburn itself is a sort of club, and is prized by those who live there as such. The houses maintain a high value, come on the market infrequently, and are then often exchanged—with a cash adjustment—between elderly couples wanting smaller places and young couples wanting bigger ones. The Association has nine elected trustees, a full-time manager, and a recreation director. A set of Protective Restrictions regulates finances and requires that the owner of a house get the permission of the trustees and his neighbors before making any exterior repairs or additions—such as changing the color of his house paint or building a carport—that might affect the community.

In thirty-odd years, the Stein-Wright ground plan has been well tested. In the ordinary gridiron layout, pedestrians risk twenty street crossings every mile, and children are everywhere exposed to the dangers of through streets. The culs-de-sac and perimeter roads of Radburn have had a very low accident rate. The roads were designed for 1928 cars, of course, and my Jeep bulked large in them. Mr. Stein has said that if he were designing Radburn again he would make the roads larger and also provide paved areas where children could play ball; as things have turned out, young children have been dissatisfied with the way balls bounce on grass, and frequently play in the roads, even though they are not supposed to. The Radburn parks occasionally attract youths from less favored suburbs as novel spaces in which to drink beer and break lamps, but the pedestrian paths and underpasses seem to have no drawbacks at all.

Indeed, as one walks through Radburn one is amazed that it could have existed so long in America and not been widely imitated. Although the trees, parks, grass, paths, and houses have a pleasant air of age and use, they seem absolutely up-to-date. Most of the British New Towns have followed a similar plan of culs-de-sac and pedestrian paths, and such older cities

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as Sheffield and Coventry have rebuilt blitzed areas on the same lines. Radburn has influenced the layout of New Towns in Sweden, Canada, and Russia, but until recently its renown in this country had been confined to textbooks. However, in the last few years some of its innovations have become a little better known. Planners talk of "cluster housing," and builders, rather warily, consider it a tolerable alternative to rows of freestanding houses on quarter-acre plots. In the past, most speculative developers have naturally built what they knew they could sell, and they have been backed in this attitude by the Federal Housing Administration mortgage policy. It is only recently, as people have begun to feel that land is running out, that they are finally recognizing the advantages (in terms of combining rural space with urban proximity) of Radburn over all the Fair Lawns that have spread out from American cities. William James put it well: "Tight fit is what shapes things definitely; with a loose fit you get no results, and America is redolent of loose fits everywhere."

WITH the right mixture of luck and judgment, I found the Garden State Parkway and headed south. According to the map, I passed East Paterson, Rochelle Park, Clifton, Passaic, Montclair, Nutley, Glen Ridge, Bloomfield, Orange, Maplewood, and Irvington, but they were all alike to me, save that after Irvington I bore right through Union on Route 82. Even a brief exposure to this thoroughly subdivided part of the metropolis makes one wonder if the old, clear-cut distinction philosophers used to draw between man and the other animals was ever valid. Are we really in control of our own destiny? Are we even conscious? Do we—statistically richer, more comfortable, more highly taxed and highly educated than any other people in history—truly imagine that we live in a fitting landscape? Liberty in New Jersey is the right of every man to have his own gas station.

Route 82 brought me to Route 24, which heads toward Morristown, and halfway there, in Chatham, I turned left on a country road, which I followed for six meandering miles to the hamlet of Meyersville—a gas station, firehouse, luncheonette, half a dozen houses, and the field office of the Great Swamp National Wildlife Refuge. In the luncheonette, I had a hamburger and a cup of coffee, and then I went next door to the Refuge office to keep an appointment with Richard Rigby,

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who was the Refuge manager at that time. Mr. Rigby, however, wasn't in his office. A man who was there introduced himself to me as another visitor, a land-acquisition agent from the Boston headquarters of the Fish and Wildlife Service's Northeast region. He called Mr. Rigby on the telephone, and relayed a message from Mr. Rigby to me that he'd be along in twenty minutes, just as soon as he'd finished an emergency repair to an addition he was building on his house. In the meantime, I was to sit down, put my feet up, and read a report he had left for me on top of his desk. There I found four machine-copied pages. The land-acquisition agent said he would leave me in charge—he had to go to negotiate for some land. About two-thirds of the swamp was now government-owned, he said, though it had all been privately owned once, and the government was trying to take the rest of it by friendly condemnation, paying a fair negotiated price for each tract.

I opened a venetian blind over the copying machine that had rather foggily reproduced the report, put my feet up, as suggested, on Mr. Rigby's desk, and proceeded to put myself in the picture in regard to Great Swamp:

> Great Swamp is located in Chatham, Harding, and Passaic Townships, Morris County, in north-central New Jersey. It lies 85 miles north of Brigantine N.W. Refuge, 110 miles northeast of Bombay Hook N.W. Refuge, and 190 miles southeast of Montezuma N.W. Refuge. [These facts, useful for migrating ducks, can perhaps be supplemented by the fact that Great Swamp is thirty miles southwest of midtown Manhattan.]
>
> On March 23, 1965, the MBCC [Migratory Bird Conservation Committee] authorized funds for the acquisition of waterfowl habitat in the Great Swamp. Added to the 2,680 acres already donated to the Bureau [of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife—an offspring of the Fish and Wildlife Service, which, in turn, is a division of the Department of the Interior] by the North American Wildlife Foundation under the authority of the Migratory Bird Conservation Act, this will provide for a National Wildlife Refuge of approximately 5,900 acres. This refuge was formally dedicated on May 29, 1964.
>
> Great Swamp is best described as a shallow bowl, 7 miles long and 3 miles wide. Surrounding hills rise 50 to 200 feet above the swamp bed. The refuge area is divided, roughly, into 3,200 acres of shrub and timbered swamps, 700 acres of marsh, 1,200 acres of upland timber, and 800 acres of farmlands in various states of neglect. The greater part of the refuge, including most of the existing marshland, is located within the watershed of Great Brook and its tributaries, Primrose and Loantaka Brooks. The southeastern portion of the refuge, consisting primarily of shrub and timbered swamp, lies within the Black Brook watershed. These two watersheds supply approximately 50 per cent of the Passaic River's flow at Millington Gap, N.J.

For anyone interested in geology, Mr. Rigby's report had the details—how, roughly forty thousand years ago, the Wisconsin Glacier rumbled south, collecting vast loads of sand, gravel, and boulders, and then twenty-five thousand years ago reached its farthest point of advance along a line through Morristown, Madison, and Chatham. When it retreated, by melting, it left long ridges of glacial till, one of which blocked the outlet of an ancient river basin near Short Hills. Behind this natural dam, a lake formed as the glacier melted its way back north, and although it was eventually drained by an outlet at Little Falls Gap, which created the Passaic River, the vestiges of the lake remain in the shape of the Great Swamp.

In 1708, in one of the many bargain deals conducted at the time, the Delaware Indians sold a thirty-thousand-acre tract that included the Swamp to some English settlers "for the consideration of . . . 30 pounds in cash, ten stran'd water blankets, 15 kettles, half a barrel of wine, one barrel of rum, two barrels of sider, four pistols, and four cutlasses." During the Revolutionary War, lumbering operations in the Swamp supplied a nearby hub-and-felly factory, and by then brick, charcoal, and potash manufacturing went on in the vicinity. The logging of the uplands produced cleared farmland, while the draining of marshes allowed the growth of good crops of what the farmers called "foul meadow hay." In 1844, about half of the Swamp was cleared and drained by ditches. A few old residents recall that in the early nineteen-hundreds the marshes were still hayed and the uplands were still cleared; by the middle of this century, however, the uplands had largely reverted to woods, and neglect of the ditches had allowed the old marsh to reappear.

A number of ideas about what to do with Great Swamp have been advanced in the recent past. The Army Engineers, who have a professional interest in dikes and dams, have drawn up plans (none so far approved) for flood-control reservoirs that would put large sections of the Swamp under several feet of water. The W.P.A. worked on a drainage project in the thirties, constructing or improving ditches, and although no effect was felt in the western

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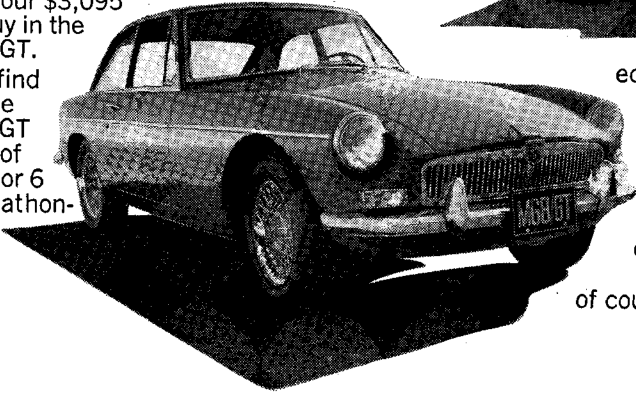

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half, the drainage of the southeastern part was speeded up. Then, in 1959, came a proposal that would have drained the Swamp altogether. This was the Port of New York Authority's suggestion that a jet airport be built there, to supplement Newark, LaGuardia, and Idlewild (now Kennedy). Like Consolidated Edison at Storm King Mountain, the Port Authority soon found that it had a fight on its hands. Local residents formed the cunningly named Jersey Jetsite Association, whose object was to prevent a jetport from being built in their part of Jersey, and considerable support suddenly materialized for the North American Wildlife Foundation, which had been trying for some time to establish Great Swamp as a refuge. From six thousand people and four hundred and sixty-two groups, the sum of one million two hundred thousand dollars was raised to purchase 2,680 of Great Swamp's eight thousand acres. Duck hunters, through the purchase of annual federal duck licenses at three dollars each, provided two million eight hundred thousand dollars to pay for a further 3,267 acres. Land-acquisition agents have been dealing with about a hundred private owners, whose properties have ranged from one and a half to two hundred and eighty-two acres; the average price paid has been eight hundred and fifty-seven dollars an acre—less for marsh, more for prime farmland.

"It's going to be a couple of years before we've taken in all the land," Mr. Rigby told me, when he arrived. "But right now we've got enough work cut out cleaning up the land we've already got." Mr. Rigby was a tall man in his mid-thirties, with bushy eyebrows, a South Jersey accent, and apparently perpetual energy. He was born in Pittsburgh, grew up in New Jersey, and in recent months—having been sent up from the Laguna Atascosa National Wildlife Refuge, in Texas, to run Great Swamp—had been commuting over from Eatontown, near Red Bank, on the North Jersey shore, where his father was in the real-estate business. "We've just moved into our house here," he said. "It's owned by the Bureau, and I have to make my own improvements, like filling in the garden, which was mostly old beer bottles. Doing things yourself is what our Bureau trains you for. We're the biggest bunch of scroungers ever seen, mainly because we're so low on the federal pole. We built Brigantine Refuge—that's the other wildlife refuge in New Jersey, down near Atlantic

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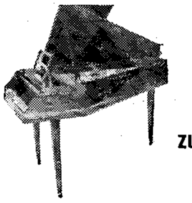

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City—using old surplus Army equipment. But I shouldn't exaggerate, because we have funds now, and we're letting contracts for dike building and the demolition of old barns and shacks. In fact, I miss the old rough-and-ready days. I was trained to build dikes, and contracting it out not only means we're a little less in control of what gets done—it also means there's less fun in it."

I asked what the dikes were for.

"It's the drought—five years' worth. You know how it rained the other night? Well, that didn't affect the Swamp one bit. We'll take a walk in a while, so you can see. In the spring, it's wet, but summer dries it out. If we didn't make dikes to impound the water, the waterfowl wouldn't come."

"Any ducks right now?"

"I haven't heard of any, though there may be a handful in the marsh. We don't own much of the marsh yet, but when we do, and when we can keep it wet, we'll be able to support about fifteen thousand ducks in the fall and twenty thousand in the spring, besides five thousand geese in the fall and three thousand in the spring. Our biologists say that right now Great Swamp accounts for eighty-five thousand waterfowl days—that's one bird using the Swamp for one day. Fifty-one per cent of the use is in the fall—when they are going down the Atlantic Flyway—thirty per cent in the spring, eighteen per cent in the summer, and one per cent in winter. By then, all the transients—the black duck, wood duck, pintail, widgeons, teal, mallard, and geese—have gone south. The count, by the way, is fairly accurate. In the old days in our Bureau, they used to call the coot the Refuge manager's duck. The coot isn't really a waterfowl, though it hangs around with ducks. In those days, a manager was paid in proportion to the number of ducks on his station. You can see how the coot got its nickname."

Mr. Rigby suggested that we take a drive around the Swamp. As we got into his car, he told me something of the history of refuges, which hadn't really been needed until about 1900. Until then, waterfowl had fared well in America, being distributed widely and shot primarily for home consumption. But the introduction of automatic shotguns, more effective ammunition, and more hunting for the market began to cause alarm. In 1903, President Theodore Roosevelt established the first wildlife refuge in Florida to protect brown pelicans, whose plumage was then fashionable for women's

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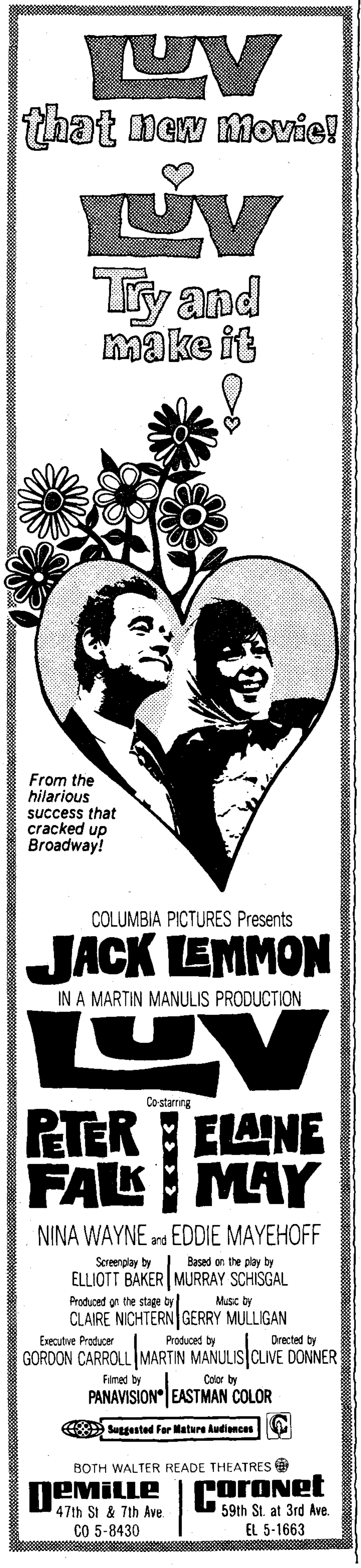

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hats. Other refuges were also set up by executive order, and in 1916 Canada and the United States signed a treaty to protect migratory birds. Congress caught a touch of the fever in 1924, appropriating one and a half million dollars for waterfowl-habitat lands along the upper Mississippi. Drought in the thirties, war in the forties, and government-subsidized agricultural drainage programs in the prairie states in the fifties all caused setbacks in the program. However, by 1965 some three hundred refuges had been created, with a total of nearly twenty-nine million acres, which is a little bigger than Pennsylvania. Two hundred and forty-five refuges are managed primarily for waterfowl, and on fifty-eight of them hunting is allowed in certain areas at certain seasons.

We drove past the luncheonette where I had had my hamburger and turned into the Swamp on Long Hill Road. At first, there were open fields with small farm buildings. Then shrubs began to close in, and thick trees. On a fifteen-mile circuit, we sometimes followed the periphery of the Swamp and sometimes cut through it. Mr. Rigby pointed out places where the Bureau was acquiring land, where old buildings were about to be bulldozed, and where other buildings were to be improved for use as houses for the refuge staff, or for offices or storage. Some of the present owners would be allowed to remain in their houses during their own lifetimes, particularly if it was a hardship for them to move. One man, though, had just built a brand-new house, and the Bureau hadn't yet decided whether to buy him out or let him stay. “That guy irritates me,” said Mr. Rigby. “He knew what the plans were, but he went on building anyway.” Mr. Rigby also showed me places he was especially proud of—where his cleanup crews had dragged away old cars and junk heaps, where there stood a group of four-hundred-year-old oaks, where there were wide fields of lush green grass, and where, in currently unkempt meadows, he was going to plant millet for duck and winter wheat for geese. “That big field is going to be a real sight with a thousand Canada geese feeding on it,” he said.

The surrounding roads seemed to be in very good shape for such a sparsely populated area, and Mr. Rigby said that he thought they might have been improved against the possibility, which is still being discussed in some quarters, of a jetport's being built in the Swamp. “You know, that has been a real battle. The first word about the Port Authority plans leaked out in 1959. Someone said too much over a Martini. The late Mr. M. Hartley Dodge, chairman of the Remington Arms Company, heard about it, and he put up the first money—some three hundred thousand dollars—to buy marsh property. At first, he was going to give it to the Morris County Park Commission, but he didn't think they'd have the power to withstand the Port Authority, and anyway the land was right for a refuge, not a park. So he approached the federal government through the North American Wildlife Foundation, which donated the Dodge land to our Bureau. We had looked at the Swamp in 1937, but we were a real cowboy outfit then and we couldn't afford it. Apart from Mr. Dodge, one of the more active leaders of the opposition was Mrs. Helen Fenske. She's attractive, articulate, and a great fighter. She went around giving talks to the local garden clubs and political groups. Then she lined up the right men—men with the power and the money, who didn't want the jetport—and she organized the Great Swamp Committee, which collected some nine hundred thousand dollars. With this backing, and the approval of the governor, we took our case to the Migratory Bird Conservation Committee. The Committee gave us the power to buy land with the money duck hunters pay for their licenses. For the moment, that seemed to knock the Port Authority flat, but we know they're still lurking around. Even the governor seems to wish he hadn't committed himself. We won't feel really safe until they've built the jetport on Long Island or down on the Pine Barrens—which many people consider a likely spot for it.”

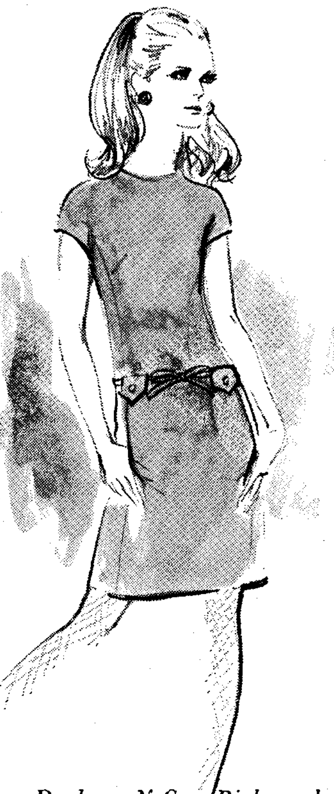
Mr. Rigby parked his car to one side of the road in a small gravelled clearing bordered by neat creosoted posts. We got out. The sun was warm on the gravel, and in the treetops the wind soughed. Birds hopped around the edge of the clearing, or bounced from bush to post to tree to fern. Somewhere in the gravel, a grasshopper was piping. We followed a little path that went through a meadow into the trees, and Mr. Rigby, walking ahead, said, “Around here the response to the Refuge has been pretty good, especially in Harding and Chatham Townships, which is where most of the land lies. Harding has a lot of big estates, whose owners don't want a deluge of new housing. There have been a few grumbles that we're removing taxable property from the list, but we're giving the local authorities a share of some of the fees we get—for the gas pipeline that passes through the Swamp, for instance. Three-quarters of one per cent of the purchase price will be paid every year to Morris County in lieu of taxes. And the very presence of the Refuge is raising the value of all the property round about."

We came to a place where the path became an oak-planked walk. The ground on either side looked damp and boggy, despite the drought. Mr. Rigby said that twenty-four hundred acres on this side of the Swamp would remain inviolate as a natural area, and would be open only to serious students, such as some scientists who were already investigating the relationship of mosquitoes to encephalitis, of which there had been quite frequent outbreaks in New Jersey. They wondered if air pollution did anything to trigger them. Mr. Rigby walked across a small wooden bridge that spanned a brook, and pointed out some boxes that had been built in trees to encourage the nesting of wood ducks. He said black bear sometimes came down from the hills in North Jersey, and red fox had been seen now and then. The Swamp was particularly interesting to botanists, because it formed a meeting ground of northern and southern species of plants (rather like the waters off Cape Hatteras, where northern and southern fish meet). "There's a young copper beech starting up," Mr. Rigby said, bending a sapling. "We have a beech at the other end of the Swamp that is sixteen feet in circumference. These depressions you see in the ground between the trees are either glacial pockets or else places where the loggers burned up all the scrap after they'd lumbered the area and the fire burned down into the peat. Over there— Gadzooks, I'll keep talking, but just look the way I'm looking! See the deer? A yearling. She's staring right at us. Her tail isn't even flicking. I guess she's hypnotized by the sound of our voices."

A young doe stood scarcely twenty feet away. She was dapple brown—the color of the trees, leaves, and ground with the sunlight sifted on them. Only her brown eyes gleaming brought her apart from the woods. She was standing so still that I turned my head to see what spell Mr. Rigby was casting on her, but, of course, my movement broke the frail hold we had on her. She whipped round and, with a graceful flick of her heels, bounded away.

"That was a treat," said Mr. Rigby, and I agreed with him.

The trail was a circular one that



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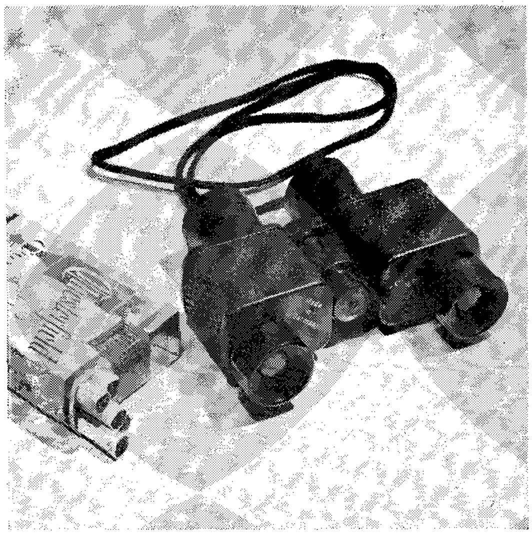

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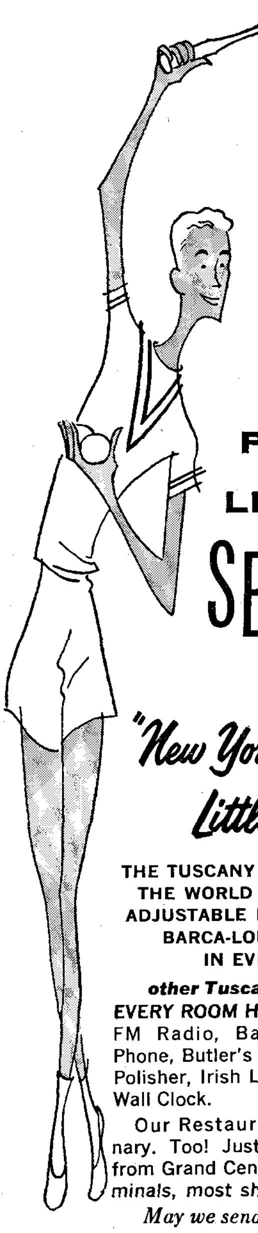

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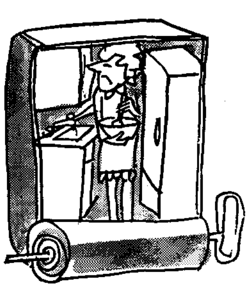

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brought us back to the gravelled clearing. When we got there, Mr. Rigby said there was another place in the Swamp that he would like to show me. It was only in the construction stage as yet, but it perhaps gave a hint of what he hoped to do in Great Swamp. "The way I see it," he said as we got into the car, "we have a chance of a million people a year coming through here. Within a fifty-mile radius of this spot, there are twenty million people, and more every minute. Twenty years from now, the fence around Great Swamp will be the back-yard fence of houses, all the way round. So what we save now is all we're going to save, and this place can have real influence. I want it to be the conservation center for the region. I want it to demonstrate what we can do in the way of water management, waterfowl production, and farming for feed. This place is important for producing ducks, but we can get more out of other places. Its greatest value can be in teaching people how to look after the earth. Man is the only animal that can control his environment, for good or ill—but we haven't waked up to the responsibility yet."

Mr. Rigby pulled up in front of a new wooden gate that barred the entrance to a field. After he had got out, opened the gate, driven through, shut the gate, and climbed in again to drive over the field in the direction of a copse a quarter of a mile away, he said, "Did you notice that gate? Dandy piece of work. The man who built it can't read or write. He used to be a tree man, but a tree fell on him and broke his back, and now he's all wired up. In the mornings, he's slow, but you can't keep up with him in the afternoons. I wish he was still with me. He's gone to work for a gas station."

I asked Mr. Rigby why he was working in this particular job.

"My father is always asking the same thing," he said. "He wants me to go in the real-estate business with him and make some money. I don't know—I guess I'm in love with this. I used to be a pretty quiet fellow, but look at me now—I shout and roar until I get things done. I get told off every now and then for being so impatient with bureaucratic procedures, but, the way I see it, it's the determination at my level—getting eyeball to eyeball with them, as Dean Rusk says—that produces results both up and down."

Having left the car, we walked past an immobile bulldozer to a little ridge; from the presence of wide-spaced sprouts of new grass all over the ridge, I gathered that it was recently man-made. Beyond was a serpentine depression, partly filled with water, that wound through other banks and ridges, with trees overhanging the far end.

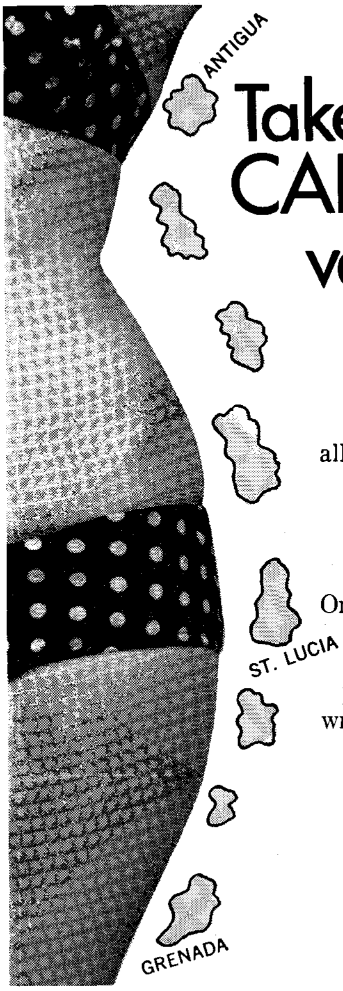
"I'm controlling the environment here," Mr. Rigby said with a grin, "but I could do with some natural help in the form of rain. Actually, that thunderstorm the other night did dump a little water in the pond. You should have seen this place last year. There were seven buildings back where we parked the car. It was one of those backwoods farms, with chicken coops, an old cow barn, and pigpens—the trashiest place. We burned some of it and backfilled the rest. This area here was all silted-in marsh, and we used a dragline to dig out the channel, and the bulldozer to build up the ridges. There will be a series of interconnected impoundments. By next spring, we should have plantings coming up. The millet in the big field will bring in the waterfowl."

I congratulated Mr. Rigby on his skill as a landscape architect.

"Well, this isn't just me," he said. "John Gottschalk, the greatest defender of the Swamp, who was head of the Northeast region and is now director of the Fish and Wildlife Service in Washington, had this idea for a wildlife-observation blind. A local garden club in Somerset Hills submitted the scheme in the annual Garden Club of America's competition for the Founder's Award of three thousand dollars, and it won. That money is paying for some of this. There will be a lookout post on the ridge, camouflaged with earth and shrubbery, making it a good place to stand and see what goes on in the Swamp. The Summit Nature Club has been putting up nesting boxes, like the ones we saw on the circular trail. All sorts of people have pitched in to help. The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Udall, said that this project was the best demonstration of government and public coöperation he'd seen. One other thing we're going to build—probably in one of the houses we take over—is an information center, because, as I said before, this place has got to teach. I had a visitor last week—a man who was writing a textbook for third graders on conservation. I showed him around, and told him where to go to get some other material he wanted. That visit thrilled me, because it seems to me that if we can get all this across to the next generation, there's still a chance."

ON the Jersey shore, as along most of the Northeast coastline, the pattern has been one of small ports and fishing villages becoming coastal resorts that in turn become all-season towns. Summer houses are converted into year-round residences, and brand-new houses go up all the time on hitherto deserted cliffs and dunes. I spent the night with Bill and Jane Robinson, friends of mine who live in Rumson, on the bank of the Shrewsbury River, which is a salt-water estuary. Their house, formerly a summer cottage, faces the town of Sea Bright, which sits across the river on a thin strip of barrier beach that runs five miles north to Sandy Hook. The Robinsons have insulated their house, installed central heating, built a wing with a living room that has a river view, and brought up three children in it; but they have never quite managed to waterproof it against the floods that periodically devastate this part of the Jersey shore. However, the Robinsons are better prepared than most people for storm tides, for they are accomplished boatmen; indeed, their garden is full of small boats of one sort or another, and when the water level rises above the front steps they hoist the oil-burner motor out of the basement, switch off the electricity in the house, and take to their boats. Bill Robinson commutes to Manhattan every day—car to Red Bank, train to Penn Station. One summer, he commuted by water, on a hydrofoil from Atlantic Highlands, but the service, an experimental one, was rendered uncertain by fog and dangerous driftwood in New York Harbor, and it didn't pay its backers enough to keep it going.

Perhaps because of the sea air, I decided to let the day take its own direction. I got up late. Bill had gone off to Manhattan and Jane to the local high school, where she teaches. I had been given the run of the kitchen, so I fixed myself some eggs and toast and warmed up the coffee, and then sat in the living room, looking out on the river and on the Sea Bright waterfront, where a few fishing boats were tied up. Sea Bright was once known the length of the Atlantic Coast for its fine skiffs—seaworthy boats with exemplary performance in surf as they were launched from or landed on a beach. One eighteen-foot Sea Bright skiff, built there by William Seaman, was rowed across the Atlantic in 1896 by two young Norwegian-born clammers named Samuel-



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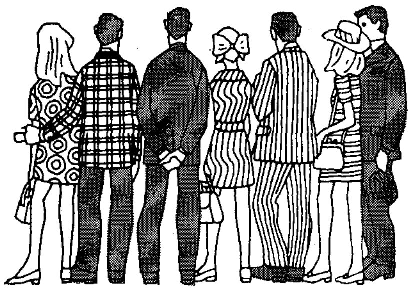

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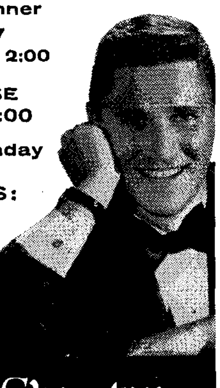

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son and Harbo, who got from the Battery to Le Havre in fifty-five days and won a ten-thousand-dollar prize put up by the *Police Gazette*. In the eighteen-eighties and nineties, a journalist named Gustav Kobbe wrote some marvellous pieces about the Jersey shore, and in one of them, which appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, he described the activities of the fishermen of Sea Bright. From June to November, five or six hundred men in some three hundred boats fished for bluefish, using long lines and pieces of menhaden for bait. (After November, some of them fished for cod.) A good day's catch of blues for one of the skiffs amounted to five hundred pounds, and was cleaned on the way to shore, packed in ice, and shipped by steamer to the Fulton Market in New York. Kobbe wrote:

> About four o'clock one of the boats came in, and I stood on the beach to watch it. Sail was taken in just before the rollers were reached, and the two men took to the oars. The landing in the surf is the most dangerous part of the proceeding, and a steady head is needed. The men in the boat waited for a momentary cessation in the great rollers that tumbled in. This period of comparative calm is called a "slatch" by the fishermen. As the boat lay to, with her head to the wind, a mighty wave would seem to rise up from beside her, and the boat was lost entirely to view. A moment later she rode over the top of a great billow, and then went down, down, down, until hidden again. For ten minutes she lay there, rising and falling, until suddenly the men bent to their oars, and the boat shot ahead a little distance, and then stopped, while a roller passed under and broke on the sand. Then ahead she went for a few yards, stopping again; and after a minute a sudden calm seemed to come, while the men pulled hard. A small roller came up close upon them, and waiting until the curl of the wave passed, the boat went swiftly in on the top. This performance was repeated several times; and finally a greater wave began rolling in, and lifted the boat up to the shore, when the men jumped out into the shallow foam and pulled the boat high and dry—just in time, too, for the "slatch" had passed.

According to a local historian, George H. Moss, Jr., the fishing skiffs, reduced to a handful, were last launched in the surf in 1949. At a recent reckoning, only three fishing boats worked out of Sea Bright, and they were powerboats that moored in the river opposite the Robinsons' house; to reach the old fishing grounds, they had to make the long run up around the Hook and back down along the ocean beach.

After my leisurely breakfast, I got in my Jeep and took a ride. In some places, the road along the oceanfront was the main road, and in other places it was simply a bumpy concrete drive in front of the summer houses. The bigger houses were already shut for the winter, and large signs warned vandals, "KEEP OFF." Autumn was apparent in empty garbage cans' being blown over by a gusty wind. Places like Deal and Asbury Park gave the impression that they still had some of the affluence that had originally built their mansions—Deal allegedly being the place where a hooch pipeline, coming in from just outside the three-mile limit, had its terminus during Prohibition. In the old days, the greatest wealth on the shore was concentrated between lower Long Branch and Loch Arbour, where one Protestant parish—St. James, on Ocean Avenue—claimed pewholders with an aggregate wealth of a hundred and twenty million dollars. A good deal of money went into oceanfront houses between 1890 and 1910, two of the most notable being a hundred-room palace built for Solomon Guggenheim and James A. Hearn's million-dollar scaled-up reproduction of Shakespeare's homestead in Stratford-Upon-Avon. Along this coast, as elsewhere, people moved to a place because it seemed scenic and then proceeded to complain about it. "As late as 1928," wrote John T. Cunningham, "a court action to halt fishing failed, despite fervent presentations to the court that noisy commercial fishermen got up too early and that their fish smelled."

There is perhaps more than ever a flavor of quick-buck ostentation to the Jersey shore. Big billboards advertise new colonies of waterfront houses all the way from Belmar to Barnegat and from Manahawkin to Cape May. The realtors and the Chambers of Commerce are running a neck-and-neck race with the conservationists and the forces of nature, which now and then—as in 1889 and 1962—give the dunes and marshes a thorough scouring. The storm of March, 1962, that lashed the Atlantic Coast from Virginia to New England was particularly severe in New Jersey, where it wrecked twenty-four hundred houses and damaged more than eight thousand, at a cost of some eighty million dollars. Ian McHarg, a Philadelphia landscape architect and chairman of the University of Pennsylvania's Department of Landscape Architecture, who made a study of this storm, has written:

> Almost all the damage was caused by ignorance of natural process and the resultant destruction of the natural defenses against flood. The theory of dune formation is well understood, as is stabilization by vegetation. In the Netherlands, the value of dunes and their stabilizing grasses, and the important role of

ground water, is known and valued—not, however, in New Jersey. Although beaches are tolerant of human use, dunes are not. The development of the Jersey Shore has included breaching of dunes for home building, beach access, etc. In many cases no constraints have been placed on use of dunes, so vegetation has died and the dunes have become unstable. No effective restraints were made to control withdrawal of ground water—vegetation growth was therefore inhibited. Considerable areas have been waterproofed by buildings, roads and parking areas, which has diminished recharge of the aquifers. The consequences of all this are inevitable. With its natural defenses destroyed, the shore is vulnerable in great storms and is extensively damaged.

I drove over to Sea Bright by the bridge across the Shrewsbury, and parked on the main street, Ocean Avenue, off which there are small alleys with close-packed houses. On the beachside stand bathhouses, old fishing shacks, and several big shingled hotels and beach clubs. It is a wooden town built on sand, and it gives the impression that a good fire would sweep it all away. Indeed, the last time I passed through Sea Bright, three years before, a fire had gutted one of two adjacent grocery stores. When, on this later morning, I went into one of them, Gardella's Market, I overheard a conversation between two lady shoppers about a fire alarm that had sounded the night before; apparently part of the tennis club had burned down. Gardella's had given shelter to its burned-out competitor during the rebuilding, but was now once more on its own, a very high-class purveyor of wines, spirits, meats, vegetables, and groceries. I bought some materials for a picnic lunch—fresh Italian bread, Bel Paese cheese, cherry tomatoes, a few slices of Genoa salami, and a small bottle of white, dry Orvieto. When I asked the man who waited on me about the tennis-club fire, he said, "I wasn't there, but I bet there was a good crowd. Fires are a social occasion here. Some of the houses in the side streets are less than eighteen inches apart, and they're built of the remnants of tarred lobster pots. When the fire whistle blows in Sea Bright, you can pretty well take a census of the whole community. Most fires are good ones. We have a saying that the Fire Department has never lost a foundation."

My informant, a tall, urbane-looking man, told me he was John Gardella, a member of the third generation of the Gardella family to run the store. He didn't seem very happy about some of the changes he saw round about. "Over in Rumson, a new street opens

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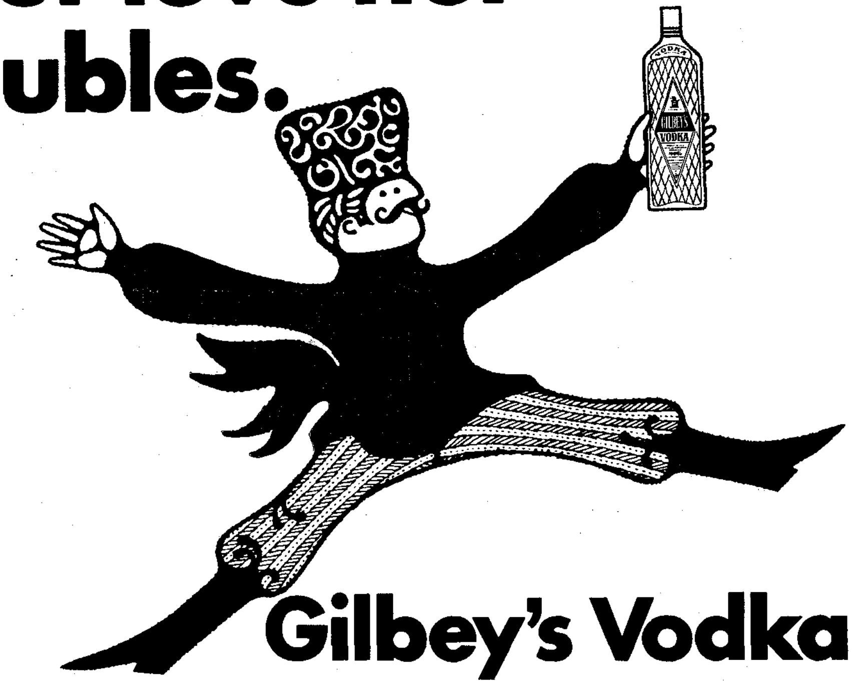

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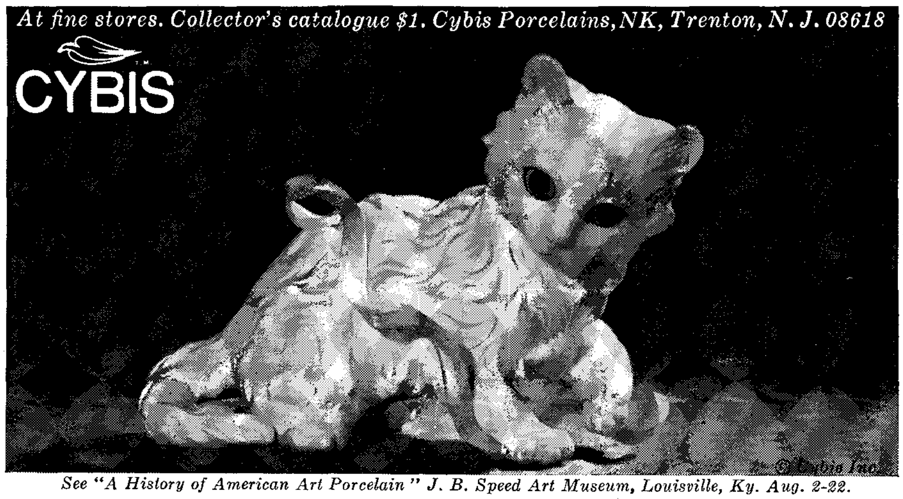

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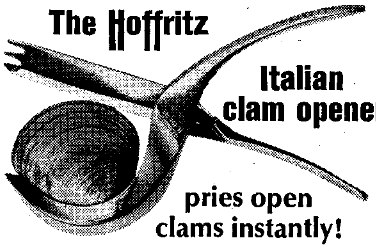

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up every week," he said, "and here in Sea Bright the old places are coming down. The next to go is Peninsula House, the big old brown shingle hotel on the beach, with the gray shutters and white trim. One of those nine-story apartment jobs is booked for the site—a condominium. It's the same all down the shore—apartments, apartments, apartments. Our sewerage plant can't handle the load. And I don't think the beach clubs will last much longer. The property they're on is getting too valuable, for one thing, and it's impossible to get to them in midsummer, when the crowds are here—it can take you two and a half hours to drive a mile. People in Rumson used to drive over here just to fill up with gas, but they don't in summer anymore. The Negro woman who runs the garage opposite says the traffic has killed her business. I know people in Rumson who leave town in June and don't come back till September, though once this was the swishest area on the shore. Some of the people who shopped in here had fifteen servants. Now the big estates are being broken up—first the main house gets sold off cheap to a big family, then the grounds are split up into lots. I live in the gatehouse of one of the old mansions."

I said it sounded as if he missed the good old days.

"Well, they *were* the good old days around here," he said. "Of course, I shouldn't complain. We have the last of the carriage trade, and at this time of year, as you can see, there's no rush. I can stand here and chat with some of the old people who are sure the town hasn't been right since the railroad tracks were taken out. The trains used to come right down the other side of Ocean Avenue. You got a ferry from New York to the terminus of the line, which was first on Sandy Hook and later at Atlantic Highlands. The ferryboats sometimes carried half a million people in a summer between the city and the railroad. It was the Long Branch & Sea Shore Railroad, and a very friendly outfit, too—at least, for its regular patrons. The conductors always stopped the train right in front of the store to let my grandfather out. Then, there was Mr. J. L. Galif, a munitions magnate, who didn't want to have to go eight blocks too far, and so he built himself a private station. Now we've got the commuter bus service—an hour and ten minutes to the Port Authority Terminal—but it isn't the same."

Taking my provisions and a corkscrew that Mr. Gardella had thoughtfully provided for the wine, I made a U-turn on Ocean Avenue and drove north up the beach road to Sandy Hook. I paid fifty cents for admission to the state park there, and left the Jeep in a visitors' parking lot halfway up the Hook. For its last mile or so, the Hook is off bounds to civilians; although its position commanding the ship channels into New York Harbor is no longer of great strategic value, the site of the military post at Fort Hancock has proved useful as a Nike missile base.

Sandy Hook has a history befitting its position as a prominent landmark and seamark. The local Indians prized its harvest of wild beach plums. Because of shoals that stretch to Coney Island across the lower bay, any explorer making for New York Harbor (as it now is) had to pass through a narrow channel close to the Hook, and some, like Hudson in the Half Moon, got driven onto it; in Hudson's case, he got off unscathed. After a number of expensive shipwrecks in the first months of 1761, New York merchants promoted a lighthouse, which was built three years later and is still there—the oldest operating marine beacon in North America. Several military actions took place on the Hook during the Revolutionary War, and in later years it was deemed a suitably isolated spot for the testing of rockets, boilers, and other explosive devices. In the days of sail, when small cargo schooners carried most of the trade up and down the Atlantic Coast, the water off Sandy Hook was like a major interchange on a turnpike, and despite the lighthouse and a fog bell there were dozens of shipwrecks on the Hook. Now, with efficient depth sounders, vessels generally manage to avoid the land, but in the confined channel they sometimes do a less efficient job of avoiding one another.

I climbed over the dunes to the beach, which was demarcated by a row of huge granite boulders, their crevices jammed with chunks of driftwood, beams, fenders, piles, and planks. An offshore wind blew from the southwest, and I sat on a rock with my back to it and the sun on one side of my face. Loose white clouds were rushing toward Coney Island; on the horizon ahead were the high-rise brick apartment towers of Sheepshead Bay; and, panning left, I could see the distant white peaks of Manhattan, like the Rockies seen from the Nebraska prairie. The sea horizon itself seemed high—perhaps because the land was flat and low—and cloud shadows rushed across the dark-green water, flecked with whitecaps, toward freighters that hovered off the Scotland lightship waiting for pilots or tides or an empty berth at a pier. The freighters bobbed like toy boats in a wading pool. Somehow more convincingly real, to me, were the big jets that came coasting down the Hook, one behind the other, a few minutes apart. With their swept-back wings and tails, black exhaust streaming from their engines, and their noses gently depressed, they varied only in the manner in which they deliberately slowed down—some swinging inland a little and then out, some banking out to sea and then in again—before making a wide counterclockwise turn that brought them down, with head to wind, into Kennedy.

Sitting in this place, I ate my lunch and drank some wine and felt thoroughly fortunate. A few fishermen stood at intervals along the beach, casting into the surf, which just then was breaking with remarkable softness on the shore. That early megalopolitan man Walt Whitman came here on one occasion in the eighteen-eighties and described it with his usual *brio:*

> The attractions, fascinations there are in sea and shore! How one dwells on their simplicity, even vacuity! What is it in us, arous'd by those indirections and directions? That spread of waves and gray-white beach, salt, monotonous, senseless—such an entire absence of art, books, talk, elegance—so indescribably comforting, even this winter day—grim, yet so delicate-looking, so spiritual—striking emotional, impalpable depths, subtler than all the poems, paintings, music, I have ever read, seen, heard. (Yet let me be fair, perhaps it is because I have read those poems and heard that music.)

The thump of the waves on a beach, as Matthew Arnold also noted, at Dover, puts one in mind of eternity; if one is sad, it is because one feels small and transient. —ANTHONY BAILEY

(*This is the second of three articles on the Northeast Corridor.*)

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Beginning next Sunday, the morning worship service at the Central Baptist Church, Tiverton, will begin at 9:30 A.M. and continue until September.—*Providence Journal.*

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•

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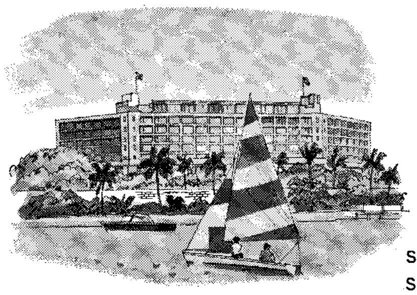

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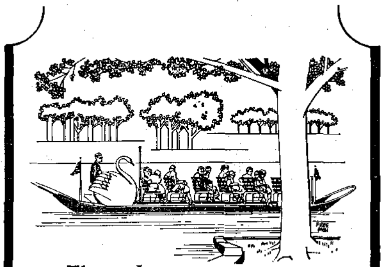

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Peter Watkins

PETER WATKINS' "Privilege" is a fierce and organic piece of film-making without an obvious forebear in the English cinema. It strikes me as remarkable. But since it uses the device of satiric allegory, I suppose it may be in danger of having to contend sometimes with the same kind of literal interpretation that irony often has to bear. Weapons of metaphor are notoriously so hard to use in popular media that the Beaverbrook press in England is said to forbid the ironic altogether, on the dismissive assumption that ninety-nine per cent of its readership is so treacle-witted that it is bound to take the meaning straight. In literal narrative terms, "Privilege" is a vision of some future England in which a pop singer has been elevated to a position near the messianic and then exploited by an alliance of a truckling Church and an alarmed coalition government to coax an unruly young population into a spirit of conformity. But this is the *plot;* it isn't quite what the film is about. If one focussed only on the story, then one would have to carp at it for being a not particularly shrewd piece of crystal gazing—because England isn't very open to totalitarianism, because the Anglican Church isn't any longer a likely arm of power, and other things—and so fall into much the same trap as a man who took Swift's "A Modest Proposal" to have been written in outrage at the boiling of Irish babies. Peter Watkins has done something more uncomfortable and less trite than produce a tendentious criticism of the lineup of some possible near-Fascist Establishment in England. With unmistakable brilliance in putting film together and in directing passages of edgy behavior, he has made a horrifying statement about the quality of Mod life in England as it already is. "Privilege" asks the questions that politicians might ask, though they never seem to. What is the effect on us of heads of state who talk like P.R. men, of cynics dealing in bilge love lyrics and in ersatz companionability on TV, of fads in thought whizzing in and out, of planned obsolescence, noise, expense-account hospitality, and an ethic that admires ruthlessness more than compunction? What happens to us when we are spread thin among fifty or a hundred people a day instead of three or four? What protects our own sense of having any genuineness when we start to drown in the eyewash of official spokesmen and instant sages, and when the platitudes and bantering of public utterance have started so to debase the demotic language that sophisticated private speech is already corroded with self-mockery and sendup?

The sweeping general points in "Privilege" seem to me to use a mob-music industry and a shamefully undissenting Church simply as images of the monolithic quality of modern life that discourages individuals from making distinctions. The more interesting specific points, jagged and small-scale, are about the erosion of private experience. (The script is by Norman Bogner, an American novelist, from an idea of Johnny Speight's; the color camerawork and the editing, by Peter Suschitsky and John Trumper, are as sharp-edged, beautiful, and intelligent as any I remember in an English film, and so is the use of the sound track.) The pop singer is upsettingly well played by Paul Jones, and his girl friend by Jean Shrimpton, a sweet, slow-talking presence whose untrained diffidence Peter Watkins plainly uses quite deliberately; in the context of the odiously professional and knowing figures in the film, her lack of expertise in push-button rhetoric begins to look like a representation of virtue itself. Apart from her and the overstrung teenagers, pulped to confused tears by the pop singer's act in the film's assaulting opening, the creatures of the picture belong to the new élite of well-lunched middlemen—agents and music publishers and fashion reporters, and executives who run a valuable show-biz temperament as if it were an agenda. A press agent with a midatlantic accent smart-talks in a black-and-white washroom about the pop singer's business after his client has possibly passed out, or been sick, in a bleak margin of the frame. The smooth-tongued president of the idol's corporation, observantly played by William Job as if he were an Etonian educated in Jesuitry and star management, gives a picnic that he

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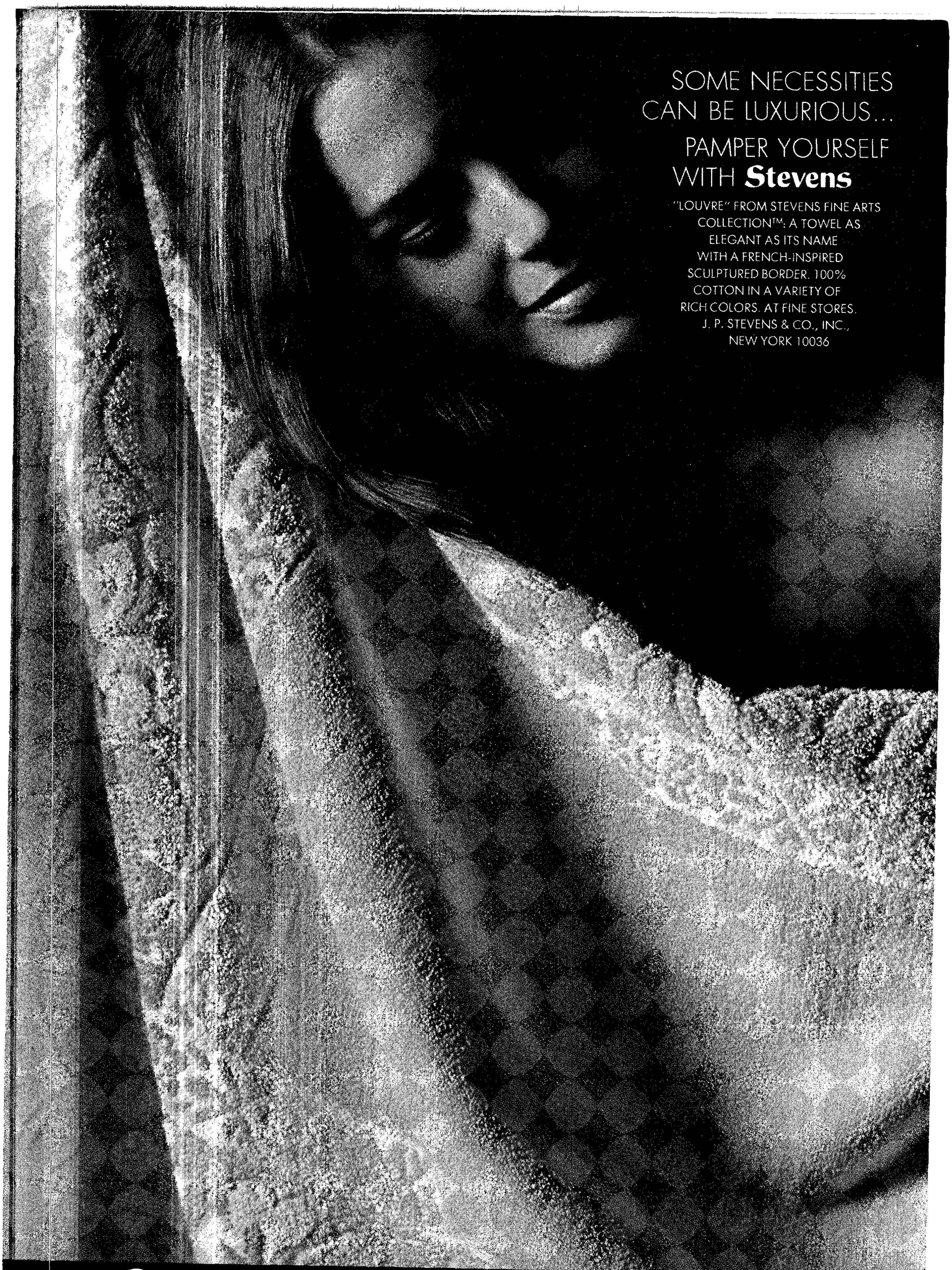
turns into a prickly trial of careerist nerve. This is one of the best scenes in the picture—a jabbing sequence about people suffering stress almost beyond endurance in circumstances that are entirely ludicrous. The spectacle of anguish in men with an acute, if buried, sense of living out a farce is the inner thread of the film. The pop idol, apparently a singing Storm Trooper, wears moon-man clothes that look coolly far-out; when you watch him more closely, though, he reveals himself to be gagging with fright in his gullet, and his nails are bitten down to the quick. Buffoon clergymen submitting to the abysmal jocularity of interviewers look wretchedly uneasy, and a fanatic cleric, who for muddled reasons of his own has joined the totalitarian drive, is photographed in a shot hard to forget—yelling in isolation at an enormous rally with his hair streaming in the wind. A cocky little music publisher, played by Max Bacon, is an accurate joke figure, but the film also sees something distressed in him, especially when he tries to con himself into supposing that the pop hero whose flesh he lives off thinks of him as his Uncle Julie. There is nothing even approaching a relationship by blood in this film—only links by money.

The texture of the film is much more interesting than its narrative, and just a few of the devices overreach themselves. I think the quasi-radio-reporter commentary sometimes pushes. So does the monster rally and the explicitness of a slogan edict about conformity. There is a funny scene about the filming of a TV commercial that may be, in its context, a bit broad. But this is seeking out reservations about a striking film. Whereas a good deal of the English work called anti-Establishment in the last ten years has done nothing more difficult than score acceptable points with the aid of audience-wheedling and random malice, Peter Watkins' picture of his country's future has the rancor of the genuinely prophetic, and he watches his characters with the charity of a serious man. They inhabit a world very near to Hell. They are full of paranoia, rivalry, and hysteria about being left alone, and they spread their lives frantically, in the company of fake-familiar strangers and mercenaries of bribed good will. The film imparts a sense of people who are drained and unappeasable, ruled by a suspicion that life has gone athwart, and thrashing secretly for something lost. It is a moving piece of work to watch. Peter Watkins has already directed "The War Game" and a startling B.B.C. documentary about the eighteenth-century Battle of Culloden, which made the same original use as "Privilege" does of sudden recognitions of the camera's existence. The lens of the camera sometimes gets treated as if it were one more of the corps of conscienceless pressmen in the story. Watkins is only thirty-one, and "Privilege" implies a lot of resources to draw upon.

Murray Schisgal's "Luv," now filmed by Clive Donner, is a funny and very American suppressed howl about some of the same ideas that exist in "Privilege." Too many words chasing too little feeling, too much dulled general speech for personal things best expressed by shutting up. Mr. Schisgal stylizes a nightmare culture of oversophistication and bogus sensibility, in which bigger and bigger formulations are being used for tinier and tinier whimpers of self-pity, and in which people worn out with talk about "marriage" and "interpersonal relationships" and "a very wonderful human being" have begun to suspect themselves of retching the words "I love you" on an empty stomach. The three chief characters chat about love—Luv, as in Lux—with the brainwashed sprightliness of housewives dropping in on one another for a friendly gossip about soap powders. The hero, played by Jack Lemmon in a high tragic mood less funny than ordinariness would be, tries to make his life a statement of lovelorn passion by throwing himself off the Brooklyn Bridge. He does it with gloomy inefficiency, spurred on only by a bemused and baseless sensation of being objectively detached from his robot self, so that he can look forward keenly to admiring the probity of his suicide after it has been accomplished. The second man in the story, played by Peter Falk, is also shopping around for some acceptable hook of suffering from which to hang his life. He happens to be married to a woman who impressed me as beyond improvement in the eerie interest that living with her yields, but in these conventional and deep-breathing times he feels duty-bound to eat his heart out for some duller other woman. The crackpot central lady is lanky, avid, and glum, and alert to hypnotically off-center things. She constantly loses track of what she is in the middle of being vehement about, and wears clothes that look like lampshade trimmings or Victorian bellpulls. She has apparently been told so often about the fractured exist-



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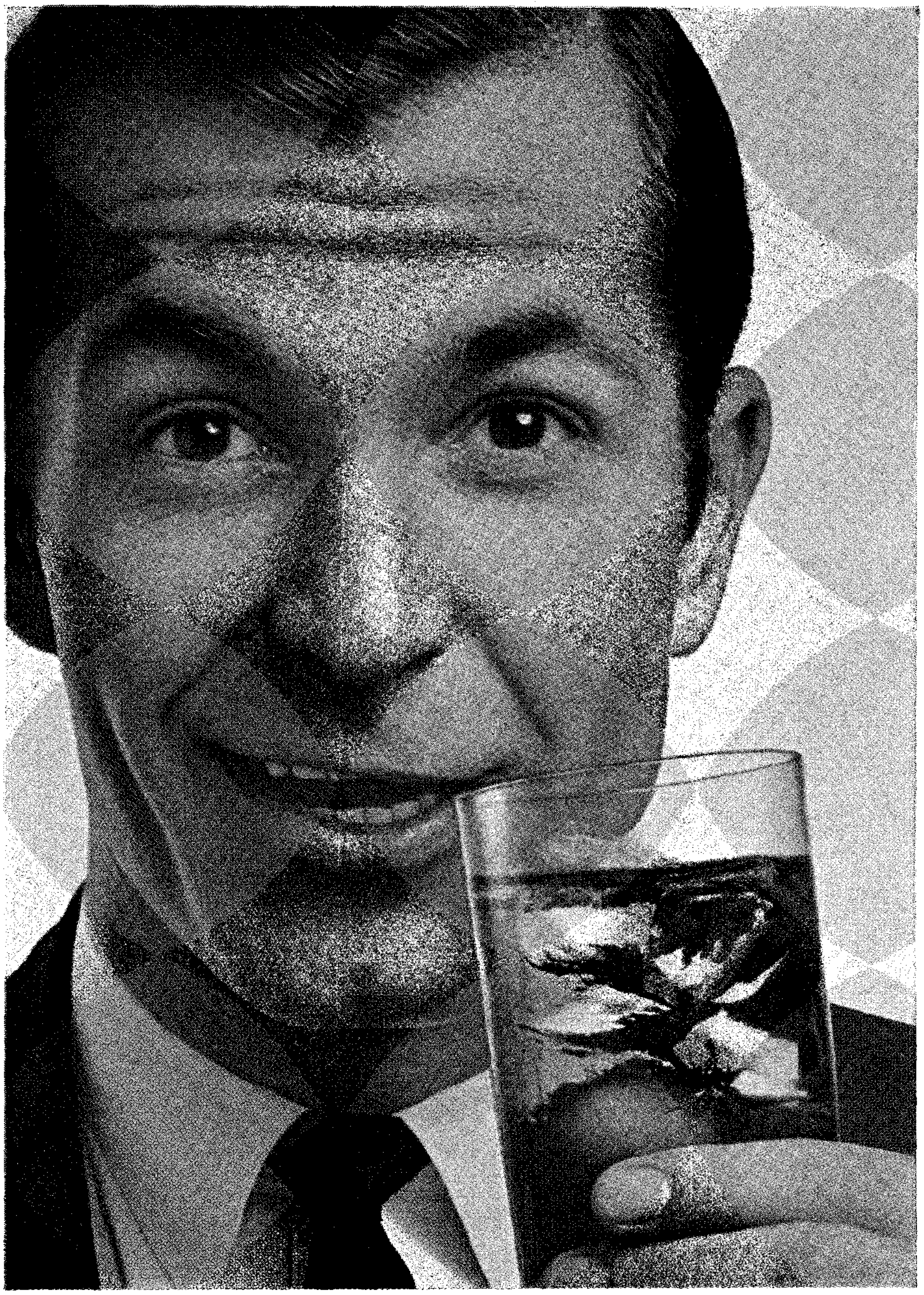

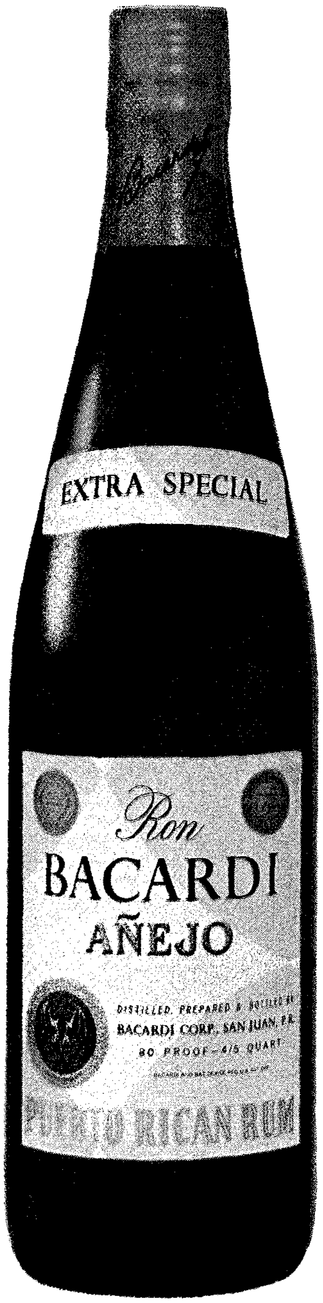
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ence of brainy women in modern society that she sees the Board of Education as her deadly foe, and regards her razor intelligence in paleontology as being forever at loggerheads with what her gender entitles her to, which she horribly calculates on a chart in terms of her diminishing sexual activity with her husband—poor overobserved man. The character is played by Elaine May, in her first film part. She has a very, very funny presence onscreen, and possesses the simple but unusual movie-acting technique of making it seem that the events are happening to her now, instead of looking as if she were imitating things that really occurred long ago in a script. The woman she creates appears to be living perpetually a bit below par, as the best comic characters generally do. She is fired now and then by encouraging words like "flamenco" or "divorce" but mostly behaves with a severe and removed lugubriousness, using her quizzical fingers as if she were picking feathers off something covered with marmalade, and sometimes clenching her lips over her long teeth like a ratty horse.

The film has an attractively easy score by Gerry Mulligan, but the comic energy often gives the effect of being whipped up and straining after grotesquerie, and the extensions of the stage play are entirely arbitrary. The film script of "Luv" is a depressingly good example of what is known in the trade as "opening it up for the screen." This means shoving in extra locations and peripheral characters to prevent dramatic concentration and denseness of lines, which are suspected in Hollywood of being anti-film.

DESCRIPTIONS of movies by plot can be very misleading. From any synopsis, Sidney J. Furie's "The Naked Runner" might seem to be about an American furniture designer at the Leipzig Trade Fair who gets caught in the middle of some counter-espionage activities. But when the film is going on before your eyes, it is quite clearly a study of telephones. I've never seen so many closeups of phone receivers and phone cradles in my life. This is the instrument in many moods, reminding one of the party game in which people do things in the manner of the word. I hadn't known how much adverbial content the thing could have. It looms malevolently, and coldly, and passionately (out of focus, like Garbo's face when there was a filter on the camera). Receivers are often being put down ironically, and sometimes pregnantly. From the telephonic point of view, the climax of the film is the framing of a villainous face in a vast triangle on the lines of something seen through the legs of the Colossus of Rhodes; the legs of this Colossus are a hotel desk clerk's chin and a telephone receiver that he is holding away from his ear. Every time the instrument appears in this picture, it has been charged with barmy meaning and a great weight of is-ness, as if it were being seen through the eyes of someone high on pot, who can gaze at a dishmop and discern in it the essence of dishmop.

Besides their distracting lack of humor, most of the director's visual decisions have precious little to do with the needs of the narrative, such as it is. In a climactic sequence that needs to belt along, for instance, the flow suddenly jams for a picturesque closeup establishing a gun lying in grass, though someone has already perfectly clearly thrown the weapon away in a mid-shot. The reiteration is strikingly bathetic, because the closeup picks such a bad time for its project. It behaves like a man trotting back to get a Kleenex when the house is on fire. When the plot of the thriller wins any attention for itself in the teeth of the camerawork and the telephones, it hangs on the kidnapping of the furniture designer's son, a nice, freckled child who is blackmailingly used not only by the characters on one another but also by the film on us. The chief character—that of the boy's father, played by Frank Sinatra—is oddly recessive; it is the telephones that seem the heroes, brooding quietly on their hooks with the born film actor's power of doing very little. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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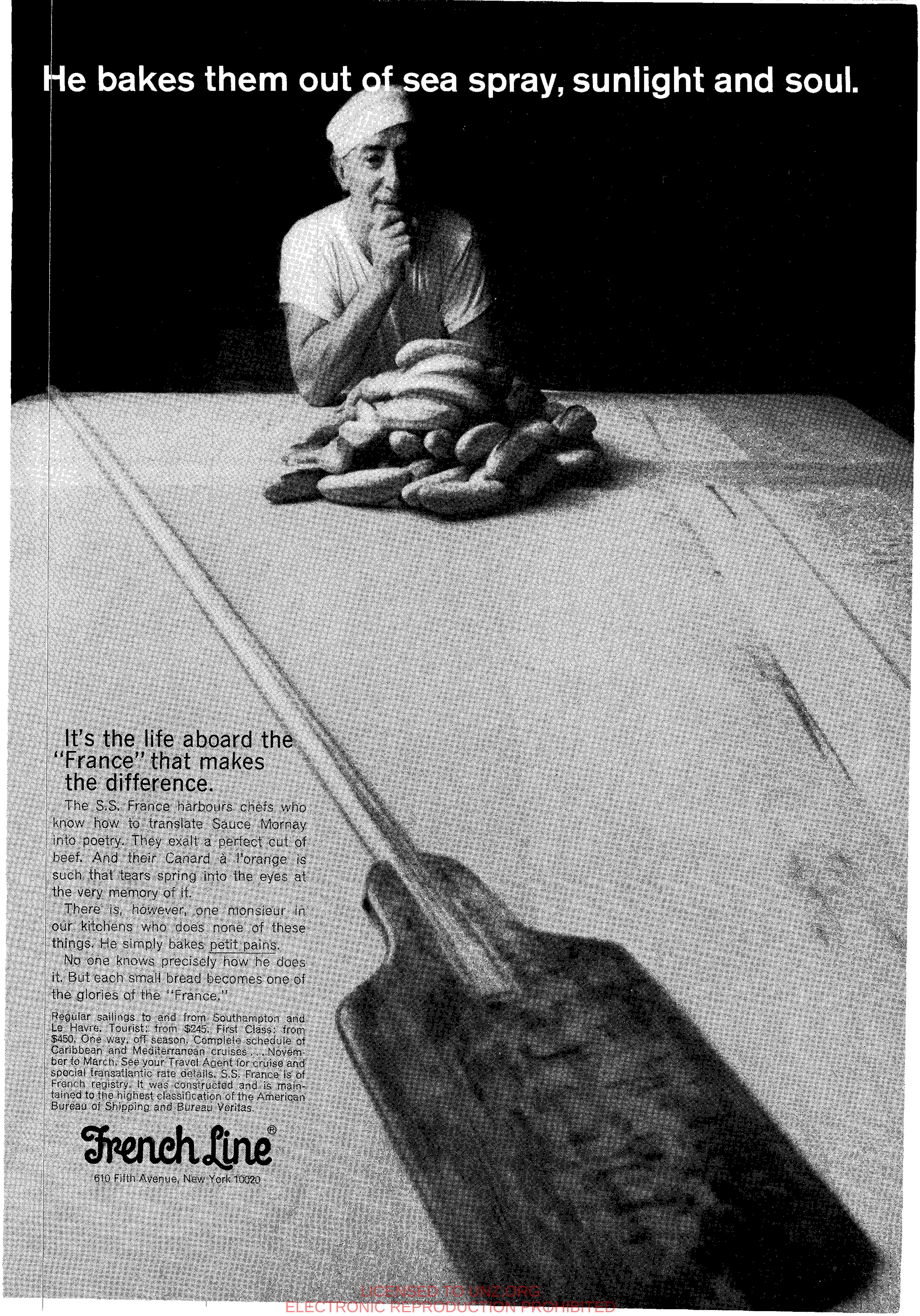
THE ART WORLD

The Nineteen-Sixties: Time in the Museum

THE exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art entitled "The 1960s" avoids making any overt critical or philosophical assertion about the decade or the art produced in it. Possible disagreement regarding the selections is turned aside by the subtitle of the show, "Painting and Sculpture from the Museum Collections," which suggests an institution's summer inventory of its acquisitions of recent works. In contrast to such aggressive critical sorties of the past few years as the "Responsive Eye" show at the Museum of Modern Art, the "Primary Structures" show at the Jewish Museum, the "Post-Painterly Abstraction" show at the Los Angeles County Museum, the "Systemic Painting" show at the Guggenheim, "The 1960s" is in the passive mood. It is offered without catalogue or preface, and all the exhibitions just mentioned, together with others that have been much discussed, are reflected in it. Two-fifths of its hundred and twenty-seven paintings and sculptures emanate from two sources—Philip Johnson and the Larry Aldrich Foundation—so the concept of the decade presented by the show owes much to their judgment; only a handful of the works were bought by the Museum itself. Faced by this built-in disclaimer, I was curious to know whether the omission of artists who seem to me of current importance—they range from Gottlieb and de Kooning, through Alex Katz and Lester Johnson, to Saul Steinberg and Fairfield Porter—is to be attributed to the circumstance that no works done by them in the nineteen-sixties had been acquired by the Museum. On inquiry, I learned that paintings done in the sixties by most of these artists were available, as were sixties paintings by Rothko, Hofmann, Motherwell, and others, but that the "1960s" exhibition was selected, as a Museum release put it, "to illustrate the contemporary movements, styles, and the forms of expression which seem most characteristic of the current decade," and that therefore these artists were all left out. Evidently some contemporary "styles and forms of expression" are (or seem) not "characteristic" of the decade, while others are. Artists like Gottlieb or de Kooning, it was explained, were typical of the nineteen-fifties rather than of the sixties, and their work was on display in another part of the building. This all seemed well intentioned, yet when I heard it I felt that all modesty had departed from the exhibition, since verdicts of the utmost gravity were being delivered. That living artists were being expelled from the present and relegated to the Museum proper—that is, to the past—was hardly to be taken lightly, however lightly intended. Not so long ago these painters stood large in the sunlight, but though they continue to produce works and exhibit them, they—like spirits in Hades—no longer cast a shadow. Nor is it the relentless stream of time that has brought them to this pass, for other artists, of the same age group and even older—Reinhardt, Calder, Nevelson, Fontana—are represented in the exhibition. It is their affiliation with the "styles and forms of expression" that the Museum now judges to be obsolete that deprives them of relevance to the living.

I noted, too, the names of some who, never prominent in the past, were also denied access to the present and were conveyed directly into the limbo of the Museum's general collection—artists such as Lester Johnson and Fairfield Porter, who have come into the foreground only in the past few years yet have apparently failed to be characteristic of the nineteen-sixties. And what of Nakian and Saul Steinberg, who have been well known for three decades yet have not been characteristic of any? By the measure of the "1960s" exhibition, none of these belong in the present. A concept of time different from that of the calendar has obviously been at work in the Museum, though no one there seems to be aware of it. For all its reticence, the Museum has, by its acts of choice, proclaimed a theory about the Now in art. Inasmuch as some artists have been dropped from the decade and others denied admission, the decade itself as a living span of time has been redefined as consisting of a set of characteristic traits. As described in the Museum's release, these consist of "assemblage technique; 'stain' or 'color field' painting; systemic painting; hard-edge abstraction and the shaped canvas; optical and kinetic art; 'primary' sculpture; and various forms of realism and 'pop.'" In sum, the decade has been stretched over a conceptual framework. When necessary, it has even been pulled over the edge into the fifties; for example, two paintings and a collage by Jasper Johns, one dated 1954 and two 1955, are included, obviously to make the point that Johns' flags, targets, and objects in wooden frames assimilate themselves into the stripes and boxes prominent in Optical and systemic painting and assemblage. There are also a 1959 Ellsworth Kelly, a 1957 Yves Klein, a 1958 Jean Tinguely, and 1959 paintings by Morris Louis and Frank Stella, all of whom are considered nineteen-sixties personalities. But the Museum's 1962 Hofmann, 1963 Tworkov, 1958 Sam Francis, 1959 Porter, 1962 Johnson, and similar nonconforming items have been placed outside the "1960s" compound. Albers, Newman, and Cornell are also among the missing, and in a room where Frankenthaler, Louis, and Olitski are gathered, one misses their inevitable companion, Noland. Yet the presence of each of these is invoked in the appropriate chamber—Albers by the hard-edge, Newman and Noland by the color field, Cornell by the assemblage. They are present in their absence. But the absence of the Abstract Expressionists, and of landscape and figure painters, no matter how unorthodox, is an absolute absence. In the outdoor sculpture court a bit of air is, appropriately, let in between the categories by the inclusion of Calder and Ipousteguy. On the whole, however, "The 1960s" is as strict a survey of our ongoing history-making as one would expect to find in a freshman outline. Whatever the works started out to mean, here they are embodiments of the formulas and phrases by which the collective opinions of the art world have been shaped in this decade. Time in the Museum is a grocery list of the most actively publicized names, labels, and events.

IT is precisely the collective thinking represented in "The 1960s" that makes it (and its exclusions) significant as a reflection of current trends in the public life of art. Between the 1959 junk sculpture of Richard Stankiewicz or the 1960 kitchen-litter assemblage of Daniel Spoerri and the glass-and-chromium cube of Larry Bell or the painted-aluminum sections of Ronald Bladen, drastic changes have taken place in the selection and handling of materials, as well as in prevalent feeling, attitudes, and ideas. Most obviously, painting has been steadily deëmpha-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sized in favor of sculpture, craft, and technological constructions. The paintings in the exhibition are sandwiched between rooms of early-sixties assemblages and sculptures (among them a Rauschenberg, an Ossorio, a Bontecou, an Arman, a Dine, and a genuine slum artifact by Ortiz—a burnt mattress) and rooms of current kinetic inventions and light displays. Compared to the all-out associations of the assemblages with Happenings and of the motorized and electrified constructions with science and industry, painting itself here takes on a middle-of-the-road quality, which is enhanced by the fact that all the canvases on display are not only familiar but thickly overlaid with art-historical justifications. In terms of number and variety, the paintings are a skimpy collection, arranged according to their ideological and technical affinities. After an overture of two blown-up silk-screened Warhol Art Nouveau Campbell Soup labels in luscious lavender, cherry, and orange, and the three Johns, comes a group that might be labelled the Bennington acrylics—Frankenthaler, Louis, Olitski, Feeley—all of whom paint, or painted, with synthetics on unsized canvas. They are followed by painters of reiterated elements (Poons, Stella, Reinhardt, and Agnes Martin), then by Optical painters and a few assorted borderline cases (Dorazio, Kawashima); in one of the last rooms there is a swing back to some Pop and pre-Pop painters—Rivers, Lichtenstein, Wesselmann. As colored images, the canvases of Frankenthaler, Louis, and Olitski are arresting, especially as one comes upon them after two or three roomfuls of assemblages. Miss Frankenthaler's abstract shapes have become more definite and emphatic than they used to be, and the Olitski and the larger Louis (I find his stripe paintings tiresome) are fairly daring, though in conventional terms. The weakness of these paintings is in the quality of their absorbed color, which they all share on a didactic basis. While the soaked-in paint produces a uniform transparency, it results in a thinness that diffuses the eye instantaneously across the entire surface of the picture. As a result, the image in these paintings is all there is to them. Their quality is akin to that of the photograph or color reproduction; they could be cast on a screen without much loss. Perhaps this is what endears the work of these artists to art-historian curators, who are habituated to thinking of paintings as they appear in slides and reproductions.

Paul Jenkins, a pioneer in rolling luminous pigment on tilted canvases, is, to the credit of the Museum, given a place among the thin-paint contingent, though his metaphysical sensibility differentiates his work from their art-for-art's-sake purposefulness. Among the other "pure" painters, Poons and Stella are the most interesting. In completely different ways, both raise the traditional problem of the expressive scope of an art built entirely on the placement, reiteration, and variation of uniform elements. Musical-mathematical experimentation is a continuing strain in abstract art, and Poons is one of its most gifted younger practitioners. His two paintings in the "1960s" exhibition are not of his eye-jumping phase, and their carefully bunched ovals, though they are all equal in size, brought to my mind the object-spotting on a bright one-color ground of certain Mirós. In the jutting angles of his shaped stretchers, Stella achieves a drama, essentially structural, that is lacking in his parallel-line exercises.

In all aspects of the recent art, materials assume priority in determining effects. The inherent luminosity of synthetic pigments parallels the qualities gained by the electrification and motorization of sculptural constructions. The complex mechanism of Pol Bury's slow-motion "31 Rods Each with a Ball" is an invisible element that projects the elegant aura of nineteenth-century music boxes. By contrast, the use of pencil and oil paint by Agnes Martin supplies in itself a traditionalist overtone that tempers the extremist reductionism of her graphlike compositions. That aluminum, chromium, stainless steel, and plastics are replacing older art materials, including junk and battered found objects—Louise Nevelson exemplifies the trend in her recent switch from wood to aluminum—represents an alteration in the social and psychological content of art as well as in its tonality and visual organization. The spread of new industrial products into the studios and workshops has brought with it the habits and moral outlook of the model manufacturing plant. An aesthetic of neatness, of clean edges, smooth surfaces, efficient construction, supervenes above the various styles to blend together color-field painting, hard-edge, shaped canvases, Optical and minimal art—in fact, all of the modes identified with the latter part of the still incomplete nineteen-sixties. From Stankiewicz's sinister 1959 "Natural History," a package consisting of iron pipes and a boiler barely visible through a wrapping of

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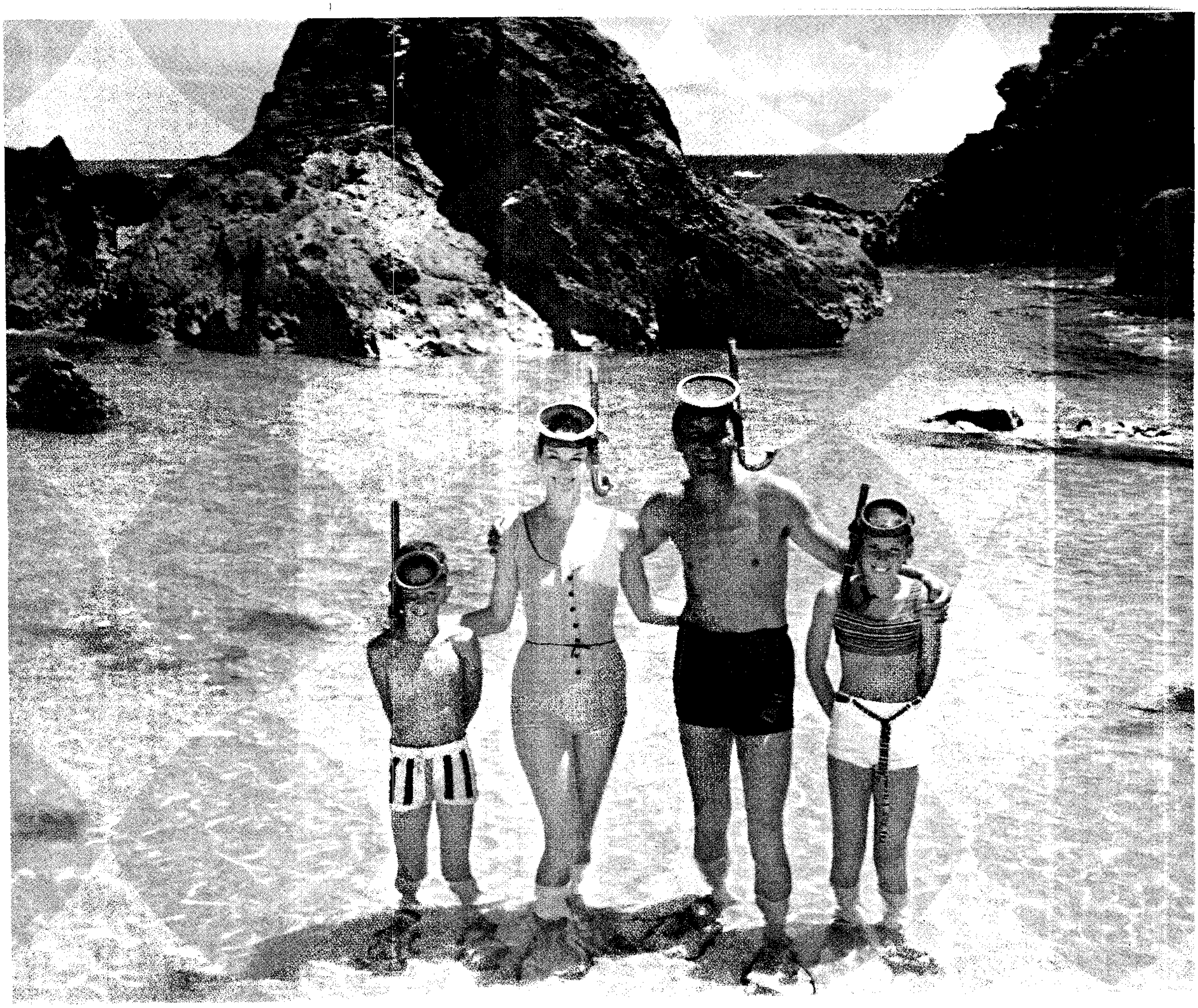

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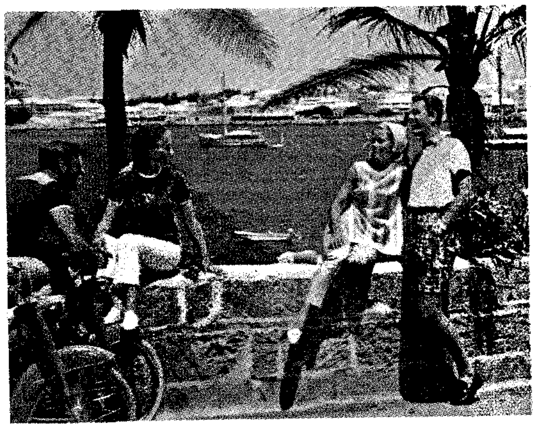

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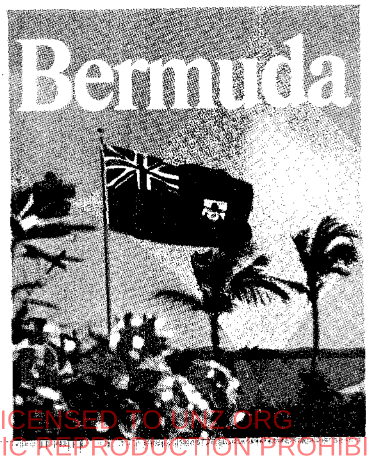

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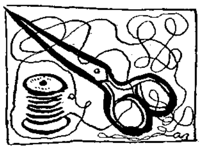
rusty iron mesh, to the aseptic chromium-plated bronze effigies of Ernest Trova's continuing "Falling Man" series, a stride has been taken much longer than the one from Rauschenberg's "First Landing Jump" to an absent de Kooning like "Gotham News." Works of the early sixties composed of materials from the street and the junk yard participate in the city spirit of Abstract Expressionist painting; as the decade wears on, bohemia and the slums give way to the laboratory, and the measure of its span is from Oldenburg's plaster hamburgers to Flavin's fluorescent tube.

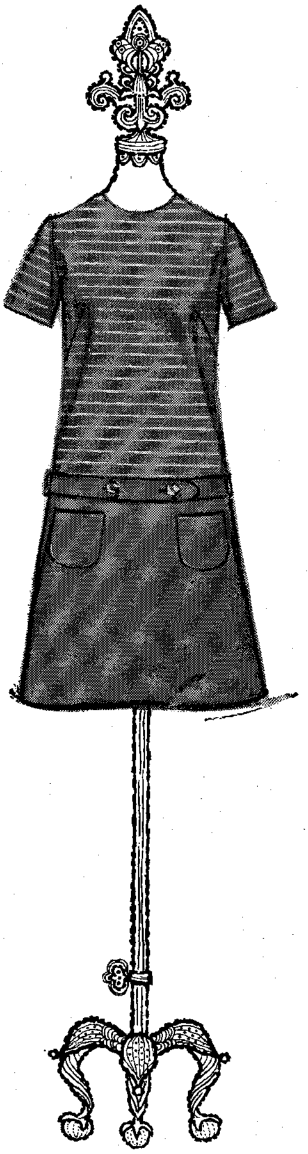


Unfortunately, change refuses to take place in an orderly succession of phases, and some artists did in 1960 what others are emphasizing now. But if decades are to be denominated in terms of qualities, the Museum of Modern Art's hunt for the currently characteristic should have led it to start the decade around 1962. By deleting from "The 1960s" all that junky stuff of Arman, Bontecou, César, Chamberlain, Latham, Gentils, Lindner, Mallary, Ortiz, Ossorio, Spoerri, Tinguely, and half a dozen "soft" (i.e., psychologically or technically tentative) paintings, those by Rivers, Copley, Kitaj, Rosenquist, Dine, Oldenburg, a much more unified—hence forceful—statement of the new taste and the values that support it could have been presented. Neatness is a physical manifestation of intellectual and social order; anarchists, bohemians, hipsters, tramps are presumed to be slovenly. The immaculate sculptures of Bell, Trova, Bladen, Morris, Flavin, Schöffer, and the equally tidy paintings of the Bennington acrylics (Frankenthaler et al.), the Op painters, and Reinhardt, Kelly, D'Arcangelo not only immerse the spectator in a sheath of prophylaxis but reassure him of the operation in art of a rationale of conception, practice, and utility. The aesthetic of cleanliness has a political dimension; the fuss about thick paint, or "painterliness," banned from "The 1960s," derives from the wish to affirm middle-class tidiness and security produced by washes of color upon stretched fabric. In contrast, an artist like di Suvero, who continues to build sculptures out of stained, broken beams and twisted iron, identifies himself with social intransigence and resistance to the war in Vietnam. It is consistent with nineteen-sixties orderliness that sculptures should not be made "by hand" in the sculptor's studio but fabricated for him in a machine or carpentry shop, and that paintings should be blown up and manufactured for the artist in plastic and silk-screen. The gesture of Barnett Newman in covering with a patina of rust a sculpture made for him in a machine shop may be regarded as a protest against both the shiny surfaces and the rationalism of the kind of art with which he is usually identified. Critical catch phrases such as "color field," "hard edge," "primary," "systemic," though they are used to describe different modes of painting and sculpture, overlap to denominate a general movement in art in which sensibility is subordinated to aesthetic and technical systems. The art of the sixties is not worked—it is done according to plan.

Perceptual neatness and rationalized execution accommodate the art of the sixties to the new status of painting and sculpture as professions and as subjects of study and training in the universities. The typical smooth-surfaced, color-rationed, mechanically contrived, historically authenticated objects favored by dealers, museum officials, and advanced art reviewers look back to the craft-oriented procedures and house-beautiful objectives of the Bauhaus. As against the bohemian eccentric of earlier American art, the prosperous or institutionally connected personage of the new art leadership enters into direct dialogue with the middle class and its cultural programmers.

Optical and "minimal" art have introduced group formations and ideologies different in character from the older art movements. From Impressionism to Pop, the relation of the artist to his "school" consisted of a loose exchange of ideas and practices, often below the verbal level, in which each painter developed the implications suggested by his sensibility. In the new art, communication among individuals has often been superseded by individuals' working together in teams. In Europe, the concept of creation has been repudiated in favor of collective research by artists functioning in disciplined groups under a pledge of anonymity; the project has been opposed to the creative act. The assumptions on which most of the art in "The 1960s" is based seem to lead inevitably to this conclusion of impersonality. The visual researches of Julio le Parc have proved astonishingly fertile in variety, and would gain nothing by repeating a single image in order to establish a signature.

Group exhibitions cut across per-



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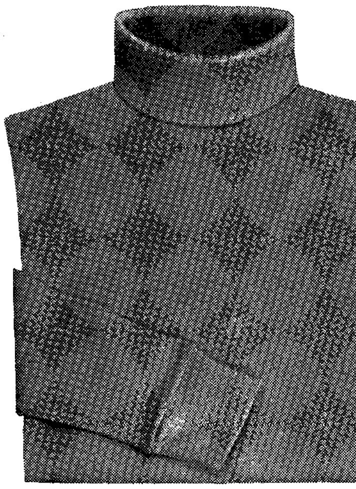

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sonalities by their very nature, in order to present works that illustrate the ideas of their organizers. If the selection consists of masterpieces, each work also stands by itself as a summation of the artist's vision. In our time, masterpieces are no longer created; at any rate, they do not manifest themselves on the spot. Thus, for works to convey their full vitality they must be seen in the context of the artist's intellectual and emotional "system"—for example, in a retrospective. There is a depressing flavor about the "1960s" exhibition that is in part attributable to the surface drift of art in the past few years. But the depression is also owing to the curtailment of individuals in favor of objects made in styles that have become familiar. A lesson-plan art-history survey like "The 1960s" not only excludes important figures for the sake of an ideological pattern but omits the developmental dimension of the artists whom it does present—that is to say, their subjective time. The self-transformation of artists through their work is, however, the *most interesting thing in art today.* To think of the modifications during the past few years in the creations of artists of such diverse temperaments as Oldenburg, Nevelson, Liberman, Lindner, Poons, D'Arcangelo, Segal—to name a few in the show—is to shake off the enervating mood induced by the Museum exhibition. Besides the examples of home industry displayed as characteristic of the sixties, the actual sixties in art is constituted by the presences of artists like these—together with those disorderly presences whose Happenings and public manifestations, as by the "Provos" of Los Angeles, have gone beyond the encompassment of art by museums and perhaps past the borders of art itself.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

MOVIE ATTENDANCE UP
Reuters

LONDON, June 22—Attendance figures at British movie houses plummeted by 9 per cent to an estimated 287 million individual visits in the year ending March 31, the Cinematograph Films Council said today in its annual report.—*Washington Post.*

Well, maybe next year they'll escalate down.

•

OLDSMOBILE, 1966, series "98" 4-door sedan. Full power including tainted windshield.—*Adv. in the Stamford (Conn.) Advocate.*

That day in Jersey City?

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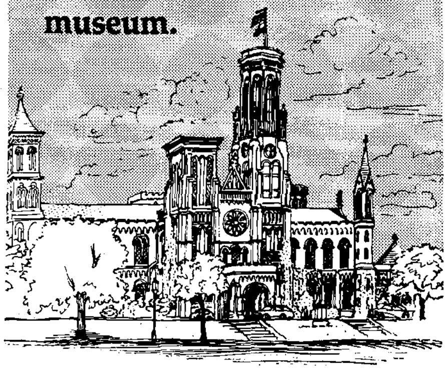

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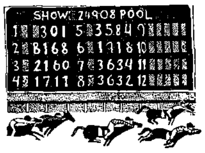
THE RACE TRACK

Handsome Does



IN anticipation of what might happen one of these days, the New York Racing Association has a fine old Georgian silver-gilt trophy for the horse who wins the Metropolitan, the Suburban, and the Brooklyn Handicaps the same season. Well, it goes back into cold storage, because Buckpasser, who won the first two races, was beaten in the third at Aqueduct last weekend—a bitter disappointment for his stable and his well-wishers. He came in eight lengths behind Handsome Boy, to whom he gave twenty pounds, and who led all the way, just as he had the previous Saturday in the Amory L. Haskell Handicap at Monmouth Park. Mr. Right was third, four and a half lengths in their wake, and Ring Twice, who many fancied might turn the trick, was still another three or four lengths down the course. Yonder was last. The Brooklyn may have lacked the dramatic finish of the Suburban, but it was a memorable race anyway.

As cool and unconcerned as ever, Buckpasser looked none the worse for his recent efforts as he walked around the paddock, and neither did Handsome Boy, who, as I've said before, is an attractive colt. Ring Twice, however, was sweating slightly. When the stall gates opened, Handsome Boy bounded off into a long lead, which he never relinquished. Buckpasser got away quickly, too—something unusual for him—and raced stride for stride with Ring Twice for about three-quarters of the route, but as he swung into the stretch he didn't come up with that electrifying burst of speed for which he is noted. There are those who assert (an opinion I do not entirely share) that the real victory was the handicapper's—that the 136 pounds assigned him brought Buckpasser down. Rather, I think, it was how the race was run. If Ring Twice had gone with Handsome Boy from the break, it might have been a very different story. And that fast workout Buckpasser knocked off early in the week—seven furlongs in 1:23, eased up at the end of a mile in 1:35⅗—might have taken a bit out of him. Altogether, there are too many imponderables to go into—among them temperament.

Handsome Boy deserves full marks. To set the pace for a mile and a quarter and run it in 2:00⅕ is nice going indeed. I'd say he had complete command of the situation when he passed the six-furlong pole in 1:09⅘. When he went into the homestretch, he was five lengths ahead, and Buckpasser simply couldn't catch him. It was the second Brooklyn Handicap for Handsome Boy's owner, Jack Dreyfus, Jr.; his Beau Purple won it in 1962.

LOOKING back over the charts of the stakes races for two-year-old colts this season, I've been wondering whether the big stables haven't been saving their good ones for Saratoga. There's not a one that I'd tab as a potential top-notcher—and that goes for Subpet, who won the Great American Stakes by a couple of lengths at Aqueduct the other afternoon. It would be interesting if the colt named Jim White, who won the Hollywood Juvenile Championship and $120,050 in prize money in California last weekend, were to come East.

QUILLO QUEEN, rated by most horse-watchers as the best three-year-old filly, wasn't among the first three in the Delaware Oaks at Delaware Park last Saturday. She finished sixth. Her stable said she didn't like the track. The winner turned up in Lewiston (an odd name for a filly), who beat Swiss Cheese in a driving finish. Treacherous was third. Furl Sail, a constant rival of Quillo Queen, didn't start. She had become a little jaded, and was shipped to Kentucky for a rest. . . . At Monmouth Park, however, the favorite for the Choice Stakes clicked. This was In Reality, who led half a dozen three-year-old colts from beginning to end of the mile and a sixteenth. . . . And at Arlington Park another three-year-old, Barbs Delight, who you may remember was second in the Kentucky Derby, ran a mile in 1:33⅗ to win the Assault Handicap. I daresay Arlington is the fastest track in the country.

HEIGH-HO! Saratoga next week. There'll be a gathering at the Red Spring, if there still is a Red Spring.
—AUDAX MINOR

•

GALA PERFORMANCE
BEETHOVEN: Erotica Symphony
—*Adv. in the Times.*

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

To Move a Nation, by Roger Hilsman (Doubleday). An account, based largely on the author's recollections as a participant, of the improvisation and implementation of American foreign policy during John Kennedy's time in the White House. A soldier-diplomat with a special knowledge of intelligence operations and a first-hand knowledge of Asia, Mr. Hilsman served Kennedy as head of State Department Intelligence—a division the President was determined to strengthen after the Bay of Pigs had exposed the C.I.A.'s inadequacies—and later as Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs. Although there are chapters on Cuba and the Congo, most of the book is devoted to American policy in the Orient, especially Southeast Asia. Mr. Hilsman, who left the government in 1964 because he foresaw escalation in Vietnam and knew he would be unable to support it, is not altogether certain that things would have been different if Kennedy had lived, but he is quite strongly inclined to the opinion that Kennedy would have found some way of stopping short of Americanizing the conflict. He makes as persuasive a case as can be made, but in the end it rests, as of course it must, on his reading of Kennedy's—and Johnson's—temperament and intellectual processes. But, as Mr. Hilsman acknowledges and repeatedly demonstrates, statesmen often find themselves doing what they had not the least intention of doing. In any case, this is an important and engrossing work of diplomatic history; it is unfailingly lucid, reasonable, and humane, and—rare for a work in its genre—never self-serving.

Down These Mean Streets, by Piri Thomas (Knopf). A confessional that is first cousin to Claude Brown's frightening and funny "Manchild in the Promised Land." The author was born of poor Puerto Rican parents in Spanish Harlem in the late twenties, and by the time he was twenty-two he had sampled street gangs, vagrancy, petty thievery, sexual deviation, near murder, and drug addiction. He had also been sent to prison for from five to fifteen years for attempted armed robbery. When he was released, after six years, he suddenly and miraculously discovered that he had shed his earlier self. His book—though it lacks the humor and wild eloquence of Brown's narrative—is fine proof.

Note: "The Smithsonian: Octopus on the Mall," by Geoffrey T. Hellman, has been published by J. B. Lippincott. Most of the book originally appeared in this magazine.

VERSE

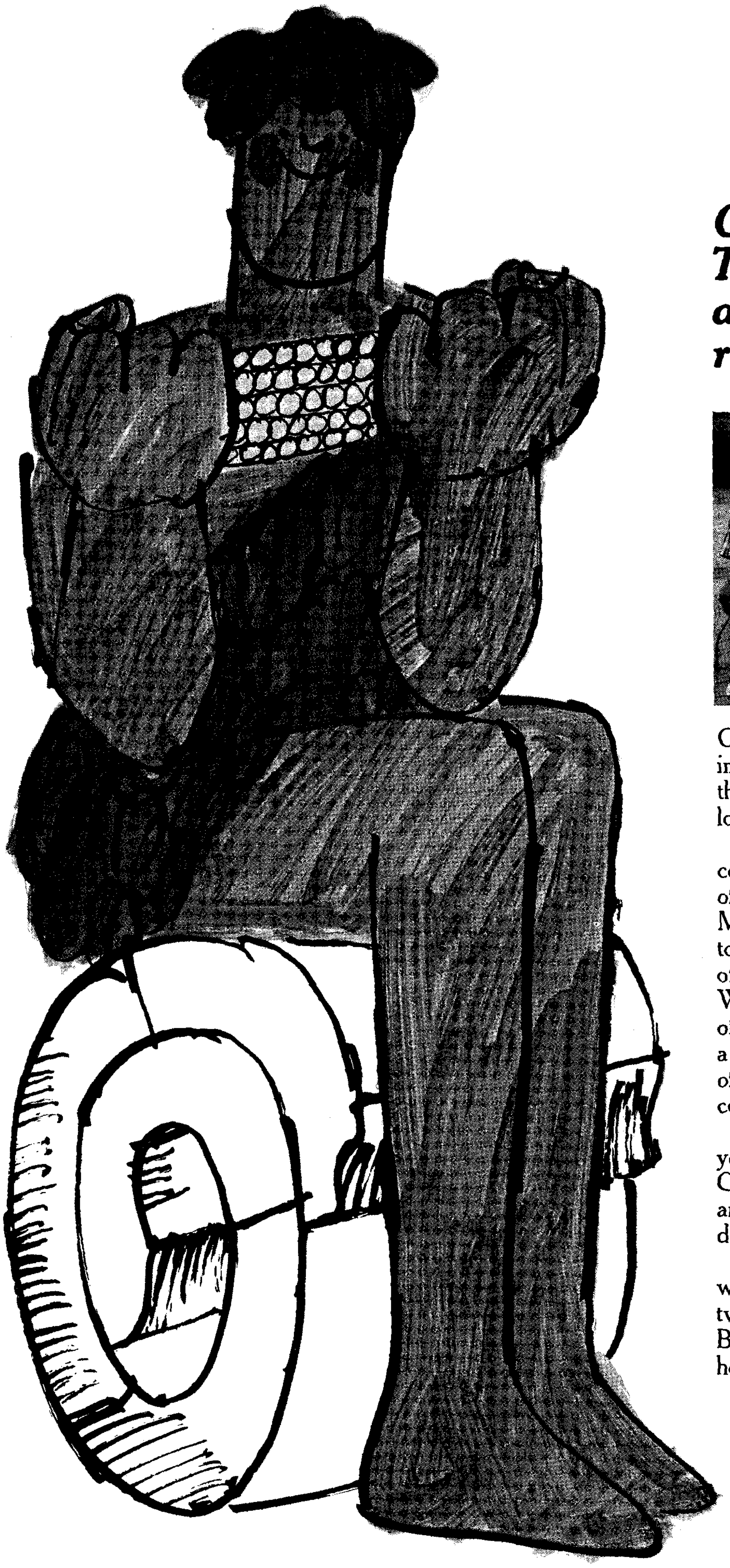
The Oxford Book of Scottish Verse, chosen by John MacQueen and Tom Scott (Oxford). Difficulties of choice and presentation when one is dealing with a body of verse ranging from the fourteenth century to our own day (no writer born later than 1930 is here included) can be seen to be severe. When the difficulty of language—from early forms of Scots to the modern revival and the conventionalization of some of them in the form of Lallans—is added, the consequent bafflements would seem to be insuperable. The editors, however, with the assistance of official Scottish learning (which is formidable), have produced a compilation at once full and neat, as a glance at the table of contents shows. The tremendous ballads are there, along with equally anonymous songs, and the great names assert themselves down the centuries, from Henryson and Dunbar to Burns, at the end of the eighteenth, and Scott, rounding into the nineteenth. A scattering of names not ordinarily considered Scottish appear—Lord Byron, James Thomson, Edwin Muir, Kathleen Raine—and Lallans (now nearly defunct) had its own brilliance, we discover, in Hugh MacDiarmid, William Soutar, and Sydney Goodsir Smith. A note on pronunciation helps, and a forthcoming anthology of Scottish Gaelic verse is promised. Indispensable. Ten dollars and fifty cents.

●

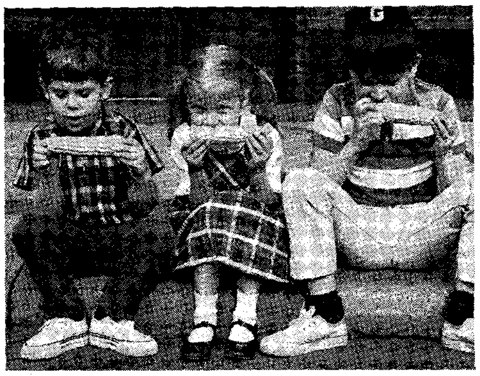
NEATEST AQUATIC TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the Anderson (S. C.) Daily Mail]

10-11 P. M. CBS Reports: "Robert F. Kennedy." This is a comprehensive report on the junior senator from New York, Robert F. Kennedy, and includes an exclusive interview with him at his McLean, Va., estate, films taken of the dynamic senator over the last year in such diversified places as skiing at Sun Valley and riding the rapids in a kayak on New York's Hudson River to the senate hearing rooms.



Come on up! The corn's ready and we're rolling out the curb.



Once each year our town is swept up in an event locally known as Corn-on-the-Curb Day. And filled up with folks locally known as out-of-towners.

Corn-on-the-Curb Day is our way of celebrating the corn harvest, a season of significance to us because Le Sueur, Minnesota, is the Green Giant's hometown. The fun consists mostly of eating lots of hot, buttered corn fresh out of the field. We do it up and down the main street of town. With bunting and all. There's a corn-eating contest, as well as plenty of extemporaneous solo eating. People come from all over.

And we'd love to have you join in if you can make it. Just drop us a line—Green Giant, Le Sueur, Minnesota—and we'll set aside some extra ears. The date is August 27.

If you can't make it, drop us a line anyway. We'll send you a coupon good for two cans or frozen packages of Niblets Brand corn, the next best thing to being here.

Green Giant

Good things from the garden

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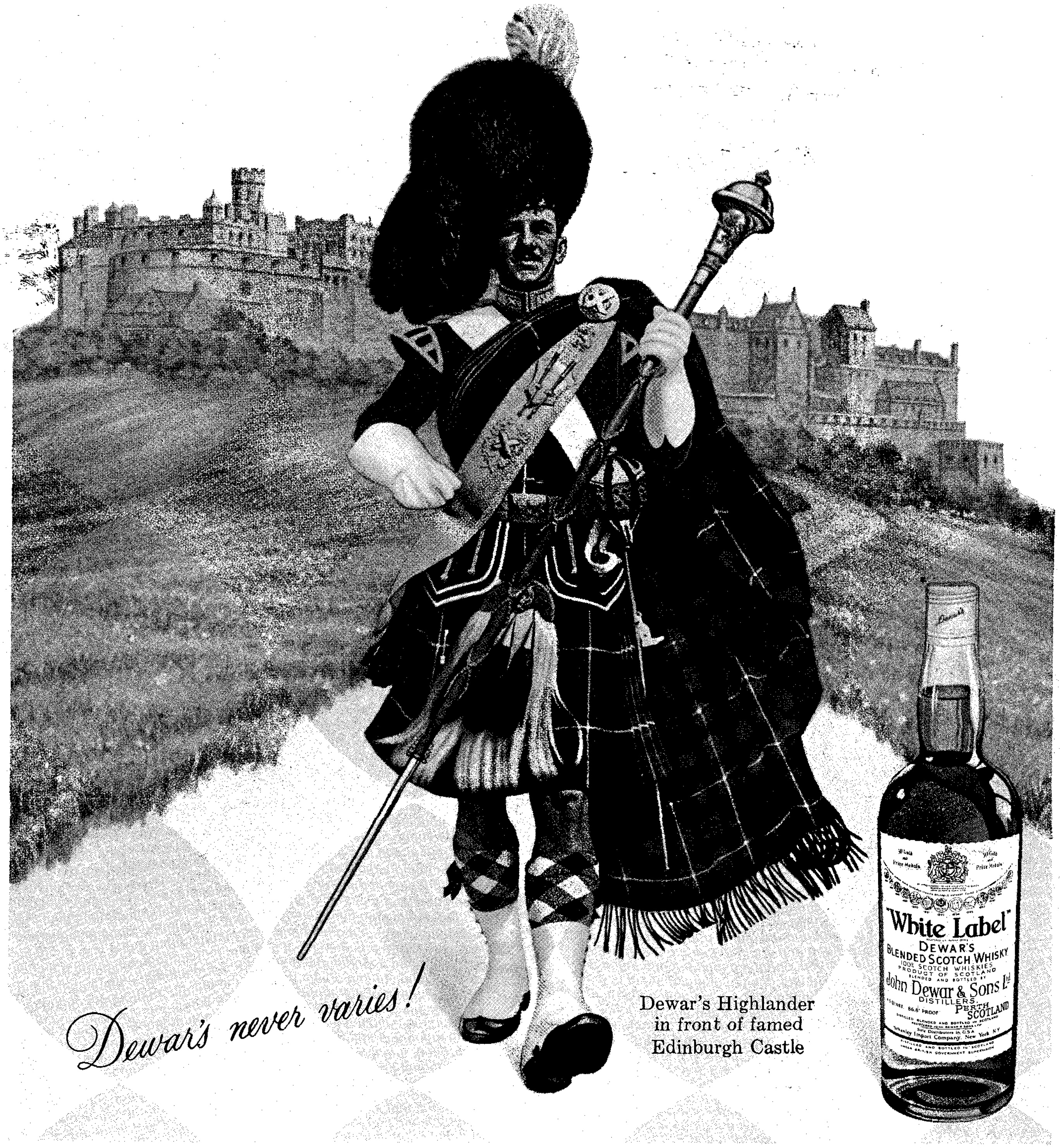
Welcome Scotch The World Over!

DEWAR'S
"White Label"


"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
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PERTH
SCOTLAND
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Dewar's never varies!

Dewar's Highlander
in front of famed
Edinburgh Castle

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About $7.25 FIFTH (PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES.)